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Joseph L. Hayes

Jan 1st 1860

Dear Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th inst.







THE
CLASS BOOK
OF
AMERICAN LITERATURE;

CONSISTING PRINCIPALLY OF
SELECTIONS IN THE DEPARTMENTS OF HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
PROSE FICTION, TRAVELS, THE DRAMA, POPULAR
ELOQUENCE, AND POETRY;

FROM THE
BEST WRITERS OF OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Designed to be used as a Reading Book in American Schools.

BY JOHN FROST.

BOSTON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. H. A. FROST,
No. 39 Washington street.

1826.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, ss.

District Clerk's Office.

Be it remembered, that on the seventh day of November, A. D. 1826, and in the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, John H. A. Frost, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

'The Class Book of American Literature; consisting principally of Selections in the Departments of History, Biography, Prose Fiction, Travels, the Drama, Popular Eloquence, and Poetry; from the best Writers of our own country. Designed to be used as a Reading Book in American Schools. By John Frost.'

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled 'An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.' And also to an Act, entitled 'An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.'

JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

THE objects of the present publication are to improve youth in the art of elocution, and to cherish the love of liberty, of virtue, and our country. A reading book for schools may promote all these objects. It furnishes a daily exercise ; and the truths and sentiments contained in it, so far as they are understood, become indelibly impressed on the minds of the pupils, and exert an important influence on their subsequent moral and intellectual character.

It is under an impression, of the high responsibility incurred by such an undertaking, that the subscriber has made the following compilation. There are some respects, in which it differs from any preceding one. He hopes, that these changes may not be deemed inconsistent with the prevailing spirit of improvement in education.

All the pieces are taken from the works of our native writers ; they relate principally to the history, the literature and the scenery of our own country ; the historical pieces are arranged with reference to the order of time and interspersed with dialogues, speeches, and miscellaneous extracts ; and care has been taken, to select such pieces as are intelligible and interesting, to most of the classes in a school or academy.

The compiler is by no means desirous to exclude from our schools the classical writers of Great Britain. He only wishes to have our own presented to the young collectively ; and when it is remembered that there is a period during the liberal education of every youth in this country, in which he is required to devote himself exclusively, to the classical writers of Greece and Rome ; and another, in which the more accomplished scholar acquaints himself with those of France, Italy, and Germany ; while a man can scarcely claim to be intelligent, who is not

well acquainted with the history and literature of England ; it will surely not be thought unreasonable, that there should be one stage in the course even of common education, in which the brightest periods in the history and the finest specimens in the literature of our own country, should claim the exclusive attention of the young, by being presented to them in a daily reading manual.

These are the subjects, which have the most powerful interest for our youth. There is nothing, at which they so readily kindle into that emotion, which is absolutely necessary to a good elocution, as at whatever relates to our own country, and especially, to its glorious and heroick age. The teacher has only to present an American boy with an eloquent passage relating to some brilliant event of that period, and his eyes will sparkle, and his voice instantly assume the true intonations of feeling.

The compiler does not subscribe to the doctrine, that elocution is an improper subject of written instruction. He thinks that Cicero and Quintilian could hardly have mistaken the matter, so far as to attempt the composition of treatises on elocution, if the art were necessarily incapable of being treated with the pen.

It is true that some writers on the subject have multiplied rules and directions so far as to expose themselves to the censure of reducing to a mechanical process, an art which is purely intellectual. They have endeavoured to supply the want of oral by written instruction. The correct practice, probably, lies between the opposite extremes of using a multitude of rules, and using none ; and the happiest effects will undoubtedly result from the union of a few simple directions with the example of a good reader. For unless some general principles are communicated to the pupil, his knowledge of the art will extend little farther than to the very examples which he has heard his instructor recite. He may give admirable imitations, but never an original reading.

It will hardly be denied, that a youth who is capable of understanding Grammar and Arithmetick, may be taught to apply general principles, to the true conception and correct reading of other writers and the eloquent delivery of his own sentiments.

The compiler had intended to prefix to this volume, a brief introduction, comprising some established principles in elocution, but has omitted it on being apprized, that a separate work of this kind is in preparation,

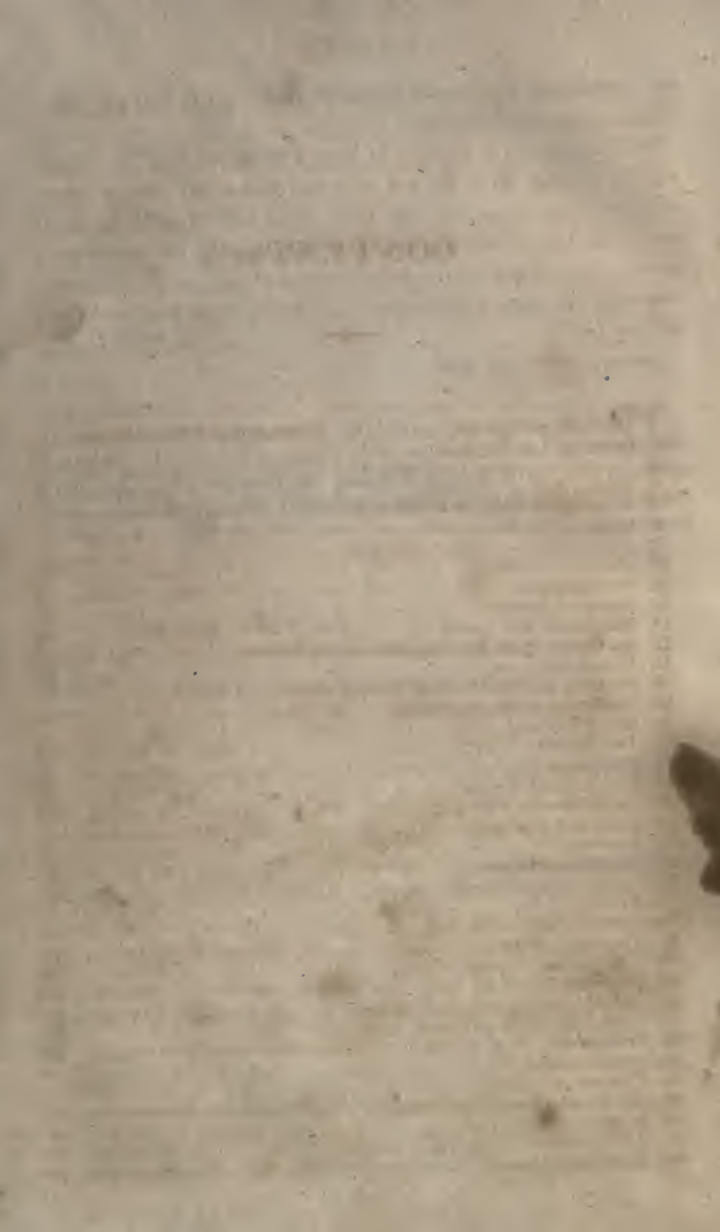
by a gentleman, who devotes himself to instruction in that particular branch of education in this city.*

If the compilation is deficient, in literary merit, the fault lies wholly with the compiler, for he has had an ample field before him—a sound literature, whose foundations like those of the best of antiquity, were laid in the love of civil liberty, whose most vigorous and manly productions, were called forth in defence of that liberty, and whose fairest ornaments are those works, which bear the strongest marks of true national feeling.

J. FROST.

Boston, November 6, 1826.

* The above mentioned work, prepared by Mr. William Russell, contains, besides the rules requisite for learners, directions for the guidance of teachers. It is now nearly through the press. At the request of Mr. Russell, some alterations in the present work have been made expressly for the purpose of furnishing a course of exercises to accompany his rules.



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Travels and Residence in the Valley of the
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 Sketch Book. Bracebridge Hall. Salmagundi.
 INGERSOLL, J. H. Discourse in Commemoration of the Landing of William Penn.
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 JEFFERSON, T. Remarks on the Policy of Substituting the Discipline of the Senses for that of the Understanding.
 JOHNSON, W. R. Poems from the United States Literary Gazette.
 Eulogy on Professor A. M. Fisher.
 KINGSLEY, J. L. Biographical Sketches of Eminent Lawyers, Statesmen, and Men of Letters.
 KNAFF, S. L. Boston Monthly Magazine.
 " Poems from the United States Literary Gazette.
 LONGFELLOW, H. W. Sermon on the Repeal of the Stamp Act.
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 PAYSON, E. Address delivered before the Bible Society of Maine.
 PERCIVAL, J. G. Poems.
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 PORTER, E. Sermon. Great Effects result from Little Causes.
 QUINCY, J. Memoirs of J. Quincy, Jr.
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 Letters on the Eastern States.
 Vision of Liberty.
 Oration on the Anniversary of the Boston Massacre. 1775.
 WAYLAND, F. JR. Sermons on the Duties of an American Citizen.
 WEBBER, S. War. A poem.

- WEBSTER, D. Speech on the Greek Question. 1824.
 Address at the Laying of the Corner Stone
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 " Discourse, in Commemoration of the
 Lives and Services of John Adams and
 Thomas Jefferson, delivered at Faneuil
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 WIRT, W. Life of Patrick Henry. Letters of the
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Periodical and Anonymous.

- AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.
 ATLANTIC SOUVENIR, FOR 1827.
 BERKSHIRE AMERICAN.
 COLUMBIAN CENTINEL.
 EVENINGS IN N. ENGLAND.
 ESSAYS, DESCRIPTIVE, AND MORAL, ON SCENES IN ITALY, SWITZERLAND,
 AND FRANCE. By an American.
 FANNY. A Poem.
 JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN ITALY, IN 1821. By an American.
 INDEPENDENT STATESMAN.
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 MEMORIAL.
 NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.
 TRENTON EMPORIUM.
 UNITED STATES LITERARY GAZETTE.
 UNITED STATES REVIEW.

CLASS BOOK

OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE.



LESSON I.

Dialogue on Reading History.—EVENINGS IN N. ENGLAND.

Lucy. Aunt, I am tired to death of reading History. I have been two or three months studying Rollin ;—but now I have come to live with you, I trust you will suffer me to employ myself about something more amusing.

Aunt. Why, my dear Lucy, you have now almost ceased to be a child, and I trust you are aware of how much importance a knowledge of historical events will prove, when you come forward in society. It is one of those things, which are so common that nobody can be tempted to be proud of them, and yet so necessary, that one ought certainly to blush for any deficiency.

Lucy. So my mother always told me ; but I must acknowledge I am weary of such kind of reading. All I can remember is a jumble of battles and revolutions,—of kings murdered and princes poisoned. There are ever-so-many Dukes of Buckingham, and how can I possibly recollect to distinguish between them ?

Aunt. All this confusion originates in a want of judgment in your course of study. You should read, in course, those books which nearly relate to the same period. If you wish to attain a knowledge of the sixteenth century, for instance, there are Charles V. Leo X. and the Life of Luther, which are very proper to be read together ; and perhaps a few years hence, you might, with advantage, add Villiers on the Reformation. For the present winter, however, I will tell you of a plan, which will make History delightful as well as instructive.

Lucy. Pray what is it ?

Aunt. After you have read the reign of any particular king, I will read some novel or play immediately connected with it. By this means, you will no longer feel as if you had only *heard* of the characters, but as if you had actually *seen* and *talked* with them.

Lucy. But, Aunt, I have heard people say, it was wicked to read novels and plays.

Aunt. It is, no doubt, wrong to read such books very frequently,—and very unprofitable to read them at all, without much discrimination; but every thing is valuable according to its *use*; and when the lighter kinds of reading serve to impress something more valuable upon our minds, they answer an exceedingly good purpose.

Lucy. It seems to me, there are not many novels of this description.

Aunt. You probably have seen a multitude of foolish romantic, worthless stories; and I am heartily glad that you do not like them. But if you will read only such ones as are pointed out by judicious friends, and, even then, read them sparingly, you might find some of real advantage to you. With regard to the plan I proposed, I cannot furnish you with either a novel or a play, for every reign in the English history; but I can for very many. Shakspeare provides a large fund for us on this occasion; and, luckily for our purpose, there is a Family Shakspeare published, in which most of the uninteresting and useless parts are omitted. The evenings are now perceptibly lengthening, and if you will follow my plan, I think you will acknowledge that they have passed away pleasantly, as well as profitably.

Lucy. Do, dear aunt, let us hear the whole of your plan; and what books you think you shall read.

Aunt. You shall read Hume's History aloud,—and whenever I think of any thing connected with the subject, we will obtain it at the library, and spend a few evenings in becoming acquainted with the characters, to whom Mr. Hume has slightly introduced us. After we have finished the reigns of Richard I. and his successor, we will read Ivanhoe and Shakspeare's King John. Shakspeare will likewise serve to fix the events connected with Henry IV. V. VI. and VIII. and likewise of the Second and Third Richard. Kenilworth and Miss Aikin's Court of Queen Elizabeth will give you a correct idea of that queen, and the persons, who were most conspicuous during her reign. The Fortunes of Nigel, and Miss Aikin's Court of King James, faithfully portray the

character of her successor ; and Peveril of the Peak makes you well acquainted with Charles II. and his gay favourite, the Duke of Buckingham.

Lucy. Why indeed, Aunt, I did not think there had been so many as you have mentioned ; but are there none to assist other countries, besides that of England ?

Aunt. There probably are, though I know of but few. When we read Robertson's Scotland, The Abbot will increase the interest, which he excites in the story of their last unfortunate queen, Mary Stuart. In order to remember James III. and his quarrel with the famous house of Douglas, we may possibly turn aside to read the Lady of the Lake ; and perhaps I may indulge you with Marmion, that you may better recollect Mary's grandfather, James IV. who fell at the battle of Flodden Field.

Lucy. And are there none connected with the French ?

Aunt. Undoubtedly. However, I know of but three ; and those are, Quentin Durward, Jane of France, and Anne of Bretagne. They all refer to very nearly the same period.

Lucy. How delightful it will be to read all these things. Do let us begin Hume tonight.

Aunt. Tomorrow we will commence. But there is another part to my project. You must write down all that you remember of any reign, and the thoughts, which the subject naturally suggests. This must be done as if you were talking to a companion, not as if you were writing a book. The more you improve in this task, the more willing I shall be to devote an evening to the recreations I have mentioned ; because I shall be convinced, that you do not hurry through your history for the sake of reading novels, plays, and poems,—but that you love novels, &c. on account of the useful information they afford, as well as for their interesting stories and poetic language. After all, you must remember that there are many things necessary for you to learn, which cannot be obtained except by hard study. It is, no doubt, pleasant to find instruction in the train of amusement ; but she is not always there—and she is so valuable, that we must be willing to follow her through long and tedious roads, now and then turning aside to rest on a little spot covered with grass and wild flowers.

LESSON II.

The first Settlement of Virginia, 1607.—J. DAVIS.

THE merchants of London having obtained a patent from James I. to encourage discoveries in Virginia, they fitted out three vessels, and appointed John Smith to command the expedition; a man who had distinguished himself from his earliest youth in the profession of arms; for he had not only been in several naval engagements, but had headed a forlorn hope, in an attack upon Olmpach, and slain three Turks, in single combat, at the siege of Regal.

The little squadron, placed under the command of this distinguished captain, was composed of one vessel of a hundred tons, another of forty, and one of twenty; and it was in the midst of winter, when, clearing the English channel, they committed themselves to the mercy of the Atlantic ocean.

On the twenty-sixth of April, 1607, the little squadron, under the direction of Captain Smith, came within sight of the American coast; and it had, by accident, got into the mouth of that bay, which is now so well known by the name of Chesapeake.

This bay is the largest in the world. The distance between its capes is about twelve miles, but it widens, when entered, till it becomes thirty miles in breadth; when it diminishes again to its head, and is from eighteen to seven miles broad. It is five miles broad at its extremity, where the Elk and Susquehannah fall into it; and here its length from the sea is two hundred and seventy miles, through the whole of which extent the tide ebbs and flows.

This mighty bay receives the streams of six large rivers from the west, all of which are navigable, and have their source in the same mountains.

Of these the southernmost is James river, called Powhatan by the natives; the next York river, named by the Indians Pamunkey; the third Rappahannock, which preserves its original title; the fourth the Potomac, distinguished by its irruption through the Blue Ridge; the fifth the Patuxent, remarkable for its red cliffs; the sixth the Petapsco, called by its discoverer the Bolus; and the seventh the Susquehannah, the northernmost of all, and the most serpentine in its course.

Of these noble rivers, several flow through countries of vast extent, receiving in their course a variety of tributary streams;

and watering a region distinguished by features peculiarly beautiful and sublime.

The land, which Captain Smith had come within sight of, was uncommonly low. It appeared, at a distance, like the tops of trees emerging above the water; and as the squadron approached the coast there was not the smallest acclivity visible; the prospect never rising above the height of the pines, which everywhere covered the soil.

Of the promontories of the bay, Captain Smith named the southernmost Cape Henry, and the northernmost Cape Charles; in compliment to the sons of the reigning monarch; and though the vessels dropt frequently their anchors, yet sixteen days were spent in seeking a proper place for their first settlement.

The shores were now lined with the natives, who gazed with ineffable astonishment at the squadron under sail, and prostrated themselves at the thunder of their cannon. Their wonder may be conceived at the sight of a ship. They were confounded to see the monster come sailing into their harbour, and spitting fire with a mighty noise out of her floating side.

Captain Smith went on shore in his boat, and was kindly received by the natives, who invited him and his companions to their town, Kecoughtan, where Hampton is now built. It was situated at the head of a spacious bay, which ran up north from the mouth of Powhatan river, and is now so popular under the name of Hampton Roads. Here they were feasted on cakes made of Indian corn, and regaled with tobacco and a dance.

Proceeding up the river, another company of Indians appeared in arms; and their chief, Apamatica, holding in one hand his bow and arrow, and in the other a pipe of tobacco, demanded the cause of their coming; they made signs of peace, and were hospitably received.

Having searched the whole of the river Powhatan, Captain Smith, on the 13th of May, with the unanimous consent of the colonists, made choice of a peninsula, where the ships could lie moored to the trees, as the place of their intended settlement. Here they were visited by Pasipha, another Indian chief; who, being made acquainted with their design, offered them as much land as they wanted. On this spot the colonists built their huts, and Captain Smith threw up a small fort, in the form of a half-moon, which he barricaded with trunks of trees. To their settlement they very consistently gave the

name of James Town ; and, in the same spirit of compliment, dignified Powhatan with the title of James river.

After five weeks' stay before the town, the ships, having recruited their wood and water, set sail again for England ; leaving one hundred and eight adventurers to establish the colony.

LESSON III.

First Settlement of New England, 1620.—E. EVERETT.

COULD a common calculation of policy have dictated the terms of that settlement, no doubt our foundations would have been laid beneath the royal smile. Convoys and navies would have been solicited, to waft our fathers to the coast ; armies, to defend the infant communities ; and the flattering patronage of princes and lords, to espouse their interests in the councils of the mother country.

Happy, that our fathers enjoyed no such patronage ; happy, that they fell into no such protecting hands ; happy, that our foundations were silently and deeply cast in quiet insignificance, beneath a charter of banishment, persecution, and contempt ; so that when the royal arm was at length outstretched against us, instead of a submissive child, tied down by former graces, it found a youthful giant in the land, born amidst hardships, and nourished on the rocks, indebted for no favours, and owing no duty.

From the dark portals of the star chamber, and in the stern texts of the acts of uniformity, the pilgrims received a commission, more efficient, than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate ; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate ; the difficulties, which they experienced, in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness, were fortunate ; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever memorable parting at Delfthaven, had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England.

All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those, who engaged in it, to be so too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over

the cause, and if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness ?

It is sad indeed to reflect on the disasters, which the little band of pilgrims encountered. Sad to see a portion of them, the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel ; one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage ; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season ; where they are deserted, before long, by the ship which had brought them, and, which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men, a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, of the power, and the temper of the savage tribes, that filled the unexplored continent, upon whose verge they had ventured.

But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe were the final assurance of success. It was these, that put far away from our father's cause, all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to pre-eminence.

No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers would lead on the ill provided band of despised Puritans. No well endowed clergy were on the alert, to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governours were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow.

No, they could not say they had encouraged, patronised, or helped the pilgrims ; their own cares, their own labours, their own counsels, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bore all, sealed all. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not strewn ; and as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall, when the favour, which had always been withholden, was changed into wrath ; when the arm, which had never supported, was raised to destroy.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months

pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished for shore.

I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route—and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The labouring masts seem straining from their base—the dismal sound of the pumps is heard—the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow—the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.

I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice clad rocks of Plymouth—weak and weary from the voyage—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore—without shelter—without means—surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast?

Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labour and spare meals—was it disease—was it the tomahawk—was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise and a broken heart, aching in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; was it some or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

LESSON IV.

*The Golden Age of New York, under the Dutch Governour,
Wouter Van Twiller.*—WASHINGTON IRVING.

I WILL not grieve the patience of my readers, by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New Amsterdam. Their own imaginations will doubtless present to them the good burghers, like so many pains-taking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labours—they will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log hut to the stately Dutch mansion, with brick front, glazed windows, and tiled roof—from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage garden; and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous burgomaster. In a word, they will picture to themselves the steady, silent, and undeviating march to prosperity, incident to a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry.

The sage council, not being able to determine upon any plan for building of their city—the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths, which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best foot foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor, the date of its erection was curiously designated, by iron figures on the front, and on the top of the roof, was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret, which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind;—the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governour's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife—a character, which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oftentimes worn out, by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlour was the place, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without controul. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place—the window shutters were again closed, to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in; at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined, that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-places were of truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect

silence, puffing his pipe, looking on the fire with half shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the good woman on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches—grisly ghosts, horses without heads—and hairbreadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sun down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestible symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness, at being surprised, by a visit from a neighbour, on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or nobility, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company, being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts.—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in the city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delf teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves, by their adroit-

ness in replenishing this pot, from a huge copper tea kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, Yes Sir, or Yes Madam, to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things, like decent, well educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles, with which the fire places were decorated.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them at the door.

LESSON V.

Poor Richard's humorous Account of his Rivals in Almanack making.—FRANKLIN.

COURTEOUS READER,

This is the ninth year of my endeavours to serve thee in the capacity of a calendar-writer. The encouragement I have met with, must be ascribed, in a great measure, to your charity, excited by the open, honest declaration I made of my poverty, at my first appearance. This my brother *Philomaths* could,

without being conjurers, discover ; and poor Richard's success has produced ye a poor Will, and a poor Robin ; and no doubt poor John, &c. will follow ; and we shall be in name, what some folks say we are already in fact, a parcel of poor almanack-makers.

During the course of these nine years, what buffettings have I not sustained ! The fraternity have been in arms. Honest Titan, deceased, was raised and made to abuse his old friend. Both authors and printers were angry. Hard names, and many, were bestowed on me. They denied me to be the author of my own works ; declared there never was any such person ; asserted that I was dead sixty years ago ; prognosticated my death to happen within a twelve-month ; with many other malicious inconsistencies, the effects of blind passion, envy at my success, and a vain hope of depriving me, dear reader, of thy wonted countenance and favour.

Who knows him ? they cry. Where does he live ?—But what is that to them ? If I delight in a private life, have they any right to drag me out of my retirement ? I have good reasons for concealing the place of my abode. It is time for an old man, as I am, to think of preparing for his great remove. The perpetual teasing of both neighbours and strangers, to calculate nativities, give judgments on schemes, and erect figures, discover thieves, detect horse-stealers, describe the routs of runaways and strayed cattle ; the crowd of visitors, with a thousand trifling questions ;—Will my ship return safe ? Will my horse win the race ? When will my wife die ? Who shall be my husband ? and how long first ? When is the best time to cut hair, or sow sallad ? These, and the like impertinences, I have now neither taste nor leisure for. I have had enough of them. All that these angry folks could say, will never provoke me to tell them where I live. I would eat my nails first.

My last adversary is J. J*****n, philomat. who declares and protests that the false prophecy put in my almanack concerning him, the year before, is altogether false and untrue ; and that I am one of Baal's false prophets. This false, false prophecy he speaks of, related to his reconciliation with the church of Rome ; which, notwithstanding his declaring and protesting, is, I fear, too true. Two things in his elegiac verses confirm me in this suspicion. He calls the first of November, All-Hallows-day. Reader, does not this smell of popery ? Does it, in the least, savour of the pure language of

friends? But the plainest thing is, his adoration of saints, which he confesses to be his practice, in these words,

When any trouble, did me befall,
To my dear Mary, then I would call.

Did he think the whole world were so stupid as not to take notice of this? So ignorant, as not to know, that all catholics pay the highest regard to the Virgin Mary? Ah! friend John, we must allow you to be a poet, but you are certainly no protestant. I could heartily wish your religion were as good as your verses.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.



LESSON VI.

Origin of the American Revolution.—COOPER.

THE increasing wealth of the provinces had attracted the notice of the English ministry, so early as the year 1763. In that year, the first effort to raise a revenue, which was to meet the exigencies of the empire, was attempted by the passage of a law to impose a duty on certain stamped paper, which was made necessary to give validity to contracts. This method of raising a revenue, was not new in itself, nor was the imposition heavy in amount. But the Americans, not less sagacious than wary, perceived at a glance the importance of the principles, involved in the admission of a right, as belonging to any body, to lay taxes, in which they were not represented. The question was not without its difficulties, but the direct and plain argument was clearly on the side of the colonists.

Aware of the force of their reasons, and perhaps a little conscious of the strength of their numbers, they approached the subject with a spirit, which betokened this consciousness, but with a coolness, that denoted the firmness of their purpose. After a struggle of nearly two years, during which the law was rendered completely profitless, by the unanimity among the people, as well as by a species of good-humoured violence, that rendered it exceedingly inconvenient, and perhaps a little dangerous, to the servants of the crown, to exercise their obnoxious functions, the ministry abandoned the measure. But, at the same time that the law was repealed, the parliament maintained its right to bind the colonies, in all cases whatsoever, by recording a resolution to that effect in its journals.

That an empire, whose several parts were separated by oceans, and whose interests were so often conflicting, should become unwieldy, and fall, in time, by its own weight, was an event that all wise men must have expected to arrive. But, that the Americans did not contemplate such a division, at that early day, may be fairly inferred, if there were no other testimony in the matter, by the quiet and submission that pervaded the colonies the instant that the repeal of the stamp act was known. Had any desire for premature independence existed; the parliament had unwisely furnished abundant fuel, to feed the flame, in the very resolution already mentioned. But, satisfied with the solid advantages they had secured, peaceful in their habits, and loyal in their feelings, the colonists laughed at the empty dignity of their self-constituted rulers, while they congratulated each other on their own more substantial success.

If the besotted servants of the king had learnt wisdom by the past, the storm would have blown over. Things were hardly suffered, however, to return to their own channels again, before the ministry attempted to revive their claims by new impositions. The design to raise a revenue had been defeated, in the case of the stamp act, by the refusal of the colonists to use the paper; but in the present instance, expedients were adopted, which, it was thought, would be more effective—as in the case of tea, where the duty was paid by the East-India Company, in the first instance, and the exaction was to be made on the Americans, through their appetites.

These new innovations on their rights, were met by the colonists with the same promptitude, but with much more of seriousness, than in the former instances. All the provinces south of the Great Lakes, acted in concert on this occasion; and preparations were made to render, not only their remonstrances and petitions more impressive by a unity of action, but their more serious struggles also, should an appeal to force become necessary. The tea was stored or sent back to England, in most cases, though in the town of Boston, a concurrence of circumstances led to the violent measure, on the part of the people, of throwing a large quantity of the offensive article into the sea. To punish this act, which took place in the early part of 1774, the port of Boston was closed, and different laws were enacted in parliament, which were intended to bring the people back to a sense of their dependence on the British power.

LESSON VII.

Extract from Dr. Mayhew's Sermon on the Repeal of the Stamp Act. 1766.

[DR. MAYHEW was descended from the first proprietor of Martha's Vineyard, and his family have furnished several men of piety and talents. He was extensively known in America, and perhaps still more so in Europe, by the bold and vigorous character of his writings. Among these was a sermon on the anniversary of "Charles the Martyr," preached in the year 1750, which went through several editions in Europe, as well as this country; and its wit, sarcasm and unhesitating assertion of the highest principles of freedom, made all, who read it, foes, or admirers. The sermon, from which this extract was made, may be considered the dying testimony of Dr. Mayhew. It was delivered on Friday, May 23d, 1766, and he died on the 8th July following, in the forty-sixth year of his age. His printed sermons form several volumes.—TUDOR.]

"We have never known so quick and general a transition from the depth of sorrow to the height of joy, as on this occasion: nor indeed, so universal a flow of either, on any occasion whatever. It is true, we have heretofore seen times of great adversity. We have known seasons of drought, dearth, and spreading mortal diseases; the pestilence walking in darkness, and destruction wasting at noonday. We have seen devastations made by fire; and amazing tempests, the heaven on flames—the winds and waves roaring. We have known repeated earthquakes, threatening us with destruction. We have known times, when the French and savage armies made terrible havock on our frontiers, carrying all before them for a while; when we have not been without fear, that some capital towns in the colonies would fall into their merciless hands.

Such times as these we have known; at some of which, almost every "face gathered paleness," and the knees of all, but the good and brave, waxed feeble. But never have we known a season of such universal consternation and anxiety, among people of all ranks and ages, in these colonies, as was occasioned by that parliamentary procedure, which threatened us and our posterity with perpetual bondage and slavery.

For they, as we generally suppose, are really slaves, to all intents and purposes, who are obliged to labour and toil only for the benefit of others ; or, which comes to the same thing, the fruit of whose labour and industry, may be lawfully taken from them, without their consent, and they justly punished, if they refuse to surrender it on demand, or apply it to other purposes than those, which their masters, for their mere grace and pleasure, see fit to allow.

Now are there many American understandings acute enough to distinguish any material difference, between this being done by a single person, under the title of an absolute monarch, and done by a far distant legislature consisting of many persons, in which they are not represented ; and the members whereof, instead of feeling and sharing, equally with them, in the burden thus imposed, are eased of their own in proportion to the greatness and weight of it.

It may be questioned, whether the ancient Greeks or Romans, or any other nation, in which slavery was allowed, carried their idea of it much farther than this. So that our late apprehensions, and universal consternation, on account of ourselves and posterity, were far, very far indeed, from being groundless. For what is there in the world more wretched, than for those who were born free, and have a right to continue so, to be made slaves themselves, and to think of leaving a race of slaves behind them ; even though it be to masters confessedly the most humane and generous in the world ? Or what wonder is it, if, after groaning with a low voice, for a while, to no purpose, we at length groaned so loudly, as to be heard more than three thousand miles ; and to be pitied throughout Europe, wherever it is not hazardous to mention even the name of liberty, unless it be to reproach it, as only another name for sedition, faction or rebellion ?

Having been initiated in youth, in the doctrines of civil liberty, as they were taught by such men as Plato, Demosthenes, Cicéro, and other renowned persons among the ancients ; and such as Sydney and Milton, Locke and Hoadly, among the moderns, I liked them ; they seemed rational. And having learnt from the holy scriptures, that wise, brave, and virtuous men were always friends to liberty ; that God gave the Israelites a king, (or absolute monarch) in his anger, because they had not sense and virtue enough to like a free Commonwealth, and to have himself for their king ; that the son of God came down from heaven to make us ' free indeed,'

and that 'where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;' this made me conclude, that freedom was a great blessing.

Having also from my childhood up, by the kind providence of my God, and the tender care of a good parent, now at rest with him, been educated to the love of liberty, though not licentiousness, which chaste and virtuous passion was still increased in me, as I advanced towards, and into manhood; I would not, I cannot now, though past middle age, relinquish the fair object of my youthful affections, Liberty; whose charms instead of decaying with time in my eyes, have daily captivated me more and more. I was accordingly penetrated with the most sensible grief when, about the first of November last, that day of darkness, a day hardly to be numbered with the days of the year, she seemed about to depart from America, and to leave that ugly hag, Slavery. I am now filled with a proportionate degree of joy in God, on occasion of her speedy return, with new smiles on her face, with augmented beauty and splendour.

Once more then, hail! celestial maid, the daughter of God, and, excepting his son, the first born of heaven! Welcome to these shores again, welcome to every expanding heart! Long mayest thou reside among us, the delight of the wise, good and brave; the protectress of innocence from wrong and oppression; the patroness of learning, art, eloquence, virtue, rational loyalty, religion!

And if any miserable people on the continent—or isles of Europe, after being weakened by luxury, debauchery, venality, intestine quarrels, or other vices, should, in rude collisions, or now uncertain revolutions of kingdoms, be driven in their extremity to seek a safe retreat from slavery in some distant climate; let them find, O! let them find one in America, under thy brooding, sacred wings; where our oppressed fathers once found it, and we now enjoy it, by the favour of him, whose service is the most glorious freedom! Never, O! never, may he permit thee to forsake us, for our unworthiness to enjoy thy enlivening presence! By his high permission mayest thou attend us through life and death, to the regions of the blessed, thy original abode, there to enjoy forever, 'the glorious liberty of the sons of God!'

LESSON VIII.

Woods in Winter.—LONGFELLOW.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the white-thorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That over-brows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

On the gray maple's crusted bark
Its tender shoots the hoar-frost nips;
Whilst in the frozen fountain—hark!
His piercing beak the bittern dips.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,—
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas!—how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay;
And winds were soft—and woods were green—
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd
And gathered winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs, and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

LESSON IX.

New England.—MISS FRANCIS.

I NEVER view the thriving villages of New England, which speak so forcibly to the heart, of happiness and prosperity, without feeling a glow of national pride, as I say, 'This is my own, my native land.' A long train of associations are connected with her picturesque rivers, as they repose in their peaceful loveliness, the broad and sparkling mirror of the heavens,—and with the cultivated environs of her busy cities, which seem every where blushing into a perfect Eden of fruit and flowers.

The remembrance of what we have been, comes rushing on the heart in powerful and happy contrast. In most nations, the path of antiquity is shrouded in darkness, rendered more visible by the wild, fantastic light of fable; but with us, the vista of time is luminous to its remotest point. Each succeeding year has left its footsteps distinct upon the soil, and the cold dew of our chilling dawn is still visible beneath the mid-day sun.

Two centuries only have elapsed, since our most beautiful villages reposed in the undisturbed grandeur of nature; when the scenes now rendered classic, by literary associations, or resounding with the din of commerce, echoed nought but the sound of the hunter, or the fleet tread of the wild deer. God was here in his holy temple, and the whole earth kept silence before him!

But the voice of prayer was soon to be heard in the desert. The sun, which, for ages beyond the memory of man, had gazed on the strange, fearful worship of the Great Spirit of the wilderness, was soon to shed its splendour upon the altars of the living God. That light, which had arisen amid the darkness of Europe, stretched its long, luminous track across the Atlantic, till the summits of the western world became tinged with its brightness. During many long, long ages of gloom and corruption, it seemed as if the pure flame of religion was every where quenched in blood;—but the watchful vestal had kept the sacred flame still burning deeply and fervently. Men, stern and unyielding, brought it hither in their own bosom, and amid desolation and poverty, they kindled it on the shrine of Jehovah.

In this enlightened and liberal age, it is perhaps too fashionable to look back upon those early sufferers in the cause

of the Reformation, as a band of dark, discontented bigots. Without doubt, there were many broad, deep shadows in their characters, but there was likewise bold and powerful light. The peculiarities of their situation occasioned most of their faults, and atoned for them. They were struck off from a learned, opulent, and powerful nation, under circumstances which goaded and lacerated them almost to ferocity;—and no wonder that men, who fled from oppression in their own country, to all the hardships of a remote and dreary province, should have exhibited a deep mixture of exclusive, bitter, and morose passions.

LESSON X.

Boston garrisoned by British Troops.—HOLMES.

ON the 28th September, 1768, two British regiments, escorted by seven armed vessels, arrived at Boston, from Halifax. Perpetual disagreement between the commissioners of the customs and the inhabitants of Boston, had induced the advocates for an American revenue to solicit, that a regular force might be stationed in that town; and his majesty had given orders for it, in compliance with that solicitation. The fleet having taken a station, which commanded the town, the troops, under cover of the cannon of the ships, landed without molestation, and to the number of upwards of seven hundred men, marched, with muskets charged, bayonets fixed, martial music, and the usual military parade, into the common. In the evening, the selectmen of Boston were required to quarter the two regiments in the town; but they absolutely refused. A temporary shelter, however, in Fanueil Hall, was permitted to one regiment, that was without its camp equipage.

The next day, the state house, by order of the governor, was opened for the reception of the soldiers; and, after the quarters were settled, two field pieces, with the main guard, were stationed just in its front. Every thing was calculated to excite the indignation of the inhabitants. The lower floor of the state house, which had been used by gentlemen and merchants as an exchange; the representatives' chamber; the court house; Fanueil Hall—places with which were intimately associated ideas of justice and freedom, as well as of convenience and utility—were now filled with regular soldiers. Guards were

placed at the doors of the state house, through which the council must pass, in going to their own chamber. The common was covered with tents. Soldiers were constantly marching and countermarching to relieve the guards. The sentinels challenged the inhabitants, as they passed. The Lord's day was profaned, and the devotion of the sanctuary disturbed, by the sound of drums and other military music. There was every appearance of a garrisoned town.

The colonists felt disgusted and injured, but not overawed, by the presence of the obtruded soldiery. After the troops had obtained quarters, the council were required to provide barracks for them, agreeably to act of parliament; but they resolutely declined any measure, which might be constructed into a submission to that act.

LESSON XI.

Marguerite and Louis.—MISS SEDGWICK.

On a point of land, at the junction of the Oswegatchie with the St. Lawrence, is a broken stone wall, the remains of a fortification. Tradition says, that a commandant of this fort (which was built by the French to protect their traders against the savages,) married a young Iroquois, who was, before or after the marriage, converted to the Catholic faith. She was the daughter of a chieftain of her tribe, and great efforts were made, by her people, to induce her to return to them. Her brother lurked in this neighbourhood, and procured interviews with her, and attempted to win her back by all the motives of national pride and family affection; but all in vain. The young Garanga, or, to call her by her baptismal name, Marguerite, was bound by a threefold cord—her love to her husband, to her son, and to her religion. Mecumeh, finding persuasion ineffectual, had recourse to stratagem. The commandant was in the habit of going down the river on fishing excursions, and when he returned, he would fire his signal gun, and Marguerite and her boy would hasten to the shore to greet him.

On one occasion, he had been gone longer than usual. Marguerite was filled with apprehensions natural enough, at a time, when imminent dangers and hairbreadth escapes were of every day occurrence. She had sat in the tower and watched

for the returning canoe till the last beam of day had faded from the waters ;—the deepening shadows of twilight played tricks with her imagination. Once she was startled by the water-fowl, which, as it skimmed along the surface of the water, imaged to her fancy the light canoe impelled by her husband's vigorous arm—again she heard the leap of the heavy muskalongi, and the splashing waters sounded to her fancy like the first dash of the oar. That passed away, and disappointment and tears followed. Her boy was beside her ; the young Louis, who, though scarcely twelve years old, already had his imagination filled with daring deeds.

Born and bred in a fort, he was an adept in the use of the bow and the musket ; courage seemed to be his instinct, and danger his element, and battles and wounds were ' household words ' with him. He laughed at his mother's fears ; but, in spite of his boyish ridicule, they strengthened, till apprehension seemed reality. Suddenly the sound of the signal gun broke on the stillness of the night. Both mother and son sprang on their feet with a cry of joy, and were pressing, hand in hand, towards the outer gate, when a sentinel stopped them to remind Marguerite, it was her husband's order, that no one should venture without the walls after sunset. She, however, insisted on passing, and telling the soldier that she would answer to the commandant for his breach of orders—she passed the outer barrier. Young Louis held up his bow and arrow before the sentinel, saying gaily, ' I am my mother's body-guard, you know.' Tradition has preserved these trifling circumstances, as the events, that followed, rendered them memorable.

' The distance,' continued the stranger, ' from the fort to the place where the commandant moored his canoe was trifling, and quickly passed. Marguerite and Louis flew along the narrow foot path, reached the shore, and were in the arms of ——— Mecumeh and his fierce companions. Entreaties and resistance were alike vain. Resistance was made, with a manly spirit, by young Louis, who drew a knife from the girdle of one of the Indians, and attempted to plunge it in the bosom of Mecumeh, who was roughly binding his wampum belt over Marguerite's mouth, to deaden the sound of her screams. The uncle wrested the knife from him, and smiled proudly on him, as if he recognised in the brave boy, a scion from his own stock.

The Indians had two canoes ; Marguerite was conveyed to one, Louis to the other—and both canoes were rowed into

the Oswegatchie, and up the stream, as fast as it was possible to impel them against the current of the river.

Not a word nor cry escaped the boy : he seemed intent on some purpose, and when the canoe approached near the shore he took off a military cap he wore, and threw it so skilfully that it lodged, where he meant it should, on the branch of a tree which projected over the water. There was a long white feather in the cap. The Indians had observed the boy's movement—they held up their oars for a moment, and seemed to consult whether they should return and remove the cap ; but after a moment, they again dashed their oars in the water and proceeded forward. They continued rowing for a few miles, and then landed ; hid their canoes behind some trees on the river's bank, and plunged into the woods with their prisoners. It seems to have been their intention to have returned to their canoes in the morning, and they had not proceeded far from the shore, when they kindled a fire and prepared some food, and offered a share of it to Marguerite and Louis.

Poor Marguerite, as may be supposed, had no mind to eat ; but Louis, saith tradition, ate as heartily as if he had been safe within the walls of the fort. After the supper, the Indians stretched themselves before the fire, but not till they had taken the precaution to bind Marguerite to a tree, and to compel Louis to lie down in the arms of his uncle Mecumeh. Neither of the prisoners, closed their eyes. Louis kept his fixed on his mother. She sat upright beside an oak tree ; the cord was fastened around her waist, and bound around the tree, which had been blasted by lightning ; the moon poured its beams through the naked branches, upon her face, convulsed with the agony of despair and fear. With one hand she held a crucifix to her lips, the other was on her rosary. The sight of his mother in such a situation, stirred up daring thoughts in the bosom of the heroic boy—but he lay powerless in his uncle's naked brawny arms. He tried to disengage himself, but at the slightest movement, Mecumeh, though still sleeping, seemed conscious, and strained him closer to him. At last the strong sleep, that in the depth of the night steeps the senses in utter forgetfulness, overpowered him—his arms relaxed their hold, and dropped beside him and left Louis free.

He rose cautiously, looked for one instant on the Indians, and assured himself they all slept profoundly. He then possessed himself of Mecumeh's knife, which lay at his feet, and

severed the cord that bound his mother to the tree. Neither of them spoke a word—but with the least possible sound, they resumed the way, by which they had come from the shore; Louis in the confidence, and Marguerite with the faint hope of reaching it before they were overtaken.

It may be imagined how often the poor mother, timid as a fawn, was startled by the evening breeze stirring the leaves, but the boy bounded forward as if there was neither fear nor danger in the world.

They had nearly attained the margin of the river, where Louis meant to launch one of the canoes and drop down the current, when the Indian yell resounding through the woods, struck on their ears. They were missed, pursued, and escape was impossible. Marguerite panic-struck, sunk to the ground. Nothing could check the career of Louis. ‘On—on, mother,’ he cried, ‘to the shore—to the shore.’ She rose and instinctively followed her boy. The sound of pursuit came nearer and nearer. They reached the shore, and there beheld three canoes coming swiftly up the river. Animated with hope, Louis screamed the watch-word of the garrison, and was answered by his father’s voice.

The possibility of escape, and the certain approach of her husband, infused new life into Marguerite. ‘Your father cannot see us,’ she said ‘as we stand here in the shade of the trees; hide yourself in that thicket, I will plunge into the water.’ Louis crouched under the bushes, and was completely hidden by an overhanging grape-vine, while his mother advanced a few steps into the water and stood erect, where she could be distinctly seen. A shout from the canoes apprized her that she was recognised, and at the same moment, the Indians, who had now reached the shore, rent the air with their cries of rage and defiance.

They stood for a moment, as if deliberating what next to do; Mecumeh maintained an undaunted and resolved air—but with his followers the aspect of armed men, and a force thrice their number, had its usual effect. They fled. He looked after them, cried, ‘shame!’ and then with a desperate yell, leaped into the water and stood beside Marguerite. The canoes were now within a few yards—He put his knife to her bosom—‘The daughter of Tecumseh,’ he said, ‘should have died by the judgment of our warriors, but now by her brother’s hand must she perish:’ and he drew back his arm to give vigour to the fatal stroke, when an arrow pierced his own breast, and he fell insensible at his sister’s side. A moment

after Marguerite was in the arms of her husband, and Louis, with his bow unstrung, bounded from the shore, and was received in his father's canoe ; and the wild shores rung with the acclamations of the soldiers, while his father's tears of pride and joy were poured like rain upon his cheek.

LESSON XII.

An Indian at the burying place of his Fathers.—BRYANT.

It is the spot I came to seek,—
My fathers' ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot,—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river side ;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadow smooth and wide ;
The plains, that, toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west, by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade,

And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest,
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—aye—like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day,—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed ;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood ;
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more,
The springs are silent in the sun,
The rivers, by the blackening shore,
With lessening current run ;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get,
May be a barren desert yet.

LESSON XIII.

The Boston Massacre.—HOLMES.

THE inhabitants of Boston continued to feel it an indignity, to have soldiers quartered among them ; and reciprocal insults and injuries prepared the way for a tragical event, that made a deep and lasting impression on the colonists. On the second^d of March, an affray took place near Gray's ropewalk, between a private soldier of the twenty-ninth regiment, and an inhabitant of the town ; and the one was supported by his fellow soldiers ; the other, by his fellow citizens. On the fifth, the soldiers, while under arms, being pressed upon, insulted by the populace, and dared to fire ; one of them, who had received a blow, fired at the aggressor, and a single discharge from six others succeeded. Three of the inhabitants were killed, and five dangerously wounded. The town was instantly thrown into the greatest commotion. The drums beat to arms, and thousands of the inhabitants assembled in the adjacent street.

The next morning, lieutenant governor Hutchinson summoned a council ; and, while the subject was in discussion, a message was received from the town, which had convened in full assembly, declaring it to be their unanimous opinion, "that nothing can rationally be expected to restore the peace of the town, and prevent blood and carnage, but the immediate removal of the troops." On an agreement to this measure, the commotion subsided. One of the wounded men

died ; and the four killed were buried in one vault, with the highest marks of respect. Captain Preston, who commanded the party of soldiers, was committed with them to jail ; and all were afterwards tried. The captain and six of the men were acquitted. Two were brought in guilty of manslaughter. The result of the trial reflected great honour on John Adams and Josiah Quincy, the counsel for the prisoners, and on the integrity of the jury.

LESSON XIV.

Painting and Sculpture in Ancient Greece.—U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.

WHAT perfection the art of painting had attained in Greece, we can judge only by the testimony of classick authors, and by the admiration, which celebrated painters enjoyed among their countrymen. Zeuxis attended the Olympian games, wearing a garment with his name embroidered in golden letters upon the border ; and his rival, Parrhasius, appeared there clad in purple robes, and bearing a golden garland. In Zeuxis, Polygnotus, and Timantes, says Tully, we praise the forms and lineaments ; but all things are perfect in Aëtion, Nicomachus, Protogenes, and Apelles.

It is related of Protogenes, that when Demetrius Poliorcetes might have put a speedy end to the siege of Rhodes, by assaulting it in the quarter, which Protogenes inhabited, he refused to incur the hazard of injuring the pictures of this artist ; and that after the city surrendered, he said he would sooner destroy the images of his father, than these admirable productions. But of Apelles, the master of Grecian painting, the fame and the reputed excellence were alike unequal. He began the picture of the Coan Venus, and after entirely finishing the head and the upper part of the bust, left the rest of the body imperfect ; but no other painter durst undertake the task of completing it.

Alexander suffered himself to be modelled by Lysippus and painted by Apelles alone ; not merely because they only were worthy to do it, but because their divine art would reflect equally lasting glory on him and them ; and when he was drawn by Apelles, the courtiers said there were two Alexan-

ders, one invincible, born of Olympias, and the other inimitable, created by Apelles.

Shall we deem these praises of the ancient painters extravagant? Could they, who transmitted to posterity such splendid monuments of perfect taste in other things, have made a mistaken estimate of the beauty of a picture? We are not fond of indiscriminate eulogy of the ancients. The time is past by, when classick learning was the only test of scholarship, and adulation of the ancients conclusive evidence of correct taste. But the best critics are satisfied of the perfection of Greek painters, at least in Alexander's time, in all the essential qualities of the art. Modern painters may have more of scientific excellence in the management of perspective, and in the composition of figures, but in design, expression, invention, colouring, we do not believe they surpass the ancients.

Happily, the genius of ancient sculptors and architects was exercised on more durable objects than canvass, and works of theirs yet survive, to attest the perfection of the art. Were it not so, sceptical inquirers might as reasonably deny the wonderful excellence of Phidias, as of Apelles. But the broken relic of a façade, the magnificent ruin of a temple or an arch, or a single inimitably perfect statue, has outlived the ravages of time and barbarism, to be the models for us of all that is most beautiful in their kind, and to give us an idea of the miracles of taste and skill, which Greek art could produce.

As it is, we meet with no difficulty in crediting the well known story, that Nicomêdes, King of Bithynia, offered to discharge the large publick debt of Cnidos, as the price of Praxiteles' Venus, which belonged to that Island; or that the offer was rejected by the Cnidians. What is there strange in the fact related by Livy, that when Paulus Æmilius beheld the magnificent colossal statue of the Olympian Jupiter made by Phidias, he was struck with awe, as if in the actual presence of the Thunderer? Well might Lucian hazard the saying that Phidias was adored in his sublime productions; for surely if any thing could furnish an apology for the transfer of worship from the being represented to the representation, it would be the glorious creations of genius, which adorned the splendid and beautiful temples of the Greeks.

LESSON XV.

Usefulness of the Fine Arts.—U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.

GIVING the narrowest construction to *utility*, of which the word is susceptible, we apprehend it is demonstrable that the study of the ornamental arts is eminently useful to a nation. It might be shown to contribute to the national wealth, as well as to national honour, the encouragement of genius, and the laudable gratification of opulent individuals,—by the plainest considerations. It provides a new field for the exercise of labour, and thereby augments the productive industry of the nation. It cannot diminish the productive labour of any other branch of industry. In many countries, and no where more evidently than here, the number of hands employed in cultivation is much greater than is needed, to produce the requisite amount of agricultural products, demanded for domestic and foreign consumption. There being a surplus of labour devoted to agriculture, the creation of a new branch of productive industry would naturally draw labour away from that department, in which there is now an excess of it; and the whole value of the labour thus diverted into a new channel, would be so much clear gain to the community.

The wealth expended on publick or private buildings, on paintings, or on sculpture, is not lost nor consumed. It still remains in the country, being merely transferred from the rich to the ingenious, from the hands of those, who have a surplus over their wants and over what they can profitably employ, to the hands of the industrious classes. A portion of it is fixed in a new object, in a beautiful statue or church, in a commodious house, or in an elegant picture; but nevertheless it still exists.

The employment of labour in the fine arts, increases the demand, and with the demand, the value of the products of other branches of industry. It creates a new class of men to be fed, and clothed, and supported in comfort; it calls marble and granite from the quarry; it causes the mine to be wrought for its metal; it demands a supply of colours, wood, and all the other various materials used in the ornamental arts.—Thus it gives, at once, occupation to additional labourers; it converts vegetable and mineral substances, of no value intrinsically, or at least of no value whilst in the earth or the forest, into profitable articles of trade; and it adds, by the whole operation, to the value of lands and to the aggregate of national wealth.

Besides, surplus wealth will be expended by its holders, in the purchase of objects of taste and luxury, such as the fine arts produce. If those objects cannot be found at home, the money will depart into foreign lands, to discourage domestick industry, and encourage that of some rival nation.

And there is another point of view, wherein it is important to regard the subject. We have spoken thus far only of the supply of objects of the fine arts, and of a supply of them only for domestick consumption. The subject has vastly more extensive relations. It is estimated that, in England, of the students devoted to professional improvement in the fine arts, but one out of forty or fifty rises to the rank of a distinguished painter or sculptor. Not every aspirant after fame becomes a West, a Chantrey, an Allston, or a Newton. The hundreds of others, oftentimes men of genius too, who spend their lives in the practice of the fine arts, find more profitable employment for their talents, in the manufactories of clay, glass, metals, cottons, and the like, than they would in the higher walks of the profession.

These are the artists, who communicate that beauty of design and exquisite finish to the meanest as well as richest articles of British manufacture, by means of which, among other things, they have hitherto obtained a preference in all the markets of the world. Thinking men amongst us are beginning to perceive, that the most advantageous investments of capital, so far as the interest of the nation is concerned, is in manufactures. It is for them to consider whether we can compete with Great Britain in foreign markets, successfully, and upon equal footing, before we have secured, not only a sufficient capital and the excellent machinery which we now possess, but also the same taste in giving finish and grace to our manufactured productions. And we hazard nothing in predicting the time to be close at hand, when, with the blessing of heaven, the same country, which now produces artists of unequalled skill in the strictly useful and inventive arts, shall be not less fertile of ornamental and imitative genius.

LESSON XVI.

Dion's Dream.—JONES.

HE lay upon his couch by night,
Locked fast in sleep ; for he had been
Engaged the livelong day in fight
With warrior-bands of foreign men :
When, on the moon's declining beam,
There came the Spirit of a dream.

It breathed upon his face the spell,
Which shows the future and the past,
And bade him note fair Hellas well,
And see her age of glory past.
' And cast thine eyes, chief, west and east,
And tell me, dreamer, what thou seest.

And Dion saw, and lo ! the land,
The land of Greece, was free no more ;
But o'er it ruled a turbaned band,
Whose scimitars were red with gore.
And there a Spartan boy, who waits
A bondman at the conqueror's gates.

He saw her sons the proselytes
Of a pure creed—a faith divine ;
None pay the ' Unknown God ' high rites—
His temple holds a holier shrine.
'Tis changed ; alas, at evening there,
A Muezzim chants the Moslem prayer.

He saw a wretched peasant stand ;
Chained to his implements of toil ;
And there are fetters on his hand,
And there are tears, but ne'er a smile.
And oft is upward cast his eye
In prayer to God, that he may die.

He saw a girl with golden locks
And polished brow and azure eye ;
Why roves she o'er the lonely rocks ?
Why all the day long weep and sigh ?

Alas, her loveliness has caught
A haram's lord, and she is bought.

And o'er the Morea, far and wide,
The ruthless sons of Islam stand
With every weapon, art has tried
To work the downfall of a land.
And Dion thus in sorrow slept,
Then left his couch, and sat, and wept.

Again he sunk to sleep:—again
He dreamed. Upon that mount of Thrace,
Which rises, as 'tis said of men,
Ten thousand feet above its base,
He stood, and from the height surveyed
The changes passing centuries made.

Is that lost Greece he sees below ?
Where is the glittering minaret ?
And where is he, the turbaned foe,
The Othman surely rules her yet ?
No, rest thee, chief, the Moslem thrones
Cumber no land that Europe owns.

He sees upon a sunny slope,
All festooned over with the vine,
A merry, laughing, peasant group,
Around a vase of Chian wine.
And much they talk of days gone past,
Ere Despotism breathed his last.

He sees a labouring man at work ;
His children, babes with yellow hair,
Play by, and, fearless of the Turk,
Pursue a young bird fluttering there,
And he, that sire, with soft embrace
Of those dear babes, joins in the chace.

And, emblem of the peace, that reigns
Throughout the clime, he sees a maid
Of angel form forsake the plains,
And wander to the mountain's shade,
All lonely, with her father's flocks ;—
For there's no Turk among these rocks.

What cloud is that, which, girt with wings,
Comes sweeping where proud Corinth smiles?
No shadowy cloud; that vessel brings
The dove from far Atlantic isles;
Lo! o'er her, with a dark blue blent,
There waves a starry firmament.

The warrior wakes; there is no cloud
Upon his heart; the morning sun
Shines through his tent, and fierce and loud
Come shouts, as when the battle's won.
And little taught by yester night,
The Satrap arms again for fight.

LESSON XVII.

The Rivulet.—BRYANT.

THIS little rill that, from the springs
Of yonder grove, its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet when life was new.
When woods in early green were drest,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play;
To crop the violet on its brim,
And listen to the throstle's hymn,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how glad and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.

High visions then, and lofty schemes
Glorious and bright as fairy dreams,
And daring hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me; and I wrote on high
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in proud and grand decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
But thou, gay, merry rivulet,
Dost dimple, play, and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
'Thou laughest at the lapse of time.

The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun;
As fresh the herbs that crowd to drink
The moisture of thy oozy brink;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted water cress;
And the brown ground bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

'Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him,
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.

I've tried the world—it wears no more
The colouring of romance it wore.

Yet well has nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth ;
The radiant beauty, shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,
Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould,
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date)
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favourite brook.
Then dimly on my eyes shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream ;
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call ;
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gaily shalt play and glitter here ;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shalt pass ;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

LESSON XVIII.

The Angler.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

IT is said, that many an unlucky urchin is induced to run away from his family, and betake himself to a seafaring life, from reading the history of Robinson Crusoe ; and I suspect that, in like manner, many of those worthy gentlemen, who are given to haunt the sides of pastoral streams, with angle-

rod in hand, may trace the origin of their passion to the seductive pages of honest Izaak Walton. I recollect studying his "Complete Angler" several years since, in company with a knot of friends in America, and, moreover, that we were all completely bitten with the Angling Mania. It was early in the year; but as soon as the weather was auspicious, and that the spring began to melt into the verge of summer, we took rod in hand, and sallied forth into the country, as stark mad as was ever Don Quixote from reading books of chivalry.

One of our party had equalled the Don in the fulness of his equipments; being attired cap-a-pie for the enterprise. He wore a broad skirted, fustian coat, perplexed with half a hundred pockets; a pair of stout shoes and leathern gaiters; a basket, slung on one side for fish; a patent rod; a landing net, and a score of other inconveniences only to be found in the true Angler's Armory. Thus harnessed for the field, he was as great a matter of stare and wonderment among the country folk, who had never seen a regular angler, as was the steel-clad hero of La Mancha, among the goat-herds of the Sierra Morena.

Our first essay was along a mountain brook, among the highlands of the Hudson—a most unfortunate place for the exercise of those piscatory tactics, which had been invented along the velvet margins of quiet English rivulets. It was one of those wild streams, which lavish, among our romantic solitudes, unheeded beauties enough to fill the sketch book of a hunter of the picturesque. Sometimes it would leap down rocky shelves, making small cascades, over which the trees threw their broad balancing sprays—and long, nameless weeds hung in fringes from the impending banks, dripping with diamond drops. Sometimes it would brawl and fret along a ravine, in the matted shade of a forest, filling it with murmurs; and, after this termagant career, would steal forth into open day with the most placid air imaginable: as I have seen some shrew of a housewife, after filling her home with uproar and ill-humour, come dimpling out of doors, swimming and courtesying and smiling upon all the world.

How smoothly would this vagrant brook glide, at such times, through some bosom of green meadow land, among the mountains, where the quiet was only interrupted by the occasional tinkling of a bell, from the lazy cattle among the clover, or the sound of the woodcutter's axe from the neighbouring forest.

For my part, I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport, that required either patience or adroitness; and had not angled above half an hour, before I had completely "satisfied the sentiment," and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it. I hooked myself, instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Walton; satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity, and rural feeling, that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling.

My companions, however, were more persevering in their delusion. I have them, at this moment, before my eyes, stealing along the border of the brook, where it lay open to the day, or only fringed by shrubs and bushes. I see the bittern, rising with hollow scream, as they break in upon his rarely invaded haunt; the king-fisher, watching them from his dry tree, that overhangs the deep black mill-pond, in the gorge of the hills; the tortoise, letting himself slip sideways, off from the stone or log, on which he is sunning himself; and the panic struck frog, plumping in headlong, as they approach, and spreading an alarm throughout the watery world around.

I recollect, also, that after toiling, and watching, and creeping about, for the greater part of the day, with scarcely any success, in spite of all our admirable apparatus, a lubberly country urchin, came down from the hills, with a rod made from a branch of a tree, a few yards of twine, and, as heaven shall help me! I believe, a crooked pin for a hook, baited with a vile earth worm, and, in half an hour, he caught more fish, than we had had nibbles throughout the day!

But, above all, I recollect the "good, honest, wholesome, hungry," repast, which we made under a beech tree, just by a spring of pure sweet water, that stole out of the side of a hill; and how, when it was over, one of the party read old Izaak Walton's scene with the milk maid, while I lay on the grass, and built castles in a bright pile of clouds, until I fell asleep.

LESSON XIX.

The Angler's Song.—LONGFELLOW.

FROM the river's plashy bank,
Where the sedge grows green and rank,
And the twisted woodbine springs,
Upward speeds the morning lark
To its silver cloud—and hark !
On his way the woodman sings.

On the dim and misty lakes
Gloriously the morning breaks,
And the eagle's on his cloud :—
Whilst the wind, with sighing woos
To its arms the chaste cold ooze,
And the rustling reeds pipe loud.

Where the embracing ivy holds
Ciose the hoar elm in its folds,
In the meadow's fenny land,
And the winding river sweeps
Through its shallows and still deeps,—
Silent with my rod I stand.

But when sultry suns are high
Underneath the oak I lie,
As it shades the water's edge,
And I mark my line, away
In the wheeling eddy, play,
Tangling with the river sedge.

When the eye of evening looks
On the green woods and winding brooks,
And the wind sighs o'er the lea,—
Woods and streams,—I leave you then,
While the shadow in the glen
Lengthens by the greenwood tree.

LESSON XX.

Extracts from Mr. Quincy's "Observations on the Boston Port Bill." Published May 14th, 1774.

[Among the men, whose character and political conduct had an acknowledged influence on the events of the American Revolution, was Josiah Quincy, Jr. The unanimous consent of his cotemporaries has associated his name in imperishable union, with that of Otis, Adams, Hancock, Warren, and other distinguished men, whose talents and intrepidity influenced the events, which led to the Declaration of Independence. This honour has been granted to him, notwithstanding his political path was, in every period of its short extent, interrupted by intense professional labours, and was terminated by death, at the early age of thirty-one years. (1775).

Those who recollect him, speak of his eloquence, his genius, and his capacity for intellectual labour; of the inextinguishable zeal and absorbing ardour of his exertions, whether directed to political or professional objects; of the entireness, with which he threw his soul into every cause, in which he engaged; of the intrepidity of his spirit, and of his indignant sense of the wrongs of his country.—PREFACE TO QUINCY'S MEMOIRS.]

After a masterly survey of the system of colonial oppression, pursued by the British Government, he thus proceeds to animate the resentment, and to inflame the zeal of his countrymen.

‘Let us pause, my fellow citizens, and consider. Hath the execrable plan, thus systematically and for a long time pursued, at last taken effect? Are all the constitutional powers of Great Britain, so lowered in the estimation of the people, that their representatives are detested, and their nobility despised? Is their king possessed of power sufficient to make fear a substitute for love? Has he an army at his absolute command, with which no force in his empire is able to cope?

Judge, ye, my countrymen, of these questions, upon which I may not decide;—judge for yourselves, of the political state of that kingdom, which claims a right of disposing of our all,—a right of laying every burden that power can impose,—a right of overrunning our soil and freeholds with mercenary legions, and still more mercenary placemen and dependents. Thus luxury and riot, debauchery and havock, are to become

the order and peace of our cities, and the stability and honour of our times.

To this, and like hopeful purposes, we find "the fullest directions, sent to the several officers of the revenue, that all the produce of the American duties, arising, or to arise, by virtue of any British act of Parliament, should, from time to time, be paid to the deputy paymaster, in America, to defray the subsistence of the troops, and any military expenses incurred in the colonies."

Highly favoured Americans! you are to be wasted with taxes and impositions, in order to satisfy the charges of those armaments, which are to blast your country with the most terrible of all evils;—universal corruption, and a military government.

The reigns of past and present great monarchs, when compared, often present a striking similitude. The Emperour, Charles the Fifth, having exalted the royal prerogative, on the ruins of the privileges of the Castilians, allowed the name of the Cortes to remain; and, the formality of holding it thus continued, he reduced its authority and jurisdiction to nothing, and modelled it in such a manner, that "it became," says Dr. Robertson, "rather a junto of the servants of the crown, than an assembly of the representatives of the people." The success of Charles, in abolishing the privileges of the Commons, and in breaking the power of the nobles of Castile, encouraged an invasion of the liberties of Arragon, which were yet more extensive.

Attend Americans! reflect on the situation of your mother country, and consider the late conduct of your brethren in Britain, towards this continent. "The Castilians, accustomed to subjection themselves, assisted in imposing the yoke on their more happy and independent neighbours."

Hath not Britain treated America as Castile did Arragon? Have not Britons imposed on our necks the same yoke, which the Castilians imposed on the happy Arragonese? Yes! I speak it with grief,—I speak it with anguish,—Britons are our oppressors: I speak it with shame,—I speak it with indignation,—we are slaves.

As force first fixes the chains of vassalage, so cowardice restrains an enslaved people from bursting asunder their bonds. But the case, perhaps, is not desperate, till the yoke has been so long borne, that the understanding, and the spirits of the people are sunk into ignorance and barbarism, supineness, and perfect inactivity. Such, I trust, is not the deplorable state of the land of my nativity. * * *

Yet be not amused, my countrymen!—the extirpation of bondage, and the re-establishment of freedom are not of easy acquisition. The worst passions of the human heart, and the most subtle projects of the human mind are leagued against you; and principalities and powers have acceded to the combination. Trials and conflicts, you must, therefore, endure;—hazards and jeopardies—of life and fortune—will attend the struggle. Such is the fate of all noble exertions for publick liberty and social happiness. Enter not the lists without thought and consideration, lest you arm with timidity and combat with irresolution.

Having engaged in the conflict, let nothing discourage your vigour or repel your perseverance. Remember, that submission to the yoke of bondage, is the worst that can befall a people, after the most fierce and unsuccessful resistance. What can the misfortunes of vanquishment take away, which despotism and rapine would spare? “It had been easy,” said the great lawgiver, Solon, to the Athenians, “to repress the advances of tyranny and prevent its establishment; but now it is established, and grown to some height, it would be more glorious to demolish it.”

But nothing glorious is accomplished, nothing great is attained, nothing valuable is secured, without magnanimity and devotion of heart to the service. Brutus-like, therefore, dedicate yourselves, at this day, to the service of your country; and henceforth live a life of liberty and glory. “On the ides of March,” said the great and good man to his friend Cassius, just before the battle of Philippi,—“on the ides of March I devoted my life to my country, and since that time I have lived a life of liberty and glory.”

Inspired with publick virtue, touched with the wrongs and indignant at the insults offered his country, the high-spirited Cassius exhibits an heroic example: “Resolved as we are,” replied the hero to his friend, “resolved as we are, let us march against the enemy; for though we should not conquer, we have nothing to fear.”

Spirits like these, rose in Rome—and have since adorned Britain; such also will, one day, make glorious, this more western world. America hath in store her Brutii and Cassii—her Hampdens and Sidneys—patriots and heroes, who will form a band of brothers:—men who will have memories and feelings—courage and swords;—courage that shall inflame their ardent bosoms, till their hands cleave to their swords—and their swords to the enemies’ hearts.’

LESSON XXI.

Town and Country.—MISS SEDGWICK.

EDWARD was ten, Julia eight years old, when they removed from town. They felt a very natural reluctance, at leaving the city, their companions, and the only pleasures they had ever known. But the state of their feelings will best appear, by a conversation, which occurred between them and their mother, shortly before their removal, while Edward was assisting her to pack up some vials, which, with their contents, composed his chemical laboratory.

"You are very good, dear mother," he said, "to take such pains to pack up these things; you have been in such a panick about spontaneous combustion, ever since the night you found the phosphorus* on fire, that I expected my little cupboard, and all its treasures, would be condemned. But," he added, with a sigh, "I suppose you think, I shall want my chemistry, more than ever, to amuse me in the country."

"No, my dear boy, not more than ever."

"Oh, mother! Bob Eaton's father says the country is such a bore—and Bob thinks so too."

"And what," asked Mrs. Sackville, "do Bob Eaton's father and Bob Eaton, mean by a bore?"

"Why, they mean, certainly"—Edward began in a confident tone, and then faltered a little; "that is, I suppose they mean, that—that—that—" Edward found it as difficult to explain their meaning, as the original utterers of the profound remark would have done, if suddenly called on; and he was glad to be interrupted by a soliloquy of his little sister, who stood in one corner of the room, wrapping something in half a dozen envelopes.

"Farewell!" she exclaimed, "as the man said in the play, 'a long farewell,' to my dear dancing shoes."

"Pardon me, Miss Julia," said her mother, "for cutting short such a pretty pathetick parting; but here is another pair of dancing shoes, which you will please to put with those you already have, and I trust you will have the pleasure of dancing them both out, before you come to town again."

"Dancing them out, mother! shall we dance in the country?" exclaimed both the children in one breath. "I

* Phosphorus is a matter which shines or even burns spontaneously, and without the application of any sensible fire.

thought," continued Edward, "that we should have nothing to do in the country but get our lessons; and all work and no play, you know, mother, makes Jack a dull boy."

"Oh yes, Ned, I know that favourite proverb of all children. I am sorry to find that you have such a dread of the country. You know, my dear children, that your father and I are devoted to your welfare, and that we should do nothing that would not contribute to your happiness."

Edward had quick feelings, and he perceived that there was something reproachful in his mother's manner. "I am sure," he said, "that Julia and I wish to do every thing that you and papa like."

"That is not enough, my dear boy, we wish you to *like* to do what we like."

"But surely, mother, you cannot blame us for not wishing to go and live in the country."

"No, Edward, I should as soon think of blaming poor blind Billy, because he cannot see. Unhappily, you have been entirely confined in town, and are ignorant of the pleasures of the country. I only blame you for thinking, that your father and I would voluntarily do any thing, to lessen your innocent pleasures."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Edward, "we did not think any thing about that."

"Well, my dear, perhaps I am wrong in expecting you to think—reflection is the habit of a riper age than yours. You must trust me for one year, and at the expiration of that period, you and your sister shall decide whether we return to town, or remain in the country."

"Oh, mother, how very good you are. One year—well, one year won't be so very long—only think, Julia, in one year we shall be back again."

"Not quite so fast, Edward," said his mother, "you are not to decide till the end of the year."

"Oh, I know that mamma, but, of course, we shall decide to come back."

Mrs. Sackville looked incredulous, and smiled at his childish confidence in his own constancy. "I see, mother, you don't believe me; but of course, Julia and I can't wish to live away from every thing that is amusing."

"Come, Julia, your brother has taken it upon himself to be spokesman, but let me hear from you, what are the amusements that you so dread to leave."

"Why, in the first place, mother, there is our dancing

school ; every time I go to take my lesson, Mr. Dubois says, 'Poor Miss Julie, no cotillon ; no gavot in de country ; ah, what a savage place ! de country !' "

"Dubois forever !" exclaimed Edward, as Julia finished her mimicry of her master's tone and grimace. "Oh, he is the drollest creature—and Julia is such a mimick—the girls will have nobody to make them laugh, when she is gone."

Mrs. Sackville secretly rejoiced that Julia was to be removed, in a great degree, from the temptation to exercise so mischievous a faculty. She, however, did not turn the drift of the conversation to make any remarks on it. "Console Mr. Dubois," she said, "my dear, Julia, with the assurance, that your mother will take care that you do not lose the benefit of his labours in the service of the graces. Your father tells me, there is in our neighbourhood, a very decent musician, who does all the fiddling for the parish. I have purchased some cotillion musick, and I hope your favourite tunes will soon resound in our new mansion."

"Oh, that will be delightful, mother, but Edward and I cannot dance a cotillion alone."

"No, but we are not going to a desert. There are enough clever children in the neighbourhood, who will form a set with you ; and now, Julia, that I see, by your brightened eye, that you think the affliction of leaving the dancing school will be alleviated, what is the next subject of your regret ?"

"The next, mother ? what is next, Edward ?"

"I do not know what *you* call next, Julia, but *I think* the theatre comes next."

"O ! the theatre—yes, the theatre—how could I forget the theatre ?"

"Well, my children, I think you can live without the theatre, as you go but once, or at most, twice in a season ; a pleasure that occupies so small a portion of your time, cannot be very important to your happiness, or regretted very deeply."

"A small portion of time, to be sure, mother," replied Edward ; "but then you will own it is delightful ; you yourself exclaimed the other night, when the curtain drew up, 'what a beautiful spectacle !' "

"Yes, my love, but nature has far more beautiful spectacles, and I have kept you too long from them."

"But, mother," insisted Edward, "nothing can be so pleasant and startling, as when the curtain suddenly draws up, and discovers a beautiful scene."

"It may be more startling, my dear Ned, but it is not half so delightful as to see the curtain of night withdrawn in a clear summer morning, and the lovely objects of nature, lighting up with the rays of the rising sun."

"But, mother, there is the orchestra—"

"And in the country, my dear, we have bands of voluntary musicians on every side of us, who set all their wants and all their pleasures to musick, and pour them forth in the sweetest notes, from morning till night. These musicians will hover about our house and garden the entire summer, and ask no reward, but to share with us our cherries and raspberries; a small pittance from the generous stores of summer. But, come, my children, what next?"

"What next, Julia? Let us think—Oh, there is the museum, I am sure mother you cannot say a word against the museum—such a variety of curiosities, and elegant specimens of every thing, and I have heard you and papa both say, that it is a very instructive, as well as amusing place to visit."

"Certainly it is, my dear, a vast collection of natural wonders, and artificial curiosities; and I am glad you value it sufficiently to regret it. But, my dear children, nature has her museums every where; her productions are all curiosities, and the more you study them, the more you will admire the wisdom and goodness of their Creator. Every vegetable, that springs from the kind bosom of the earth—the earth itself—the rocks—the pebbles—living creatures, their instincts and habitudes—are all a study for you. The volume is open and out-spread before you; God grant me grace to train your minds and hearts, that you may read therein—read with that enlightened understanding and benevolent spirit, which prompted a christian philosopher to say, 'the air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. On whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view.'"

Any further record of the conversation would be superfluous, and might prove tedious. It is our purpose, to give some anecdotes of Edward and Julia, and not their history.

As might have been expected, our young friends in the country; were like beings rescued from an artificial mode of existence, and restored to their native element; and when

their mother, at the expiration of the year, asked them if they were ready to return to town—

“Return to town, now, mother !” exclaimed Edward, “it is impossible.”

“Some time, or other, mamma, perhaps we should like to go back, not now,” said Julia. “We cannot go now, when we have so much to do. The frost is just out of the ground, and Ned and I are as busy as bees in our garden.”

“I think old Cæsar might take charge of your bantams, Ned,” said Julia ; “but I am sure my pet lamb—”

“Oh, Julia,” interrupted Edward, laughing, “give her the sentimental French name.”

“Very well, I will, and you may laugh as much as you please ; Orpheline—I am sure Orpheline would not relish her food from any hand but mine, she is so used to me ; and my darling little partridges, that I am trying to bring up to be domestick birds, I would not leave them before I have made a ‘satisfactory experiment,’ as papa says ; and then, mother, we did not half fill our herbariums last summer. Oh, we have a world of business on our hands,” continued Julia, with the air of one, who duly realised the importance of her momentous concerns.

Mrs. Sackville smiled, but made no reply, and Edward said, “I was thinking, mother, as I sat on the door step last evening, and listened to the hum of the happy little creatures, that are waking up for the season, that I had new eyes and new ears given to me, since I came to live in the country. Even the hoarse croaking of the frogs in our meadow, sounded pleasantly to me ; quite musical.”

“Equal to the musick of the orchestra, my dear Ned.”

“Not quite so fine, mother,” replied Edward, “but it seemed to have more meaning in it.”

“You are right, my dear Edward,” said Mrs. Sackville, “you have new senses, or rather, your senses are unlocked to the reception of the sweet influences of nature. I have more happiness than I can express to you, my dear children, in finding that you have already imbibed a taste for those pure pleasures, that will remain the same whatever change of condition or circumstances may await you.”

LESSON XXII.

EVENING.

*Description of Narragansett Bay and the surrounding
Scenery.—EASTBURN.*

THE sun is sinking from the sky
In calm and cloudless majesty ;
And cooler hours with gentle sway,
Succeed the fiery heat of day.
Forest and shore, and rippling tide,
Confess the evening's influence wide.
Seen lovelier in that fading light,
That heralds the approaching night ;—
That magic colouring nature throws,
To deck her beautiful repose ;—
When floating on the breeze of even,
Long clouds of purple streak the heaven,
With brighter tints of glory blending,
And darker hues of night descending.
While, hastening to its shady rest,
Each weary songster seeks its nest,
Chanting a last, a farewell lay,
As gloomier falls the parting day.

Broad Narragansett's bosom blue,
Has shone with every varying hue ;
The mystic alchemy of even,
Its rich delusions all has given.
The silvery sheet unbounded spread,
First melting from the waters fled ;
Next the wide path of beaten gold,
Flashing with fiery sparkles rolled ;—
As all its gorgeous glories died,
An amber tinge blushed o'er the tide ;
Faint and more faint, as more remote,
The lessening ripples peaceful float ;
And now, one ruby line alone
Trembles, is paler, and is gone,—
And from the blue wave fades away,
The last life-tint of dying day.

In darkness veiled, was seen no more
Conanicut's extended shore ;
Each little isle with bosom green,
Descending mists impervious screen ;
One gloomy shade o'er all the woods
Of forest-fringed Aquetnet broods ;
Where solemn oak was seen before,
Beside the rival sycamore ;
Or pine and cedar lined the height,
All in one livery brown were dight.

But lo ! with orb serene on high,
The round moon climbs the eastern sky ;
The stars all quench their feebler rays
Before her universal blaze.
Round moon ! how sweetly dost thou smile
Above that green reposing isle,—
—Soft cradled in the illumined bay,
Where from its bank the shadows seem
Melting in filmy light away,
Far does thy tempered lustre stream,
Chequering the tufted groves on high,
While glens in gloom beneath them lie.

Oft sheeted with the ghostly beam,
Mid the thick forest's mass of shade,
The shingled roof is gleaming white,
Where labour, in the cultured glade,
Has all the wild a garden made.

And there with silvery tassels bright,
The serried maize is waving low,
While fitful shadows come and go,
Swift o'er its undulating seas,
As gently breathes the evening breeze.

Solemn it is, in green woods deep,
That magic light o'er nature's sleep ;
Where in long ranks the pillars gray,
Aloft their mingling structures bear,—
Mingling in gloom or tracery fair,

Where find the unbroken beams their way,—
Or through close trellis flickering strung,
While sheeny leaflets here and there

Flutter, with momentary glow ;
'Tis wayward life revealed below,
With chequered gleams of joy and wo !
And those pure realms above that shine,
So chaste, so vivid, so divine,
Are the sole type that Heaven has shown
Of those more lovely realms, its own !

LESSON XXIII.

Doctor Knipperhausen.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

DOCTOR KNIPPERHAUSEN was a native of the Palatinate, in Germany ; from whence, in company with many of his countrymen, he had taken refuge in England, on account of religious persecution. He was one of nearly three thousand Palatines who came over from England in 1710, under the protection of Governour Hunter. Where the Doctor had studied ; how he acquired his medical knowledge ; and where he had received his diploma, it is hard at present to say, for no body knew at the time ; yet it is certain that his profound skill and abstruse knowledge, were the talk and wonder of the common people, far and near. His practice was totally different from that of any other physician, consisting in mysterious compounds, known only to himself, ; in the preparing and administering of which, it was said, he always consulted the stars.

So high an opinion was entertained of his skill, particularly by the German and Dutch inhabitants, that they always resorted to him in desperate cases. He was one of those infallible doctors, that are always effecting sudden and surprising cures, when the patient has been given up by all the regular physicians ; unless, as is shrewdly observed, the case has been left too long, before it was put into his hands. The doctor's library was the talk and marvel of the neighbourhood, I might almost say of the entire burgh.

The good people looked with reverence at a man that had three whole shelves full of books, and some of those too, as large as a family bible. There were many disputes among the members of the little Lutheran church, as to which was the wisest man, the doctor or the dominie ; some of his admirers even went so far as to say, that he knew more than the gover-

nour himself—in a word, it was thought that there was no end to his knowledge !

As the Doctor increased in wealth, he began to extend his possessions, and to look forward, like other great men, to the time when he should retire to the repose of a country seat. For this purpose he had purchased a farm, or as Dutch settlers called it, a Bowerie, a few miles from town. It had been the residence of a wealthy family, that had returned, some time since, to Holland. A large mansion house stood in the centre of it, very much out of repair, which in consequence of certain reports, had received the appellation of the Haunted House. Either from these reports, or, from its actual dreariness, the Doctor had found it impossible to get a tenant ; and, that the place might not fall to ruin, before he could reside in it himself, he had placed a country boor with his family, in one wing, with the privilege of cultivating the farm on shares.

The Doctor now felt all the dignity of a landholder rising within him. He had a little of the German pride of territory in his composition, and almost looked upon himself as owner of a principality. He began to complain of the fatigue of business ; and was fond of riding out “to look at his estate.”

His little expeditions to his lands, were attended with a bustle and parade, that created a sensation throughout the neighbourhood. His wall-eyed horse stood stamping and whisking off the flies, for a full hour, before the house. Then the Doctor's saddle bags would be brought out and adjusted, then, after a little while, his cloak would be rolled up and strapped to the saddle ; then his umbrella would be buckled to the cloak ; while, in the mean time, a group of ragged boys, that observant class of beings, would gather before the door.

At length the Doctor would issue forth in a pair of jack boots, that reached above his knees, and a cocked hat flatted down in front. As he was a short fat man, he took some time to mount into the saddle, and when there, he took some time to have the saddle and stirrups properly adjusted ; enjoying the wonder and admiration of the urchin crowd. Even after he had set off, he would pause in the middle of the street, or trot back two or three times, to give some parting orders, which were answered by the house keeper from the door, or Dolph from the study, or the black cook from the cellar, or the chambermaid from the garret window, and there were generally some last words bawled after him, just as he was turning the corner. The whole neighbourhood would be aroused by this pomp and

circumstance. The cobbler would leave his last ; the barber would thrust out his frizzled head, with a comb sticking in it ; a knot would collect at the grocer's door ; and the word would be buzzed, from one end of the street to the other, " the Doctor's riding out to his country seat ! "

LESSON XXIV.

Extract from a Biographical Notice of Doctor Joseph Warren.—KNAPP.

His next oration was delivered March 6th, 1775. It was at his own solicitation, that he was appointed to this duty a second time. The fact is illustrative of his character, and worthy of remembrance. Some British officers of the army, then in Boston, had publicly declared, that it should be at the price of the life of any man to speak of the event of March 5, 1770, on that anniversary. Warren's soul took fire at such a threat, so openly made, and he wished for the honour of braving it. This was readily granted, for at such a time, a man would probably find but few rivals.

Many, who would spurn the thought of personal fear, might be apprehensive that they would be so far disconcerted, as to forget their discourse. It is easier to fight bravely, than to think clearly or correctly in danger. Passion sometimes nerves the arm to fight, but disturbs the regular current of thought. The day came, and the weather was remarkably fine. The Old South Meeting-house was crowded at an early hour. The British officers occupied the aisles, the flight of steps to the pulpit, and several of them were within it. It was not precisely known whether this was accident or design.

The orator, with the assistance of his friends, made his entrance at the pulpit window, by a ladder. The officers seeing his coolness and intrepidity, made way for him to advance and address the audience. An awful stillness preceded his exordium. Each man felt the palpitations of his own heart, and saw the pale, but determined face of his neighbour. The speaker began his oration in a firm tone of voice, and proceeded with great energy and pathos. Warren and his friends were prepared to chastise contumely, prevent disgrace, and avenge an attempt at assassination.

The scene was sublime ; a patriot in whom the flush of youth, and the grace and dignity of manhood were combined, stood armed in the sanctuary of God, to animate and encourage the sons of liberty, and to hurl defiance at their oppressors. The orator commenced with the early history of the country, described the tenure, by which we held our liberties and property—the affection we had constantly shown the parent country, and boldly told them how, and by whom these blessings of life had been violated.

There was in this appeal to Britain—in this description of suffering, agony and horror, a calm and high-souled defiance, which must have chilled the blood of every sensible foe. Such another hour has seldom happened in the history of man, and is not surpassed in the records of nations. The thunders of Demosthenes rolled at a distance from Philip and his host—and Tully poured the fiercest torrent of his invective, when Catiline was at a distance and his dagger no longer to be feared, but Warren's speech was made to proud oppressors resting on their arms, whose errand it was to overawe, and whose business it was to fight.

If the deed of Brutus deserved to be commemorated by history, poetry, painting and sculpture, should not this instance of patriotism and bravery be held in lasting remembrance ? If he

“That struck the foremost man of all this world,”

was hailed as the first of freemen, what honours are not due to him, who undismayed bearded the British lion, to show the world what his countrymen dared to do in the cause of liberty ? If the statue of Brutus was placed among those of the gods, who were the preservers of Roman freedom, should not that of Warren fill a lofty niche in the temple reared to perpetuate the remembrance of our birth as a nation ?

LESSON XXV.

*Extract from Dr. Joseph Warren's Oration delivered
March 6th, 1775.*

It was a maxim of the Roman people, which eminently conduced to the greatness of that state, never to despair of the commonwealth. The maxim may prove as salutary to us

now, as it did to them. Short sighted mortals, see not the numerous links of small and great events, which form the chain, on which the fate of kings and nations is suspended. Ease and prosperity, have often sunk a people into effeminacy and sloth. Hardships and dangers, have frequently called forth such virtues, as have commanded the applause and reverence of an admiring world. Our country loudly calls you to be circumspect, vigilant, active, and brave.

Perhaps, the power of Britain, a nation great in war, may by some malignant influence, be employed to enslave you. But let not even this discourage you. Her arms, it is true, have filled the world with terror; her troops have reaped the laurels of the field; her fleets have rode triumphant on the sea. And when or where did you, my countrymen, depart inglorious from the field of fight? You too, can shew the trophies of your forefather's victories, and your own; can name the fortresses and battles you have won; and many of you, count the honourable scars of wounds received, whilst fighting for your king and country.

Where justice is the standard, Heaven is the warrior's shield; but conscious guilt unnerves the arm, that lifts the sword against the innocent. Britain, united with these colonies, by commerce and affection—by interest and blood, may mock the threats of France and Spain; may be the seat of universal empire. But should America, either by force, or those more dangerous engines, luxury and corruption, ever be brought into a stage of vassalage, Britain must lose her freedom also. No longer shall she sit the empress of the sea; her ships no more shall waft her thunders over the wide ocean; the wreath shall wither on her temples; her weakened arm shall be unable to defend her coasts; and she at last must bow her venerable head to some proud foreigner's despotic rule.

But if from past events, we may venture to form a judgment of the future, we may justly expect that the devices of our enemies will but increase the triumphs of our country. I must indulge a hope that Britain's liberty as well as ours, will eventually be preserved by the virtue of America.

The attempt of the British parliament to raise a revenue from America, and our denial of their right to do it, have excited almost universal inquiry into the rights of mankind in general, and of British subjects in particular; the necessary result of which must be such a liberality of sentiments, and such a jealousy of those in power, as will better than an

adamantine wall, secure us against the future approaches of despotism.

The malice of the Boston Port Bill, has been defeated in a very considerable degree, by giving you an opportunity of deserving, and our brethren in this and our sister colonies an opportunity of bestowing those benefactions, which have delighted your friends and astonished your enemies, not only in America, but in Europe also. And what is more valuable still, the sympathetick feelings for a brother in distress, and the grateful emotions excited in the breast of him, who finds relief, must forever endear each to the other, and form those indissoluble bonds of friendship and affection, on which the preservation of our rights so evidently depend.

The mutilation of our charter, has made every other colony jealous for its own, for this, if once submitted to by us, would set on float the property and government of every British settlement upon the continent. If charters are not deemed sacred, how miserably precarious is every thing founded upon them.

Even the sending troops to put these acts in execution, is not without advantages to us. The exactness and beauty of their discipline, inspire our youth with ardour in the pursuit of military knowledge. Charles the Invincible, taught Peter the Great, the art of war. The battle of Pultowa convinced Charles of the proficiency Peter had made.

Our country is in danger, but not to be despaired of. Our enemies are numerous and powerful—but we have many friends, determined to be free, and Heaven and earth will aid the resolution. On you depend the fortunes of America. You are to decide the important question, on which rest the happiness and liberty of millions yet unborn. Act worthy of yourselves. The faltering tongue of hoary age, calls on you to support your country. The lisping infant raises its suppliant hands, imploring defence against the monster Slavery. Your fathers look from their celestial seats, with smiling approbation, on their sons, who boldly stand forth in the cause of virtue; but sternly frown upon the inhuman miscreant, who, to secure the loaves and fishes to himself, would breed a serpent to destroy his children.

LESSON XXVI.

Speech of Patrick Henry before the Virginia Convention of Delegates, March, 1775.

MR. PRESIDENT,

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is it the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things, which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know, what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes, with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house.

Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, Sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition, comports with those warlike preparations, which cover our waters and darken our land?

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in, to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, Sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments, to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other motive for it?

Has Great Britain any other enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, Sir: she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministers have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years,

Have we any thing new to offer on the subject ? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable ; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication ? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted ? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done every thing, that could be done, to avert the storm, which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted ; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult ; our supplications have been disregarded ; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle, in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight !—I repeat it, Sir, we must fight ! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us !

They tell us, Sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger ? Will it be the next week, or the next year ? Will it be when we are totally disarmed ; and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house ? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction ? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot ?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means, which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that, which we possess, are invincible by any force, which our enemy can send against us. Besides, Sir, we shall not fight alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations ; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, Sir, is not to the strong alone ; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no election.

If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, Sir, let it come!

It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Heaven!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me—give me liberty, or give me death.

LESSON XXVII.

The Indian Hunter's Return.—BOSTON M. MAGAZINE.

THE gentle shadows of an autumn night
Rest on the hills, and crown the wooded height
With purple wing; the evening shrouds the wood,
And spreads a dimness o'er the hurrying flood;
The voice of waves is bursting from the earth,
Soothing the dying year with tones of mirth;
The wide world laughs, in this its festal hour,
Pouring glad musick from each wild-wood bower.

But the sweet tide of melody and song,
That sweeps o'er hills and bending woods, along
Dashes, in sadness, in this ancient place,
Past the hoar relick of a ruined race;
For bitter memories of the silent past,
Wake with each leaf that shivers in the blast.

The foamy torrent, hurrying wildly by,
Whirling o'er rocks, and flashing to the sky;
The hoar old forest, bowed by wintry age;
These dark blue hills—a warrior's heritage;
The deep, wild glen, that held in rude embrace
The simple hamlet of the Indian race;

The river, glancing in the pale moon's rays,
Give deep remembrance of youth's fiery days.

Years have rolled on, with still and rapid flow,
Since o'er these hills, burst forth the voice of wo.

'Twas in the quiet of a summer's eve,
When soft waves rippled, with a gentle heave,
O'er the far bosom of the yellow beech,
There rose a murmur in the sport of each,
As the light breeze its tender wing would dip,
To catch the freshness of the lily's lip ;
So soft they whispered, in their purple tide,
The birchen bark scarce swayed its painted side.

That day was glorious in its parting hour ;
For gladness breathed from rustling leaf and flower.
The sun-set hues—a bright and glittering crowd—
In pomp were gathered, on the amber cloud.
Yet, with its glory, and its splendour, rife,
It was the darkest of an old man's life.

Swift ! from the oak wood, burst a fearful train,
With glancing arms, and foamy bit and rein.
Their whirling sabres gave a deadly glare,
In the dim shadows of the evening air.
Beings of wrath !—of stern and sullen eye—
Of swarthy cheek, that kindled fearfully.
Ah ! years have vanished,—still those eyes' dark gleams
Haunt me at noontide, and in midnight dreams !

They swept the Indian from his sunny land ;
They slew the hunter with the blood-red hand.
Of all the race that roused the cougar here,
Whose painted shafts out-spied the wild, red deer ;
Whose sandalled feet were wont these hills to press,
Daring the tiger in his wilderness,—
I only breathe,—a lone, way-faring one !
Whose life-tide ebbs, and soon will cease to run.

LESSON XXVIII.

Character of Samuel Adams.—TUDOR.

HE combined in a remarkable manner, all the animosities, and all the firmness, that could qualify a man to be the assertor of the rights of the people. Had he lived in a country, or an epoch, when abuses of power were to be resisted, he would have been one of the reformers. He would have suffered excommunication, rather than have bowed to papal infallibility, or paid the tribute to St. Peter ; he would have gone to the stake, rather than submit to the prelatie ordinances of Laud ; he would have mounted the scaffold, sooner than pay a shilling of illegal ship money ; he would have fled to a desert ; rather than endure the profligate tyranny of a Stuart. He was proscribed, and would sooner have been condemned as a traitor, than assent to an illegal tax, if it had been only a six penny stamp, or an insignificant duty on tea ; and there appeared to be no species of corruption, by which this inflexibility could have been destroyed.

The motives, by which he was actuated, were not a sudden ebullition of temper, nor a transient impulse of resentment, but they were deliberate, methodical and unyielding. There was no pause, no hesitation, no despondency ; every day, and every hour, was employed in some contribution toward the main design, if not in action, in writing ; if not with the pen, in conversation ; if not in talking, in meditation. The means he advised, were persuasion, petition, remonstrance, resolutions, and when all failed, defiance and extermination, sooner than submission. His measures for redress, were all legitimate, and where the extremity of the case, as in the destruction of the tea, absolutely required an irregularity, a vigour, beyond the law, he was desirous that it might be redeemed by the discipline, good order, and scrupulous integrity, with which it should be effected.

With this unrelenting and austere spirit, there was nothing ferocious, or gloomy, or arrogant in his demeanour. His aspect was mild, dignified and gentlemanly. In his own state, or in the congress of the union, he was always the advocate of the strongest measures, and in the darkest hour, he never wavered or desponded. He engaged in the cause with all the zeal of a reformer, the confidence of an enthusiast, and the cheerfulness of a voluntary martyr. It was not by brilliancy of talents, or profoundness of learning, that he rendered such

essential service to the cause of the revolution, but by his resolute decision, his unceasing watchfulness, and his heroick perseverance. In addition to these qualities, his efforts were consecrated by his entire superiority to pecuniary considerations; he, like most of his colleagues, proved the nobleness of the cause, by the virtue of his conduct: and Samuel Adams, after being so many years in the publick service, and having filled so many eminent stations, must have been buried at the publick expense, if the afflicting death of an only son had not remedied this honourable poverty.

LESSON XXIX.

Dialogue between Major Lincoln, Captain McFuse, and Mr. Sage, concerning the state of affairs, shortly before the battle of Lexington.—COOPER.

McFuse. What may be your opinion of these doings, as you call them, Mr. Sage? You, who are a man of observation, should understand your countrymen, will they fight?

Sage. A rat will fight if the cats pen him.

McF. But do the Americans conceive themselves to be penned?

Sage. Why, that is pretty much as people think, captain; the country was in a great toss, about the stamps and the tea; but I always said, such folks as didn't give their notes-of-hand, and had no great relish for any thing more than country food, wouldn't find themselves cramped by the laws, after all.

McF. Then you see no great oppression in being asked to pay your bit of a tax, master Sage, to maintain such a worthy fellow as myself, in a decent equipage, to fight your battles.

Sage. Why, as to that, captain, I suppose we can do pretty much the whole of our fighting, when occasion calls; though I don't think there is much stomach for such doings among the people, without need.

McF. But, what do you think the Committee of Safety, and your Sons of Liberty, as they call themselves, really mean by their parades of minute men, their gathering of provisions, carrying off the cannon, and such other formidable and appalling preparations—ha! honest Seth? Do they

think to frighten British soldiers with the roll of a drum, or are they amusing themselves, like boys in the holy-days, with playing war ?

Sage. I should conclude that the people are pretty much engaged, and in earnest.

McF. To do what ? To forge their own chains, that we may fetter them, in truth.

Sage. Why, seeing that they have burnt the Stamps, and thrown the tea into the harbour, and since that, have taken the management into their own hands, I should rather conclude that they have pretty much determined to do what they think best.

Lincoln. (*laughing,*) You appear not to come to conclusions with our host, captain McFuse, notwithstanding so much is determined. Is it well understood, Mr. Sage, that large reinforcements are coming to the colonies, and to Boston, in particular ?

Sage. Why, yes ; it seems to be pretty generally contemplated on.

Lin. And what is the result of these contemplations ?

Sage. Why, as the country is considerably engaged in the business, there are some, who think if the ministers don't open the Port, that it will be done, without much further words, by the people.

Lin. Do you know, that such an attempt would lead directly to a civil war ?

Sage. I suppose it safe to calculate that such doings would bring on disturbances.

Lin. And you speak of it, Sir, as a thing, not to be deprecated, or averted by every possible means in the power of the nation.

Sage. If the Port is opened, and the right to tax given up, I can find a man in Boston who'll engage to let them draw all the blood, that will be spilt, from his own veins, for nothing.

LESSON XXX.

Affair of Lexington and Concord.—E. EVERETT.

[A CONSIDERABLE quantity of military stores having been deposited at Concord, an inland town, about eighteen miles

from Boston, general Gage purposed to destroy them. For the execution of this design, he, on the night preceding the nineteenth of April, detached Lieutenant Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, with eight hundred grenadiers and Light Infantry; who, at eleven o'clock, embarked in boats at the bottom of the common in Boston, crossed the river Charles, and, landing at Phipps' farm in Cambridge, commenced a silent and expeditious march for Concord.

Although several British officers, who dined at Cambridge the preceding day, had taken the precaution to disperse themselves along the road leading to Concord, to intercept any expresses, that might be sent from Boston, to alarm the country; yet messengers, who had been sent from town for that purpose, had eluded the British patrols, and given an alarm, which was rapidly spread by church bells, signal guns, and volleys.—HOLMES.]

The march of the British, was so cautious, that they remained undiscovered till within a mile and a half of Lexington meeting house, and time was scarce left for the last messenger to return with the tidings of their approach.

The new alarm was now given; the bell rings, alarm guns are fired, the drum beats to arms. Some of the militia had gone home, when dismissed; but the greater part were in the neighbouring houses, and instantly obeyed the summons. Sixty or seventy appeared on the green and were drawn up in double ranks. At this moment the British column of eight hundred gleaming bayonets appears, headed by their mounted commanders, their banners flying and drums beating a charge. To engage them with a handful of militia of course was madness,—to fly at the sight of them, they disdained. The British troops rush furiously on; their commanders, with mingled threats and execrations, bid the Americans lay down their arms and disperse, and their own troops to fire.

A moment's delay, as of compunction, follows. The order with vehement imprecations is repeated, and they fire. No one falls, and the band of self-devoted heroes, most of whom had never seen such a body of troops before, stand firm in the front of an army, outnumbering them ten to one. Another volley succeeds; the killed and wounded drop, and it was not till they had returned the fire of the overwhelming force, that the militia were driven from the field. A scattered fire now succeeded on both sides while the Americans remained in sight; and the British troops were then drawn up on the green, to fire a volley and give a shout in honour of the victory. * * * *

On arriving at Concord, it was the first care of the British commander to cut off the approach of the Americans from the neighbouring towns, by destroying or occupying the bridges. A party was immediately sent to the south bridge and tore it up. A force of six companies, under Captains Parsons and Lowrie, was sent to the north bridge. Three companies under Captain Lowrie were left to guard it, and three under Captain Parsons proceeded to Colonel Barrett's house, in search of provincial stores. While they were engaged on that errand, the militia of Concord, joined by their brave brethren from the neighbouring towns, gathered on the hill opposite the north bridge, under the command of Colonel Robinson and Major Buttrick. The British companies at the bridge were now apparently bewildered with the perils of their situation, and began to tear up the planks of the bridge; not remembering that this would expose their own party, then at Colonel Barrett's, to certain and entire destruction.

The Americans, on the other hand, resolved to keep open the communication with the town, and perceiving the attempt, which was made to destroy the bridge, were immediately put in motion, with orders not to give the first fire. They draw near to the bridge, the Acton company in front, led on by the gallant Davis. Three alarm guns were fired into the water, by the British, without arresting the march of our citizens. The signal for a general discharge is then made;—a British soldier steps from the ranks and fires at Major Buttrick. The ball passed between his arm and his side, and slightly wounded Mr. Luther Blanchard, who stood near him. A volley instantly followed, and Captain Davis was shot through the heart, gallantly marching at the head of the Acton militia against the choice troops of the British line. A private of his company, Mr. Hosmer of Acton, also fell at his side.

A general action now ensued, which terminated in the retreat of the British party, after the loss of several killed and wounded, toward the centre of the town, followed by the brave band, who had driven them from their post. The advance party of British at Colonel Barrett's was thus left to its fate; and nothing would have been more easy than to effect its entire destruction. But the idea of a declared war had yet scarcely forced itself, with all its consequences, into the minds of our countrymen; and these advanced companies were allowed to return unmolested to the main band.

It was now twelve hours since the first alarm had been given, the evening before, of the meditated expedition. The

swift watches of that eventful night had scattered the tidings far and wide ; and widely as they spread, the people rose in their strength. The genius of America, on this the morning of her emancipation, had sounded her horn over the plains and upon the mountains ; and the indignant yeomanry of the land, armed with the weapons which had done service in their fathers' hands, poured to the spot where this new and strange tragedy was acting. The old New England drums, that had beat at Louisburgh, at Quebec, at Martinique, at the Havana, were now sounding on all the roads to Concord. There were officers in the British line, that knew the sound ; they had heard it, in the deadly breach, beneath the black, deep-throated engines of the French and Spanish castles.

With the British it was a question no longer of protracted hostility, nor even of halting long enough to rest their exhausted troops, after a weary night's march, and all the labour, confusion, and distress of the day's efforts. Their dead were hastily buried in the publick square ; their wounded placed in the vehicles which the town afforded ; and a flight commenced, to which the annals of British warfare will hardly afford a parallel.

On all the neighbouring hills, were multitudes from the surrounding country, of the unarmed and infirm, of women and of children, who had fled from the terrors and the perils of the plunder and conflagration of their homes ; or were collected, with fearful curiosity, to mark the progress of this storm of war. The panick fears of a calamitous flight, on the part of the British, transformed this inoffensive, timid throng into a threatening array of armed men ; and there was too much reason for the misconception. Every height of ground, within reach of the line of march, was covered with the indignant avengers of their slaughtered brethren. The British light companies were sent out to great distances as flanking parties ; but who was to flank the flankers ? Every patch of trees, every rock, every stream of water, every building, every stone wall, was *lined* (I use the words of a British officer in the battle), was lined with an unintermitted fire.

Before the flying troops had reached Lexington, their rout was entire. An English historian says, the British soldiers were driven before the Americans like sheep ; till, by a last desperate effort, the officers succeeded in forcing their way to the front, "when they presented their swords and bayonets against the breasts of their own men, and told them if they advanced they should die." Upon this, they began to

form, under what the same British officer pronounces "a very heavy fire," which must soon have led to the destruction or capture of the whole corps.

At this critical moment, it pleased Providence that a reinforcement should arrive. Colonel Smith had sent back a messenger from Lexington, to apprise General Gage of the check he had there received, and of the alarm which was running through the country. Three regiments of infantry, and two divisions of marines with two fieldpieces, under the command of Brigadier General Lord Percy, were accordingly detached. They marched out of Boston, through Roxbury and Cambridge, and came up with the flying party, in the hour of their extreme peril. While their fieldpieces kept the Americans at bay, the reinforcement drew up in a hollow square, into which, says the British historian, they received the exhausted fugitives, "who lay down on the ground, with their tongues hanging from their mouths, like dogs after a chase."

A half an hour was given to rest; the march was then resumed; and under cover of the fieldpieces, every house in Lexington, and on the road downwards, was plundered and set on fire. Though the flames in most cases were speedily extinguished, several houses were destroyed. Notwithstanding the attention of a great part of the Americans was thus drawn off; and although the British force was now more than doubled, their retreat still wore the aspect of a flight. The Americans filled the heights that overhung the road, and at every defile, the struggle was sharp and bloody. At West Cambridge, the gallant Warren, never distant when danger was to be braved, appeared in the field, and a musket ball soon cut off a lock of hair from his temple. General Heath was with him, nor does there appear till this moment, to have been any effective command among the American forces.

Below West Cambridge, the militia from Dorchester, Roxbury, and Brookline came up. The British fieldpieces began to lose their terror. A sharp skirmish followed, and many fell on both sides. Indignation, and outraged humanity, struggled on the one hand, veteran discipline and desperation on the other; and the contest, in more than one instance, was man to man, and bayonet to bayonet.

The British officers had been compelled to descend from their horses to escape the certain destruction, which attended their exposed situation. The wounded, to the number of two hundred, now presented the most distressing and con-

stantly increasing obstruction to the progress of the march. Near one hundred brave men had fallen in this disastrous flight ; a considerable number had been made prisoners ; a round or two of ammunition only remained ; and, it was not till late in the evening, nearly twenty-four hours from the time when the first detachment was put in motion, that the exhausted remnant reached the heights of Charlestown. The boats of the vessels of war were immediately employed to transport the wounded ; the remaining British troops in Boston came over to Charlestown to protect their weary countrymen during the night ; and, before the close of the next day, the royal army was formally besieged in Boston.

LESSON XXXI.

Reflections on the affair of Lexington and Concord.—
E. EVERETT.

It was one of those great days, one of those elemental occasions in the world's affairs, when the people rise, and act for themselves. Some organization and preparation had been made ; but, from the nature of the case, with scarce any effect on the events of that day. It may be doubted, whether there was an efficient order given the whole day to any body of men, as large as a regiment. It was the people, in their first capacity, as citizens and as freemen, starting from their beds at midnight, from their firesides, and from their fields, to take their own cause into their own hands.

Such a spectacle is the height of the moral sublime ; when the want of every thing is fully made up by the spirit of the cause ; and the soul within, stands in place of discipline, organization, resources. In the prodigious efforts of a veteran army, beneath the dazzling splendour of their array, there is something revolting to the reflective mind. The ranks are filled with the desperate, the mercenary, the depraved ; an iron slavery, by the name of subordination, merges the free will of one hundred thousand men, in the unqualified despotism of one ; the humanity, mercy, and remorse, which scarce ever deserts the individual bosom, are sounds without a meaning to that fearful, ravenous, irrational monster of prey, a mercenary army. It is hard to say, who are most to be commiserated, the wretched people, on whom it is let loose,

or the still more wretched people, whose substance has been sucked out, to nourish it into strength and fury.

But, in the efforts of the people, of the people struggling for their rights, moving not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart,—though I like not war nor any of its works,—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle, without entrenchments to cover, or walls to shield them.

No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier, the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror, has turned the veteran's heart into marble; their valour springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life, knit by no pledges to the life of others. But in the strength and spirit of the cause alone they act, they contend, they bleed. In this, they conquer.

The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated; kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and, when they rise against the invader, are never subdued.

If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks, and everlasting hills, are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket, their palisado; and nature,—God, is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies, beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and never gave, and never will give, a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people, resolved to be free.

LESSON XXXII.

A Dialogue.—COOPER.

[The time is the evening after the battle of Lexington. The scene is the house of Seth Sage in Boston, which serves for the quarters of the king's officers. Captain McFuse, of the Royal Grenadiers, is taking a cold supper at a side table, and occasionally tossing a fragment of his meal into the hat of the idiot, Job Pray; who is also eating, with great unconcern, while his friend Sage stands in one corner of the room, a prisoner, with his hands tied before him, having been captured by the British on their return from Lexington. Soldiers are in attendance.]

[*Enter the British officers, Major Lincoln and Captain Polwarth.*]

Lincoln. What have we here? Of what offence has Mr. Sage been guilty, that he bears these bonds?

McFuse. Of the small crimes of treason and homicide, if shooting at a man, with a hearty mind to kill him, can make a murder.

Sage. It can't; a man must *kill*, with wicked intent, to commit murder.

M'F. Hear to the blackguard, detailing the law, as if he were my Lord Chief Justice of the King's bench! And what was your intention, ye skulking vagabond, but to kill me? I'll have you tried and hung for the same act.

Sage. It's ag'in reason to believe that any jury will convict one man, for the murder of another, that an't dead; there's no jury to be found in the Bay-colony, to do it.

M'F. Bay-colony! ye murdering thief and rebel! I'll have ye transported to England; ye shall both be transported and hung. I'll carry ye back to Ireland with me, and I'll hang ye up in the green Island itself, and bury ye, in the heart of winter, in a bog.

Lin. But what is the offence, that calls forth these severe threats?

M'F. The scoundrel has been out!

Lin. Out?

M'F. Ay, out, sir. Has not the whole country been like so many bees in search of a hive? Is your memory so short that ye forget, already, Major Lincoln, the tramp, the blackguards have given you over hill and dale, through thick and thin?

Lin. And was Mr. Sage, then, found among our enemies today?

M'F. Didn't I see him pull trigger on my own stature, three times, within as many minutes? And didn't he break the handle of my sword? And haven't I a bit of lead, he calls a buckshot, in my shoulder as a present from the thief?

Job. It's ag'in all law to call a man a thief unless you can prove it upon him; but it an't ag'in law, to go in and out of Boston as often as you choose.

M'F. Do you hear the rascals? They know every angle of the law as well, or better, than I do myself, who am the son of a Cork Counsellor. I dare say, you were among them too, and that ye deserve the gallows as well as your commendable companion, there.

Lin. How is this? Did you not only mingle in this rebellion, Mr. Sage, but also attempt the life of a gentleman, who may be said, almost, to be an inmate of your own house?

Sage. I conclude, it's best not to talk too much, seeing that no one can foretell what may happen.

M'F. Hear to the cunning reprobate! He has not the grace to acknowledge his own sins, like an honest man. But I can save him that small trouble—I got tired, you must know, Major Lincoln, of being shot at, like noxious vermin, from morning till night, without making some return to the compliments of those gentlemen, who are out on the hills; and I took advantage of a turn, ye see, to double on a party of the uncivilized demons; this lad, here, got three good pulls at me, before we closed and made an end of them with the steel, all but this fellow, who having a becoming look for a gallows, I brought him in, as you see, for an exchange, intending to hang him the first favourable opportunity.

Lin. If this be true, we must give him into the hands of the proper authorities, for it remains to be seen yet, what course will be adopted with the prisoners in this singular contest.

M'F. I should think nothing of the matter, if the reprobate had not treated me like a beast of the field, with his buckshot, and taking his aim each time, as though I had been a mad dog. Ye villain, do you call yourself a man, and aim at a fellow-creature as you would at a brute?

Sage. Why, when a man has pretty much made up his mind to fight, I conclude it's best to take aim, in order to save ammunition and time.

Lin. You acknowledge the charge, then?

Sage. As the Major is a moderate man, and will hear to reason, I will talk the matter over with him rationally. You see I had a small call to *Con'cured* early this morning—

Lin. Concord!

Sage. Yes, *Con'curd*. It lies here-away, say twenty, or one-and-twenty miles— (*pointing*)

Polwarth. Hang your Concords and your miles too! Is there a man in the army, who can forget the deceitful place? Go on with your defence, without talking to us of the distance, who have measured the road by inches.

Sage. The Captain is hasty and rash! But being there, I went out of the town, with some company that I happened in with; and after a time we concluded to return—and so, as we came to a bridge, about a mile beyond the place, we received pretty considerable rough treatment from some of the king's troops, who were standing there.

Lin. What did they?

Sage. They fired at us, and killed two of our company, besides other threatening doings. There were some among us, that took the matter up in considerable earnest, and there was a sharp toss about, for a few minutes; though finally the law prevailed.

Lin. The law?

Sage. Certain—'tis ag'in all law, I believe the Major will own, to shoot peaceable men on the publick highway!

Lin. Proceed with your tale, your own way.

Sage. That is pretty much the whole of it. The people rather took that, and some other things, that happened at Lexington, to heart, and I suppose the Major knows the rest.

McF. But what has all this to do with your attempt to murder me, you hypocrite? Confess the whole, ye thief! that I may hang you with an *aisy* conscience.

Lin. Enough. The man has acknowledged sufficient already, to justify us in transferring him to the custody of others. Let him be taken to the main-guard, and delivered as a prisoner of this day.

Sage. I hope the Major will look to the things. I shall hold him accountable for all.

Lin. Your property shall be protected, and I hope your life may not be in jeopardy.

(*Exit Sage, conducted by guards.*)

Job. The king can't hang Seth Sage for firing back, when the rascally soldiers began first.

McF. Perhaps you were out too, master Solomon, amusing yourself at Concord, with a small party of select friends!

Job. Job didn't go any further than Lexington, and he hasn't got any friends except old Nab.

McF. The demon has possessed the minds of the people ! Lawyers and doctors, priests and sinners, old and young, big and little, beset us in our march, and here is a fool, to be added among the number ! I dare say that fellow, now, has attempted murder in his day too.

Job. Job scorns such wickedness ! He only shot one granny, and hit an officer in the arm.

McF. (*jumping from his seat.*) D'ye hear that, Major Lincoln ! D'ye hear that shell of a man, that effigy, boasting of having killed a grenadier !

Lin. (*catching McFuse by the arm.*) Hold ! remember, we are soldiers, and that the boy is not a responsible being. No tribunal would ever sentence such an unfortunate creature to a gibbet ; and, in general, he is as harmless as a babe—

McF. Out upon such babes ! A pretty fellow is he to kill a man of six feet ! and with a ducking gun, I'll engage. I'll not hang the rascal, Major Lincoln, since it is your particular wish—I'll only have him buried alive.

(*Exit McFuse, Polwarth, and attendants.*)

Lin. Foolish boy ! did I not warn you, that wicked men might endanger your life ? How was it that I saw you in arms today against the troops ?

Job. How came the troops in arms ag'in Job ? They needn't think to wheel about the Bay-Province, clashing their drums and trumpets, burning *housen*, and shooting people, and find no stir about it.

Lin. Do you know that your life has been twice forfeited within twelve hours, by your own confession ; once for murder, and again for treason against your king ? You have acknowledged killing a man !

Job. Yes, Job shot the granny ; but he didn't let the people kill Major Lincoln.

Lin. True, true—I owe my life to you, and that debt shall be cancelled at every hazard. But why have you put yourself in the hands of your enemies so thoughtlessly ? What brings you here to-night ?

Job. Ralph told me to come ; and if Ralph told Job to go into the king's parlour, he would go.

Lin. Ralph ! Where is he ?

Job. In the old warehouse, and he has sent me to tell you to come to him—and what Ralph says, must be done.

Lin. He here too ! Is the man crazed ? Would not his fears teach him——

Job. Fears ! You can't frighten Ralph ! The grannies couldn't frighten him, nor the light-infantry couldn't hit him, though he eat nothing but their smoke all day ! Ralph is a proper warriour !

Lin. And he waits me, you say, in the tenement of your mother ?

Job. Job don't know what tenement means, but he's in the old warehouse.

Lin. Come, then, let us go to him. I must save him from the effects of his own rashness, though it cost my commission !
[*Exeunt.*]

LESSON XXXIII.

The Gladiator.—JONES.

'They led a lion from his den,
The lord of Afric's sun-scorched plain ;
And there he stood, stern foe of men,
And shook his flowing mane.
There's not of all Rome's heroes, ten
That dare abide this game.
His bright eye nought of lightning lacked :
His voice was like the cataract.

They brought a dark-haired man along,
Whose limbs with gyves of brass were bound ;
Youthful he seemed, and bold, and strong,
And yet unscathed of wound.
Blithely he stepped among the throng,
And careless threw around
A dark eye, such as courts the path
Of him, who braves a Dacian's wrath.

Then shouted the plebeian crowd—
Rung the glad galleries with the sound ;
And from the throne there spake aloud
A voice, " Be the bold man unbound !
And, by Rome's sceptre, yet unbowed,
By Rome, earth's monarch crowned,
Who dares the bold—the unequal strife,
Though doomed to death, shall save his life.'

Joy was upon that dark man's face,
And thus, with laughing eye, spake he—
“Loose ye the lord of Zaara's waste,
And let my arms be free ;
'He has a martial heart,' thou sayest,
But oh, who will not be
A hero, when he fights for life,
And home, and country,—babes, and wife.

And thus I for the strife prepare ;
The Thracian falchion to me bring ;
But ask th' imperial leave to spare
The shield—a useless thing.
Were I a Samnite's rage to dare,
Then o'er me should I fling
The broad orb ; but to lion's wrath
The shield were but a sword of lath.”

And he has bared his shining blade,
And springs he on the shaggy foe ;
Dreadful the strife, but briefly played—
The desert-king lies low,
His long and loud death-howl is made,
And there must end the show.
And when the multitude were calm,
The favourite freedman took the palm.

“Kneel down, Rome's emperour beside :”
He knelt, that dark man ;—o'er his brow
Was thrown a wreath in crimson died,
And fair words gild it now :
“Thou'rt the bravest youth that ever tried
To lay a lion low ;
And from our presence forth thou go'st
To lead the Dacians of our host.”

Then flushed his cheek, but not with pride,
And grieved and gloomily spoke he :
“My cabin stands where blithely glide
Proud Danube's waters to the sea ;
I have a young and blooming bride,
And I have children three ;
No Roman wealth nor rank can give
Such joy, as in their arms to live.

My wife sits at the cabin door,
With throbbing heart and swollen eyes ;
While tears her cheek are coursing o'er,
She speaks of sundered ties.
She bids my tender babes deplore
The death their father dies ;
She tells these jewels of my home,
I bleed to please the rout of Rome.

I cannot let those cherubs stray
Without their sire's protecting care ;
And I would chase the griefs away
Which cloud my wedded fair."
The monarch spoke, the guards obey,
And gates unclosed are ;
He is gone—no golden bribes divide
The Dacian from his babes and bride.

LESSON XXXIV.

Paternal Affection.—BANCROFT.

How mildly beams a father's face !
How true and tender his embrace !
Heaven blends the hearts of sire and son ;
Their kindred souls are joined in one ;
No stay is like a father's arm ;
No eye so quick to guard from harm ;
And more the heart his counsels move,
Than pleasure's voice, or woman's love.

Hath fickle passion wronged thy youth ?
Cling to his side, whose love is truth ;
Have friends thy innocence beguiled ?
Guileless a father guides his child ;
Or hast thou vainly wandered far,
To search for truth's directing star ?
Return and claim thy sire's embrace ;
His bosom be thy resting-place.

Or hast thou aim'd to soar in skies,
Where mightier spirits fearless rise,

And feeble, as the bird that springs
Toward heaven, ere time hath nerved his wings,
With flagging plumes too soon returnest,
All drooping to the ground thou spurnest ?
Fly to thy father's tranquil breast,
Thou weary bird, make there thy nest.

Alas, for orphan hearts, that mourn
The dearest ties of nature torn ;
They gaze not on a father's eye ;
No more upon his bosom lie ;
For them life's surest friend is gone ;
In grief, in hope their hearts are lone ;
And e'en should love still light its fires,
What earthly love is like a sire's ?

LESSON XXXV.

Advice to a Young Tradesman.—FRANKLIN.

As you have desired it of me, I write the following hints, which have been of service to me, and may, if observed, be so to you.

Remember, that time is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labour, and goes abroad, or sits idle, one half of that day, though he spends but sixpence during his diversion, or idleness, ought not to reckon that the only expense ; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides.

Remember, that credit is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it, during that time. This amounts to a considerable sum, where a man has good and large credit, and makes good use of it.

Remember, that money is of a prolific, generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six, turned again it is seven and threepence, and so on, till it becomes an hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces, every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that wastes a crown, destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.

Remember, that six pounds a year is but a groat a day. For this little sum, a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of an hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

Remember this saying, "the good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." He that is known to pay punctually, and exactly at the time he promises, may at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world, than punctuality, and justice, in all his dealings; therefore, never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever.

The most trifling actions, that affect a man's credit, are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day; demands it, before he can receive it in a lump.

It shows, besides, that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful as well as an honest man, and that still increases your credit.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many poor people, who have credit, fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect; you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expenses amount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been, and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality, nothing will do, and with them, every thing. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets, will certainly become rich—if that Being, who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavours, doth not, in his wise providence, otherwise determine.

LESSON XXXVI.

Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1775.—N. A. REVIEW.

THE incidents and result of the battle itself were most important, and indeed most wonderful. As a mere battle, few surpass it in whatever engages and interests the attention. It was fought, on a conspicuous eminence, in the immediate neighbourhood of a populous city; and, consequently, in the view of thousands of spectators. The attacking army moved over a sheet of water to the assault. The operations and movements were, of course, all visible and all distinct.

Those who looked on from the houses and heights of Boston, had a fuller view of every important operation and event, than can ordinarily be had of any battle, or than can possibly be had of such as are fought on a more extended ground, or by detachments of troops acting in different places, and at different times, and in some measure independently of each other. When the British columns were advancing to the attack, the flames of Charlestown, (fired, as is generally supposed, by a shell,) began to ascend. The spectators, far outnumbering both armies, thronged and crowded on every height and every point, which afforded a view of the scene, themselves constituted a very important part of it.

The troops of the two armies, seemed like so many combatants in an amphitheatre. The manner in which they should acquit themselves, was to be judged of, not as in other cases of military engagements, by reports and future history, but by a vast and anxious assembly already on the spot, and waiting with unspeakable concern and emotion the progress of the day.

In other battles, the *recollection* of wives and children, has been used as an excitement to animate the warrior's breast, and nerve his arm. Here was not a mere recollection, but an actual *presence* of them, and other dear connexions, hanging on the skirts of the battle, anxious and agitated, feeling almost as if wounded themselves by every blow of the enemy, and putting forth, as it were, their own strength, and all the energy of their own throbbing bosoms, into every gallant effort of their warring friends.

But there was a more comprehensive and vastly more important view of that day's contest, than has been mentioned, a view, indeed, which ordinary eyes, bent intently on what was immediately before them, did not embrace, but which

was perceived in its full extent and expansion by minds of a higher order. Those men who were at the head of the colonial councils, who had been engaged for years in the previous stages of the quarrel with England, and who had been accustomed to look forward to the future, were well apprized of the magnitude of the events likely to hang on the business of that day.

They saw in it, not only a battle, but the beginning of a civil war, of unmeasured extent, and uncertain issue. All America, and all England, were likely to be deeply concerned in the consequences. The individuals, themselves, who knew full well what agency they had had, in bringing affairs to this crisis, had need of all their courage ;—not that disregard of personal safety, in which the vulgar suppose true courage to consist, but that high and fixed moral sentiment, that steady and decided purpose, which enables men to pursue a distant end, with a full view of the difficulties and dangers before them, and with a conviction, that, before they arrive at the proposed end, should they ever reach it, they must pass through evil report as well as good report, and be liable to obloquy, as well as to defeat.

Spirits, that fear nothing else, fear disgrace ; and this danger is necessarily encountered by those who engage in civil war. Unsuccessful resistance is not only ruin to its authors, but is esteemed, and necessarily so, by the laws of all countries, treasonable. This is the case, at least till resistance becomes so general and formidable, as to assume the form of regular war. But, who can tell, when resistance commences, whether it will attain even to that degree of success ? Some of those persons who signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776, described themselves as signing it, “as with halters about their necks.” If there were grounds for this remark in 1776, when the cause had become so much more general, how much greater was the hazard, when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought ?

These considerations constituted, to enlarged and liberal minds, the moral sublimity of the occasion ; while, to the outward senses the movement of armies, the roar of artillery, the brilliancy of the reflection of a summer’s sun, from the burnished armour of the British columns, and the flames of a burning town, made up a scene of extraordinary grandeur.

LESSON XXXVII.

Mr. Webster's Address to the Survivors of the Battle of Bunker Hill, delivered on the 50th anniversary of that event.

VENERABLE MEN ! you have come down to us, from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now, where you stood, fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbours, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered ! The same heavens are indeed over your heads ; the same ocean rolls at your feet ; but all else, how changed !

You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying ; the impetuous charge ; the steady and successful repulse ; the loud call to repeated assault ; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance ; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terroure there may be in war and death ;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.

All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terroure, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you today with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence.

All is peace ; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotick toils ; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you !

But, alas ! you are not all here ! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge ! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live

only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived, at least, long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

‘ another morn,
Risen on mid-noon ;’—

and the sky, on which you closed your eyes, was cloudless.

But—ah!—Him! the first great Martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought hither, but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; Him! cut off by Providence, in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! how shall I struggle with the emotions, that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found, that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

But the scene, amidst which we stand, does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits, who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole Revolutionary Army.

VETERANS! you are the remnant of many a well fought field. You bring with you marks of honour from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. VETERANS OF HALF A CENTURY! when in your youthful days, you put every thing at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period, to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive; at a moment of national prog-

perity, such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met, here, to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of an universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them! And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces; when you shall once more have pressed the hands, which have been so often extended to give succour in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory; then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valour defended, and mark the happiness, with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude, which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

LESSON XXXVIII.

To Seneca Lake.—PERCIVAL.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake!
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom waveless stream!
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirrour spreading wide,

And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom silver lake !
O ! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

LESSON XXXIX.

View of the interior of a New England Farm House.—MRS.
SIGOURNEY.

It was a long, low unpainted house, with narrow casements, situated about half a mile from the main road. Near it was a substantial barn, surrounded by a large yard, where a number of animals assembled, exhibited an appearance of comfort, which denoted at once, a kind and careful master. Cuffee alighting, removed the bars, which formed or rather obstructed, the rustic entrance to the demesne ; and then addressed a few soothing words to his horse, who advanced his head, and bent down his quivering ear, as if the sounds of the human voice were either comprehended, or beloved.

As Madam L—— entered, she heard, in the clattering of knives and forks, the reason, why she was not as usual, welcomed at the door. Unwilling to interrupt the refecton of the family, she took a seat unobserved. She found herself in the best room, in the mansion, but to this the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages would assign, neither the name of “parlour, hall, or drawing-room,” avoiding the example of their city acquaintance, as the ancient reformers did the abominations of the Church of Rome.

Adhering to their habits of precision as tenaciously as to their ideas of simplicity, they gave to this most honourable room, an appellation derived from its bearing upon the cardinal points. The one under present consideration, being visited by the latest beams of the setting sun, and the first breath-

ings of the summer breeze, was denominated the "southwest room." As the furniture of this best apartment of Farmer Larkin, may serve as a sample of the interior of most of the Sanctum Sanctorums of the better sort of agriculturists at that early period, it may be well to add a brief description.

The bed, an indispensable appendage, was without either curtains or high posts, and decorated with a new woollen coverlet, where the colour of red gorgeously predominated over the white and green, with which it was intermingled. So small a space did it occupy, that if, like Og, king of Bashan, whose gigantic height was predicated from his bedstead of nine cubits, the size of our farmers should have been estimated by the dimensions of their places of repose, posterity would do them immense injustice.

A buffet, or corner-cupboard, was a conspicuous article, in which were arranged a set of bright pewter plates, some red and white cups and saucers, not much larger than what now belong to a doll's equipage, and a pyramidal block-tin tea-pot. The lower compartment of this repository, which was protected by a door, furnished a receptacle for the Sabbath-day hats and bonnets of the children, each occupying its own place upon the shelves. In the vicinity, was what was denominated "a chist o' draws," namely, a capacious vault of stained pine, which, opening like a chest, contained the better part of the wardrobe of the master and mistress of the family; while, beneath, space was left for two or three drawers, devoted to the accommodation of the elder children. But the masterpiece of finery, was a tea-table, which, elevating its round disk perpendicularly, evinced that it was more for show than use.

Its surface displayed a commendable lustre, protected by a penal statute, from the fingers of the children. But an unruly kitten used to take delight in viewing, on the lower extremity of that polished orb, a reflection of her own round face, and formidable whiskers. Unhappily mistaking the appearance of these for an adversary, she imprinted thereon the marks of her claws, too deeply, for all the efforts of the good housewife to efface, and soon after expiated her crime upon the scaffold. A looking-glass, much smaller than the broad expansion of the Farmer's face, hung against the roughly plastered, yet unsullied wall. A few high, strait-backed chairs, and a pair of small andirons nicely blacked, whose head bore a rude resemblance to the "human form divine," completed the inventory of goods and chattels.

Over the low, wide fireplace, hung in a black frame, with-

out the superfluity of a glass, the family record, legibly penned, with a space very considerably left for future additions. The apartment had an air of neatness, beyond what was then generally observed in the houses of those, who made the dairy, and spinning-wheel, the prime objects of attention. The white floor was carefully sanded, and at each door, a broad mat, made of the husks of the Indian corn, claimed tribute from the feet of those who entered. Where Madam L—— was seated, she had a full view of the family, surrounding their peaceful board, and so cordially engaged in doing justice to its viands, that not a glance wandered to the spot, which she occupied.

The table, covered with a coarse white cloth, bore at the head a large supply of boiled beef and pork, served up in a huge dish of glazed ware, of a form, between platter and bowl, though it probably would rank with the latter genus. A mass of very fine cabbage, appeared in the same reservoir, like a broad, emerald islet, flanked with parsnips and turnips, the favourite “long and short *saace*” of the day. At the bottom of the board, was an enormous pudding of Indian meal, supported by its legitimate concomitants, a plate of butter, and a jug of molasses. Four brown mugs of cider, divided into equal compartments, the quadrangle of the board, and the wooden trenchers, which each one manfully maintained, were perfectly clean and comfortable.

Farmer Larkin, and his wife, not deeming it a point of etiquette to separate as far as the limits of the table would permit, shared together the post of honour by the dish of meat. At the left hand of the father, sat his youngest son, and at the right hand of her mother, her youngest daughter. Thus the male line, beginning at Jehu, and touching every one, according to his age, passed over the heads of Timothy and Jehoiakim, ending in Amariah, the nephew.

On the other hand, the female line, from the mother, who held in her lap the chubbed Tryphosa, passed, with geometrical precision, through the spaces allotted to Tryphena, Kesiah, Roxey, and Reuey, terminating with buxom Molly. She was indeed a damsel of formidable size, but of just proportions, and employed her brawney arm, in cutting slices from a large loaf of brown bread, which she distributed with great exactness by each trencher, as soon as her father had stocked it with meat, and her mother garnished it with vegetables. There was something pleasing in the sight of so many healthy and cheerful faces, and in the domestic order, which evidently prevailed.

They told of the feats of his dog and gun,
They told of the deeds his arm had done ;
They sung of battles lost and won,
And so they paid his eulogy.

And o'er his arms, and o'er his bones,
They raised a simple pile of stones ;
Which, hallowed, by their tears and moans,
Was all the Indian's monument.

And since the Chieftain here has slept,
Full many a winter's winds have swept,
And many an age has softly crept
Over his humble sepulchre.

LESSON XLII.

The Congress of 1776.—CUSHING.

How imposing was the spectacle of that assembly of the conscript fathers of America ! The noble stand they took at the threshold of the temple of liberty ; the glorious oath, which, like another Hannibal, each of them individually swore upon its altar ; and their influence over the subsequent destinies of our country, will authorize us, on this solemn occasion, to pause and contemplate the men, the time, and the circumstances.

The forms, under which the highest intellectual powers of man exhibit themselves, are as numerous and diversified as the subjects, to which his restless enterprise and insatiable curiosity impel his attention. The scope of mind is boundless as all space, and the duration of its efforts endless as time ; for there is no clime, nor country, nor age, nor circumstance, where the human soul cannot display the brightness of the celestial fire, with which it is warmed and animated. The frozen regions of the polar circles, where the soul would seem to be bound in fetters of ice, and the burning plains of the tropical zone, where all the organs and faculties of action are relaxed by the exuberant heat of an equatorial sun, even these extremities of climate afford a theatre for the exhibition of genius, ample enough to show that its operations are not wholly limited to those happy climes, where it

shines forth in all the splendour of unimpaired grace and majesty.

Nor is there any age in the records of history, nor any combination of incidents so unpropitious in the whole of time, that in it genius could not find space for development. The arts of war and peace,—science, literature, and invention,—our ambition, our avarice, our luxury,—all furnish motives to elicit the lights of intellect. For it is not in the sublime flights of poetry alone, that this diversity of the subjects and manifestations of genius is to be found. The most inspired of the children of song has told us,—

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

But it is not in poetry alone, that genius acquires 'a local habitation and a name.' Range through the universe, and you find, in the beautiful things of earth and air, subjects for it to embody forth. You find all the unnumbered objects of the material creation,—of the invisible world of the imagination,—and of the mysterious and complicated passions of the human breast,—alike presenting you with combinations more countless than the sands of the sea, and all of them ministering to the development of the genius of man.

Still there is an occasion more than all others propitious to the display of preeminent qualities of mind. It is when the stirring impulses of revolution pass through a refined and populous people; and a great nation is struggling to be free. A poor and savage country produces no exhibition of talent, but cunning, stratagem, and courage, in hunting or in war; or the rude effusions of bards and minstrels, mingling their irregular strains with the scene of barbarous manners around them, like the beautiful wild flower springing up with its gay and brilliant foliage in the midst of the desert. The Indian of South America, or the Asiatic Tartar, as he flies across the boundless savannas of his country, on steeds fleet as the viewless winds, devoted only to the pleasures of the chase, and moved to greater exertion in the tumult of warfare alone, has comparatively little to evoke his intellectual powers.

But among a people who have attained the blessings of civilization, the various inducements, which awaken our dormant powers, are multiplied beyond all conception, and act with redoubled force in stimulating our thoughts and passions. There the soul soars on the wings of glory, to the etherial regions of fancy. There luxury and opulence spread a thousand temptations before the eye of taste and invention, and tax the resources of genius to the utmost, for the supply of innumerable complicated wants, unknown to a rugged untaught nation. There, when the foundations of society are unsettled by some mighty popular commotion, or the passions of men are acted upon in the mass, by overpowering causes of excitement, and above all, if the conjuncture be one of those revolutionary movements, which occasionally agitate empires, then is the moment for the children of genius to rise, like a second earthborn progeny, to astonish the world by their seemingly instantaneous growth, and by the stupendous effects of their intellect.

Witness the constellation of talents, which, on every such emergency, has poured a tide of glory, in reckless prodigality of profusion, over lands, that dared to claim and exercise the inalienable right of men, the right to be free. Witness the illustrious names, which, crowned with splendour in the conflicts of ancient Greece, have rested, in all succeeding times, upon every lip, from lisping infancy to faltering old age. Witness the citizens of the noble democracies of modern Italy, who, less known to us because their history is not associated with the acquisition of a classical language, yet emulated the magnanimity of their Athenian models, and ought to be equally the study of statesmen in every republican country.

Witness the transient brightness of the commonwealth of England, when Hampden and Cromwell, Milton and Vane, the companions and friends of our pilgrim fathers, trod the path of honour, and attained an eminence, which we, at least, the heirs of their political and religious principles, should appreciate and applaud. And to abstain from examination of later events,—of the progress of the revolutionary spirit in Europe and in Spanish America,—witness the heroick and patriotick men, who shot upward in our sky, like a meteor, but not like a meteor to dazzle and expire,—called into life, as it were, by the allcreative energies of the war of our independence. Such were the men, of whom the congress of seventysix was composed, and such the occasion, which elicited the masterly efforts of their genius.

Sublime assembly ! Admirable men ! But one alone of that band of choice spirits now survives, the modest and venerable Carroll, like a spared monument of other ages ; and long may he live to enjoy the esteem of his country, as the last of its immortal fathers ! Under the inspiring auspices of patriotick hope they nerved themselves to honourable achievement. In these pacifick times, nay, in any times, few are they, who are called upon to dare the terrors of death in the pitched combat, where carnage walks at noonday, and destruction is the ruling planet of the hour. And fewer still are they, to whose lot it falls, in the walks of civil life, to pass the trying crisis of fortitude in deliberating upon a resolution so fraught with interest, so big with impending consequences, as the declaration of independence.

In the councils of peace, they were encountering the hazards of war. Although seated in the temple of Janus, beside them they beheld the statue of Bellona. The senator, who spoke for that immortal convention, might, like the Roman, and with more of truth and just pride, have said to the British monarch—I bear in the ample folds of my robe both peace and war ; choose ye which ye will take. Their shield was the enthusiasm of honour true to its temper as thrice proved steel ; their motto,

In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells.

And although they themselves should fall in the coming struggle, they had confidence to believe that their children, and their children's children, to the latest generation, would enjoy that promised land, of which they might only gain the distant prospect.

They knew themselves to be merely the pioneers of the great work of civil improvement. Theirs would be the task to strike out a rude and simple path in the newly discovered clime, to set up and establish the great landmarks of right, and to leave to those, who should follow after them, to gather the rich fruits and lovely flowers of freedom, which would spring from the prolifick soil. Just as the first hunters, who penetrated into the western wilderness, did but make an imperfect opening into that unrifled garden of primitive luxuriance, while succeeding generations alone were enabled to reach, in tranquillity and plenty, the secure fruition of its bounties. It was their fortune to pass anxious days and sleepless nights in camp or council, ours to reap the benefit

of their vigils ; theirs to wrestle, to suffer, to bleed in battle, ours to wear the silken vestments of peace ; theirs to peril themselves, their present safety and their future fame, upon the hazardous cast of revolution, ours to possess the magnificent prize they won.

LESSON XLIII.

Supposed Speech of John Adams in favour of the Declaration of Independence.—WEBSTER.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand, and my heart, to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms ; and blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours.

Why then should we defer the declaration ? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honour ? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance ? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but out-laws ?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war ? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port bill and all ? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust ? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit.

Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honour to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives ? I know there is not a man here,

who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.

For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver, in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad.

The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay I maintain that England, herself, will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of Independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword

will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honour. Publish it from the pulpit ; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the publick halls ; proclaim it there ; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon ; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time, when this declaration shall be made good. We may die ; die, colonists ; die, slaves ; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood ; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in Heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it ; and I leave off, as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment ; independence, *now* ; and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.

LESSON XLIV.

Unanimous Declaration of Independence, of the thirteen United States of America.—JEFFERSON.

WHEN in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands, which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station, to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind, requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments, long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms, to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity, which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain, is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. He has forbidden his Governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be ob-

tained ; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their publick records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures. He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people. He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected ; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise ; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States ; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners ; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands. He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing to assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers. He has made Judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries. He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance. He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures. He has affected to render the military independent of and superiour to the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws ; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation : For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us : For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States : For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world : For imposing taxes on us without our consent : For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury :

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences : For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at

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For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences : For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at

once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies: For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments: For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us. He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people. He is at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands. He has excited domestick insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms. Our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince whose character is thus marked by every act, which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people. Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren.

We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice, and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connexions and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war; in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by authority of the good people of

these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States ; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved ; and, that as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour. Signed by order, and in behalf of the Congress.

Attest,

JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*

CHARLES THOMPSON, *Secretary.*

LESSON XLV.

The Literary characters of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.—CUSHING.

DURING an age when profound learning was in vogue, and sciolism as rare, as it now is abundant, they were accounted ripe and accomplished scholars. In these times, the elements of knowledge are more widely diffused among the people. The waters of the sacred fount of Helicon have welled over its sides, and its golden streams now meander through the land.

The early writings of Adams bespeak a mind profoundly tinctured with the learning of the day ; and his later ones prove that he kept pace with the progress of our own more busy and popular literature. His contributions to literary and political journals and other works, since his retirement from publick duty, and his occasional letters, which the daily press has seized upon with avidity, are distinguished for acuteness of reasoning, ingenuity of conception, a lively imagination, and the most remarkable and striking felicity of language.

At a prior period, not content with his exertions in the senate and in foreign courts in aid of his country, he came forth as an able and efficient champion of the revolutionary cause, in many controversial pieces, which would do honour

to the mind or the pen even of one, whose genius and leisure were exclusively devoted to the cultivation of letters. It is sufficient to indicate the essays of *Nov-Anglus*, the Discourses on *Davila*, the Defence of the American Constitutions, numerous political documents, and his extensive private correspondence, all which exhibit indisputable marks of sterling genius, accomplished by the most elaborate study, and elevated to the dignity of the subjects he discussed, and the majestick temper of the times.

These observations are equally applicable, in a great degree, to the writings of Jefferson. In them the same vigour of understanding, the same creative fancy, and the same peculiar happiness of diction, are features, which impress the most careless observer. Jefferson's political compositions are less numerous than those of Adams, but the inquisitive mind of the former struck into a path where the latter did not follow him, and successfully cultivated philosophy and physical science, while Adams continued more devoted to moral and political studies. Of this, Jefferson's valuable and standard work, the *Notes on Virginia*, contains ample testimony. They were both alike imbued with an elegant and refined literature, which beautified and adorned their higher accomplishments, like the *acanthus* leaves crowning the majestick proportions of the classick column.

But their intellectual tastes were as happily contrasted in some things, as they were curiously blended in others. The vocation, for which they were evidently destined by nature, was the life of a statesman. Whatever different occupation they might have selected previously, the true bent of their faculties was evidently thither; and subservient to this guiding and governing principle were all their literary exertions.

But in the compositions of Adams we may discern more of dignity, in Jefferson's, of grace; of energy in the former, and of refinement in the latter; in this one, of Grecian elegance, in that of Roman power. Jefferson would seem desirous to persuade by the even but animated flow of sentiments and reflections; Adams, to send conviction to the mind by the graphick illustration, the pointed argument, aimed, as it were, with unerring keenness, at the truth.

Jefferson, in fine, wears something of the manner of one whose natural talents were assiduously cultivated in the closet, although still with a view to publick usefulness; and therefore his writings indicate more of originality, are of a more speculative cast, and more visibly traced with the footsteps of

solitary investigation. Adams, on the contrary, shows you in every sentence, that his understanding, although richly stored by retired study, was yet trained by the severe discipline of extensive practice at the bar, and active exertion in popular assemblies ; and had thus acquired more of the habit of prompt and vigorous action, of decisive practical views, which the engrossing contests of the forum and the tribune necessarily impress upon a superiour and highly cultivated genius, when subjected to their influence.

Had Jefferson left no other evidence of his talents for writing, the declaration of independence alone would serve to immortalize his reputation. Time was, when the character of this great revolutionary patriarch, seen through the distorted opticks of party, was so grossly misrepresented, that men gravely denied him the capacity to compose the consummately beautiful lines of that splendid manifesto to the nations of the earth. But another generation has rightly appreciated his deserts. What tradition had uniformly asserted, but jealousy ventured to dispute, is now become matter of history.

It was reserved for Adams himself to do full justice to the preeminent merits of his copatriot, no longer viewed as his successful competitor for the palm of political distinction. That proud performance is now known to be the work of Jefferson. Adams was the bold and eloquent debater, who urged and defended the measure, big with the fate of empires ; Jefferson's was the unequalled skill, which embodied the principles of liberty in the language of inspiration, as an eternal monument and landmark for the guidance of posterity.

Fortunate pair ! Could the imagination of man desire an occasion more auspicious than this, to confer on them a rare immortality ? Who, that burned with a sacred ambition to transmit his name down to remotest ages, associated with some signally meritorious intellectual effort, would choose a more glorious task than to be the head to conceive, or the hand to execute, the declaration of American independence ?

It is impossible to peruse, without admiration, the copious writings of the sages, nay of the warriors, of the revolution. How rich with brilliant and elevated thought, how skilful and irresistible in argument, how overflowing with the fervid illustrations of a mind impelled by overruling circumstances to the strongest efforts, nay, how beautiful in the pure and

finished simplicity of a style, springing racy, fresh, and unsophisticated from a full-fraught soul and native taste, are not the sacred charters of our liberty, the exquisite compositions of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Quincy, Otis, Hamilton, and all the mighty growth of the virgin soil of freedom, the giant progeny of our independence. The vivid fire of genius lightens from every line they left. And among these exalted names, there are none superiour, none equal, to Adams and Jefferson, in scholastick attainments, and in their supreme dominion over

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

LESSON XLVI.

Grecian Liberty.—PERCIVAL.

GLORIOUS Vision! who art thou,
With thy starry crown of light,
Like the diadem of night
On the Æthiop monarch's brow?—
And why art thou descending
From thy bright Olympian throne,
And thy lavish glory lending,
Like the ever rolling sun,
To the self devoted band
On the threshold of their land?

Few, but hardy are their ranks,
And they never will retire,
Though ten thousand on their flanks
Hurl a storm of steel and fire—
Though an iron tempest rain
Death and darkness, till the day
Pass in dim eclipse away—
Though the thunderbolts of war,
Plough their furrows in the plain,
And the echoing mountains bay
To the tumult from afar.

O! bright and glorious creature
Winged, and mailed, and armed for fight;
Though beautiful in feature,
Like a spirit of delight;

Yet the arching of thy brow,
And thy proud and gallant form,
Tell of one who rides the storm,
When the sternest warriors bow,
And the bravest yield their breath
At the summoning of Death.

There thou standest on the mountains,
And the sparkle of thy spear,
Like a sunbeam on the fountains,
To the gallant few below,
Is a sign of wrath and fear
To the blind and brutal foe ;—
Like a beacon let it blaze
Broad and flaring, till it daze
All who come with foot profane
To this consecrated plain,
Where thy pure and perfect shrine
Youths and maidens loved to twine
With the laurel and the myrtle—
And the shadow of thy grove,
Haunt of innocence and love,
Heard the winged arrows hurtle
From the flowery-wreathen bow,
With a whisper like the flow
Of a brook, that winds afar
Underneath the Evening Star.

O! they were happy days,
When, reposing in the shade,
Elms, and vines, and poplars made,
It was all thy joy to gaze
On the races and the dances,
Twining hands and burning glances,
Where Passion went and came,
Like an arrow tipped with flame.

Though thou didst often lie
With a pleased and placid eye,
As thy children took their pleasure,
And the merry flute and viol
Told, in light and airy measure,
All the joys and sports of leisure ;
Not the less, to meet the trial,

Thou would'st gird thy warlike arms,
And with bare and eager blade,
On, though dangers and alarms,
To the wreath of Victory wade.

Thou could'st leave thy pleasant woods,
And the harvest of the plain,
And along the torrent floods
To the frozen mountains climb,
Where they reared their fronts sublime ;
Or scorning Slavery's chain,
Make thy dwelling on the main.

From the Dorian rocks and caves,
When the gorged and glutted foe
Lay in careless ease below,
Like an Alpine stream that raves
When the autumn rains are pouring,
And the pines in mist are towering ;
So thou did'st rush and sweep
To the dark remorseless deep,
With thy fury and thy force,
Shield and chariot, man and horse,
And thy sword wrought far and wide,
Till the land was purified.

And now thou dost awake,
And thy dream of ages break—
From the halls of ice and snow,
Whence thy classick rivers flow ;
From thy palace in the clouds,
Where the light of evening runs
On the rolling wreath that shrouds
The last refuge of thy sons—
Peaks, that never Turk has trod,
Where the armed and ardent Klepht
Found his shelter, when he left,
For a prey to wasting fires,
All the temples of his God,
And the dwellings of his sires ;—
From thy caverns in the rock,
From thy dark and hidden hold,
Thou hast nerved thee to the shock,
And thy warning shout has rolled—

Height from height has caught the sound
And thy foes in haste retire ;
Now the tumult rises higher—
'Tis a nation's cry of joy—
"None to ravage and destroy—
Not a foreign foot is found
On our consecrated ground."

LESSON XLVII.

Capture of a Whale.—COOPER.

THE Ariel lay in a small bay, and on board of her were lieutenant Barnstable, the midshipman, Mr. Merry, and the hero of the piece, long Tom, the cockswain, from Nantucket, whose father was a Coffin, and his mother a Joy.

Barnstable and long Tom Coffin being out in a whale boat, the former exclaimed, "Tom, there is a blow of a whale—'tis a fin back." "No, Sir, 'tis a right whale," answered Tom ; "I saw his spout ; he threw up a pair of pretty rainbows. He's a *raal* oil-but, that fellow." And thus he could not resist the temptation of having "a stroke of the harpoon at the impudent rascal." While they were pulling towards their game, long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern-sheets, and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparations to strike the whale as the occasion required. The tub containing about half of a whale-line, was now placed at the foot of Barnstable, who had been preparing an oar to steer with, in place of the rudder, which was unshipped, in order that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled round, when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water, in two circular spouts, high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail, with a graceful, but terrific force, until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downwards, and, without any apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise, that sounded like the rushing of winds.

The cockswain stood erect, poizing his harpoon, ready for the blow; but when he beheld the creature assume this formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsmen rested a few minutes, while the whale struck several blows on the water, in rapid succession, the noise of which re-echoed along the cliffs, like the hollow reports of so many cannon. After this wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sunk again into his native element, and slowly disappeared from the eyes of his pursuers.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, Sir," returned the cockswain, whose eye was gradually brightening with the excitement of the sport; "he'll soon run his nose against the bottom, if he stands long on that course, and will be glad to get another snuff of pure air; send her a few fathoms to star-board, Sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track."

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true, for, in a few minutes, the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed, for half his length, in the same direction, and fell on the sea, with a turbulence and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel for the first time, into its proper element. After this evolution, the whale rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from further efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain, and when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew, to ply the oars once more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly up to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointed to one of the fins, which was at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the actions of the waves, exposed to view. The cockswain poised his harpoon, with much precision, and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the blubber of their foe. The instant the blow was made, long Tom shouted, with singular earnestness—"Stern all!"

"Stern all!" echoed Barnstable; when the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance; ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One

moment of stupid surprize succeeded the entrance of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air, with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared, with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of foam.

"Snub him!" shouted Barnstable; "hold on, Tom; he rises already."

"Ay, ay, Sir," replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line, which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manœuvre rather hazardous, and causing it to yield more gradually round the large loggerhead that was placed in the bows of the boat for that purpose. Presently, the line stretched forward, and, rising to the surface, with tremulous vibrations, it indicated the direction, in which the animal might be expected to re-appear.

Barnstable had cast the bows of the boat towards that point, before the terrified and wounded victim rose once more to the surface, whose time was, however, no longer wasted in his sports, but who cast the waters aside, as he forced his way, with prodigious velocity, along their surface. The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that, at moments, appeared to bury the slight fabrick in the ocean. When long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with exultation, to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried—"Ay! I've touched the fellow's life! it must be more than two feet of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale, that ever sculled the ocean."

"I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet, you have rigged for a lance," said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardour of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits; "feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul along-side of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner."

"'Tis the creature's way, Sir," said the cockswain; "you know they need the air in their nostrils, when they run, the same as a man; but, lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him."

The seamen now seized the whale-line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish; whose progress became sensibly less rapid, as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes, he stopped running, and

appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

"Shall we pull in, and finish him, Tom?" cried Barnstable; "a few sets from your bayonet would do it."

The cockswain stood examining his game, with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory—"No, sir, no—he's going into his flurry; there's no occasion for disgracing ourselves, by using a soldier's weapon, in taking a whale. *Starn off, Sir, starn off!* the creature's in his flurry!"

The warning of the prudent cockswain, was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off, to a distance, leaving the animal a clean space, while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster, threw its tail on high, as when in sport; but, its blows were trebled, in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view, by a pyramid of foam, that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish, were like the bellowing of a herd of bulls, and to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat, behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually, these effects subsided, and when the discoloured water again settled down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the fish was seen, exhausted, and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side, and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.

"What's to be done now?" said Barnstable, as he stood and gazed with a diminished excitement, at their victim; "he will yield no food, and his carcass will probably drift to land, and furnish our enemies with the oil."

"If I had but that creature in Boston bay," said the cockswain, "it would prove the making of me; but such is my luck for ever! Pull up, at any rate, and let me get my harpoon and line—the English shall never get them, while old Tom Coffin can blow."

LESSON XLVIII.

Capture of the British Cutter Alacrity, by the American Schooner Ariel.—COOPER.

THUS far the cockswain and his crew had the fight, on the part of the Ariel, altogether to themselves, the men, who were stationed at the smaller and shorter guns, standing in perfect idleness, by their sides; but in ten or fifteen minutes, the commander of the Alacrity, who had been staggered by the weight of the shot, that had struck him, found that it was no longer in his power to retreat, if he wished it; when he decided on the only course, that was left for a brave man to pursue, and steered, boldly, in such a direction as would soonest bring him in contact with his enemy, without exposing his vessel to be raked by his fire.

Barnstable watched each movement of his foe, with eagle eyes, and when the vessel had got within a lessened distance, he gave the order for a general fire to be opened. The action now grew warm and spirited on both sides. The power of the wind was counteracted by the constant explosion of the cannon; and instead of driving rapidly to leeward, a white canopy of curling smoke hung above the Ariel, or rested on the water, lingering in her wake, so as to mark the path, by which she was approaching to a close and still deadlier struggle.

The shouts of the young sailors, as they kindled their instruments of death, became more animated and fierce, while the cockswain pursued his occupation with the silence and skill of one, who laboured in a regular vocation. Barnstable was unusually composed and quiet, maintaining the grave deportment of a commander on whom rested the fortunes of the contest, at the same time that his dark eyes were dancing with the fire of suppressed animation.

"Give it them!" he occasionally cried, in a voice that might be heard amid the bellowing of the cannon; "never mind their cordage, my lads; drive home their bolts, and make your marks below their ridge ropes."

In the mean time, the Englishman played a manful game. He had suffered a heavy loss by the distant cannonade, which no metal he possessed could retort upon his enemy; but he struggled nobly to repair the error in judgment, with which he had begun the contest. The two vessels gradually drew nigher to each other, until they both entered into the common cloud, created by their fire, which thickened and spread

around them in such a manner as to conceal their dark hulls from the gaze of the curious and interested spectators on the cliffs.

The heavy reports of the cannon were now mingled with the rattling of muskets and pistols, and streaks of fire might be seen, glancing like flashes of lightning through the white clouds, which enshrouded the combatants, and many minutes of painful uncertainty followed, before the deeply interested soldiers, who were gazing at the scene, discovered on whose banners victory had alighted.

We shall follow the combatants into their misty wreath, and display to the reader the events as they occurred.

The fire of the *Ariel*, was much the most quick and deadly, both because she had suffered less, and her men were less exhausted; and the Cutter stood desperately on to decide the combat, after grappling, hand to hand. Barnstable anticipated her intention, and well understood her commander's reason for adopting this course, but he was not a man to calculate coolly his advantages, when pride and daring invited him to a more severe trial. Accordingly, he met the enemy half-way, and, as the vessels rushed together, the stern of the schooner was secured to the bows of the Cutter, by the joint efforts of both parties. The voice of the English commander was now plainly to be heard, in the uproar, calling to his men to follow him.

"Away there boarders! repel boarders on the starboard quarter!" shouted Barnstable through his trumpet.

This was the last order that the gallant young sailor gave with this instrument, for, as he spoke, he cast it from him, and seizing his sabre, flew to the spot where the enemy was about to make his most desperate effort. The shouts, execrations, and tauntings of the combatants, now succeeded to the roar of the cannon, which could be used no longer with effect, though the fight was still maintained with spirited discharges of the small arms.

"Sweep him from his decks!" cried the English commander, as he appeared on his own bulwarks surrounded by a dozen of his bravest men; "drive the rebellious dogs into the sea!"

"Away there, marines!" retorted Barnstable, firing his pistol at the advancing enemy; "leave not a man of them to sup his grog again."

The tremendous and close volley that succeeded this order, nearly accomplished the command of Barnstable to the letter, and the commander of the *Alacrity*, perceiving that he stood

alone, reluctantly fell back on the deck of his own vessel, in order to bring on his men once more.

"Board her! grey beards and boys, idlers and all!" shouted Barnstable, springing in advance of his crew—a powerful arm arrested the movement of the dauntless seaman, and before he had time to recover himself, he was drawn violently back to his vessel by the irresistible grasp of his cockswain.

"The fellow's in his flurry," said Tom, "and it wouldn't be wise to go within reach of his flukes; but I'll just step ahead and give him a set with my harpoon."

Without waiting for a reply, the cockswain reared his tall frame on the bulwarks, and was in the attitude of stepping on board of his enemy, when a sea separated the vessels, and he fell with a heavy dash of the waters into the ocean. As twenty muskets and pistols were discharged at the instant he appeared, the crew of the *Ariel* supposed his fall to be occasioned by his wounds, and were rendered doubly fierce by the sight, and the cry of their commander.

"Revenge long Tom! board her."

They threw themselves forward in irresistible numbers, and forced a passage with much bloodshed to the forecastle of the *Alacrity*. The Englishman was overpowered, but still remained undaunted—he rallied his crew, and bore up most gallantly to the fray. Thrusts of pikes, and blows of sabres were becoming close and deadly, while muskets and pistols, were constantly discharged by those, who were kept at a distance by the pressure of the throng of closer combatants.

Barnstable led his men, in advance, and became a mark of peculiar vengeance to his enemies, as they slowly yielded before his vigorous assaults. Chance had placed the two commanders on opposite sides of the Cutter's deck, and the victory seemed to incline towards either party, wherever these daring officers directed the struggle in person. But the Englishman, perceiving that the ground he maintained in person, was lost elsewhere, made an effort to restore the battle by changing his position, followed by one or two of his best men. A marine, who preceded him, levelled his musket within a few feet of the head of the American commander, and was about to fire, when Merry glided among the combatants, and passed his dirk into the body of the man, who fell at the blow. Shaking his piece, with horrid imprecations, the wounded soldier prepared to deal his vengeance on his youthful assailant, when the fearless boy leaped within its muzzle, and buried his own keen weapon in his heart.

“Hurrah!” shouted the unconscious Barnstable, from the edge of the quarter-deck, where, attended by a few men, he was driving all before him. “Revenge—long Tom and victory!”

“We have them!” exclaimed the Englishman, “handle your pikes! we have them between two fires.”

The battle would probably have terminated very differently from what previous circumstances had indicated, had not a wild looking figure appeared in the Cutter’s channels, at that moment, issuing from the sea, and gaining the deck at the same instant. It was long Tom—with his iron visage rendered fierce by his previous discomfiture, and his grizzled locks drenched with the briny element, from which he had risen, looking like Neptune with his trident. Without speaking, he poised his harpoon, and with a powerful effort, pinned the unfortunate Englishman to the mast of his own vessel.

“Starn all!” cried Tom, by a sort of instinct, when the blow was struck; and catching up the musket of the fallen marine, he dealt out terrible and fatal blows with its butt, on all who approached him, utterly disregarding the use of the bayonet or its muzzle. The unfortunate commander of the *Alacrity* brandished his sword with frantic gestures, while his eyes rolled in horrid wildness, when he writhed for an instant in his passing agonies, and then, as his head dropped lifeless upon his gored breast, he hung against the spar, a spectacle of dismay to his crew. A few of the Englishmen stood, chained to the spot in silent horror at the sight, but most of them fled to their lower deck, or hastened to conceal themselves in the secret parts of the vessel, leaving to the Americans, the undisputed possession of the *Alacrity*.

LESSON XLIX.

*Specimen of the Eloquence of James Otis: extracted from
“The Rebels.”—MISS FRANCIS.*

ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile, with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those, against which we now contend, have cost one king

of England his life, another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions—one fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous,—and we call no man master. To the nation, from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance ; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, “Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper ?” No ! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thousand ; and what must be the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust ? True the spectre is now small ; but the shadow he casts before him, is huge enough to darken all this fair land.

Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude, which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt ? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the faggot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy ; forests have been prostrated in our path ; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropicks, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid, than the increase of our wealth and population.

And do we owe all this to the kind succour of the mother country ? No ! we owe it to the tyranny, that drove us from her,—to the pelting storms, which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say “We ask no money from your gratitude,—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses.” And who I pray, is to judge of their necessity ? Why, the King—(and with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects, as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.) Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands ? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended ? The cabinet behind the throne.

In every instance, those who take, are to judge for those who pay ; if this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain

and dew do not depend upon parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

But thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs, that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it.

LESSON L.

Passage of the Delaware, and battles of Trenton and Princeton, 1776.—RAMSAY.

ON the capture of General Lee, the command of his army devolved on General Sullivan, who, in obedience to the orders formerly given, joined General Washington. About the same time, an addition was made to his force, by the arrival of a part of the northern army. The Americans now amounted to about seven thousand men, though, during the retreat through the Jerseys, they were seldom equal to half that number.

The two armies were separated from each other, by the river Delaware. The British, in the security of conquest, cantoned their troops in Burlington, Bordenton, Trenton, and other towns of New Jersey, in daily expectation of being enabled to cross into Pennsylvania, by means of ice, which is generally formed about that time. On receiving information of their numbers, and different cantonments, Washington observed, "Now is the time to clip their wings, when they are so spread." Yielding to his native spirit of enterprize, which had hitherto been repressed, he formed the bold design of recrossing the Delaware, and attacking the British posts on its eastern banks.

In the evening of christmas-day, he made arrangements for passing over in three divisions; at M'Konkey's ferry, at

Trenton, and at or near Bordenton. The troops which were to have crossed at the two last places, exerted themselves to get over, but failed from the quantity of ice, which obstructed their passage. The main body, about two thousand four hundred men, began to cross very early in the evening; but, were so retarded by ice, that it was nearly four o'clock in the morning, before they were in a condition to take up their line of march on the Jersey side. They were formed in two divisions. One was ordered to proceed on the lower, or river road; the other, on the upper, or Pennington road. These, having nearly the same distance to march, were ordered immediately on forcing the out-guards, to push directly into Trenton, that they might charge the enemy, before they had time to form.

Though they marched different roads, yet they arrived within three minutes of each other. The out-guards of the Hessian troops at Trenton, soon fell back; but, kept up a constant retreating fire. Their main body being hard pressed by the Americans, who had already got possession of half their artillery, attempted to file off by a road leading toward Princeton, but were checked by a body of troops thrown in their way. Finding they were surrounded, they laid down their arms. The number, which submitted, was twenty-three officers, and eight hundred and eighty-six men. Between thirty and forty of the Hessians were killed and wounded. Colonel Rahl was among the former, and seven of his officers among the latter. Captain Washington, of the Virginia troops, and five or six of the Americans, were wounded. Two were killed, and two or three were frozen to death. The detachment in Trenton, consisted of the regiments of Rahl, Losberg, Kniphausen, amounting in the whole, to about fifteen hundred men, and a troop of British light horse. All these were killed or captured, except about six hundred, who escaped by the road leading to Bordenton.

The British had a strong battalion of light infantry at Princeton, and a force yet remaining, near the Delaware, superiour to the American army. Washington, therefore, in the evening of the same day, thought it most prudent to cross into Pennsylvania with his prisoners. These being secured, he recrossed the Delaware, and took possession of Trenton. The detachments, which had been distributed over New Jersey, previous to the capture of the Hessians, immediately after that event, assembled at Princeton, and were joined by the army from Brunswick, under Lord Cornwallis. From this

position, they came forward to Trenton, in great force, hoping, by a vigorous onset, to repair the injury their cause had sustained by the late defeat.

Truly delicate was the situation of the feeble American army. To retreat, was to hazard the city of Philadelphia, and to destroy every ray of hope, which began to dawn from their late success. To risk an action with a superiour force in front, and a river in rear, was dangerous in the extreme. To get round the advanced party of the British, and, by pushing forward, to attack in their rear, was deemed preferable to either. The British, on their advance from Princeton, attacked a body of Americans, which were posted with four fieldpieces, a little to the northward of Trenton, and compelled them to retreat.

The pursuing British, being checked at the bridge, over Sanpink creek, by some fieldpieces, fell back so far as to be out of their reach. The Americans were drawn up on the opposite side of the creek, and, in that position, remained till night, cannonading the enemy and receiving their fire. In this critical hour, two armies, on which the success or failure of the American revolution materially depended, were crowded into the small village of Trenton, and only separated by a creek, in many places fordable.

The British, believing they had all the advantages they could wish for, and, that they could use them when they pleased, discontinued all further operations, and kept themselves in readiness to make the attack next morning. But the next morning presented a scene as brilliant on the one side, as it was unexpected on the other. Soon after it became dark, Washington ordered all his baggage to be silently removed, and having left guards for the purpose of deception, marched with his whole force, by a circuitous route, to Princeton. This manœuvre, was determined upon, in a council of war, from a conviction that it would avoid the appearance of a retreat, and at the same time, the hazard of an action in a bad position, and that it was the most likely way to preserve the city of Philadelphia, from falling into the hands of the British. Washington, also presumed, that, from an eagerness to efface the impressions made by the late capture of the Hessians at Trenton, the British commanders had pushed forward their principal force; and, that the remainder in the rear at Princeton, was not more than equal to his own.

The event verified this conjecture. The more effectually

to disguise the departure of the Americans from Trenton, fires were lighted up in front of their camp. These not only gave an appearance of going to rest, but, as flame cannot be seen through, concealed from the British what was transacting behind them. In this relative position, they were a pillar of fire to the one army, and the pillar of a cloud to the other. Providence favoured this movement of the Americans. The weather had been for some time, so warm, and moist, that the ground was soft, and the roads so deep, as to be scarcely passable; but, the wind suddenly changed to the northwest, and the ground in a short time, was frozen so hard, that when the Americans took up their line of march, they were no more retarded than if they had been upon a solid pavement.

Washington reached Princeton early in the morning, and would have completely surprized the British, had not a party which was on their way to Trenton, descried his troops, when they were about two miles distant, and sent back couriers to alarm their unsuspecting fellow-soldiers in their rear. These consisted of the 17th, the 40th, and 55th, regiments of British infantry, and some of the royal artillery, with two fieldpieces, and three troops of light dragoons. The centre of the Americans, consisting of the Philadelphia militia, while on their line of march, was briskly charged by a party of the British, and gave way in disorder.

The moment was critical. Washington pushed forward, and placed himself between his own men and the British, with his horse's head fronting the latter. The Americans, encouraged by his example, and exhortations, made a stand, and returned the British fire. The General, though between both parties, was providentially uninjured by either.

A party of the British fled into the college, and were there attacked with fieldpieces, which were fired into it. The seat of the muses became, for some time, the seat of action. The party, which had taken refuge in the college, after receiving a few discharges from the American fieldpieces, came out and surrendered themselves prisoners of war. In the course of the engagement, sixty of the British were killed, and a great number wounded, and about three hundred of them taken prisoners. The rest made their escape, some by pushing on to Trenton, others by returning to Brunswick.

While they were fighting in Princeton, the British in Trenton were under arms, and on the point of making an assault on the evacuated camp of the Americans. With so much

address, had the movement to Princeton been conducted, that though, from the critical situation of the two armies, every ear may be supposed to have been open, and every watchfulness to have been employed ; yet, Washington moved completely off the ground, with his whole force, stores, baggage, and artillery, unknown to and unsuspected by his adversaries. The British in Trenton, were so entirely deceived, that, when they heard the report of the artillery at Princeton, though it was in the depth of winter, they supposed it to be thunder.

The British, astonished at these bold movements of an enemy supposed to be vanquished, instantly fell back with their whole force, and abandoned every post they held to the southward of New York, except Brunswick and Amboy.

LESSON LI.

Lafayette.—TICKNOR.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE was born in Auvergne, in the south of France, on the 6th of September, 1757. When quite young, he was sent to the College of Du Plessis at Paris, where he received that classical education, of which, when recently at Cambridge, he twice gave remarkable proof in uncommonly happy quotations from Cicero, suited to circumstances that could not have been foreseen. Somewhat later, he was sent to Versailles, where the court constantly resided ; and there his education was still further continued, and he was made, in common with most of the young noblemen, an officer in the army.

When only between sixteen and seventeen, he was married to the daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, son of the Duke de Noailles, and grandson to the great and good Chancellor d'Aguesseau ; and thus his condition in life seemed to be assured to him, among the most splendid and powerful in the empire. His fortune, which had been accumulating during a long minority, was vast ; his rank was with the first in Europe ; his connexions brought him the support of the chief persons in France ; and his individual character, the warm, open, and sincere manners, which have distinguished him ever since, and given him such singular control over the minds of men, made him powerful in the confidence of society wherever he went. It seemed, indeed, as if life had nothing

further to offer him, than he could surely obtain by walking in the path that was so bright before him.

It was at this period, however, that his thoughts and feelings were first turned towards these thirteen colonies, then in the darkest and most doubtful passage of their struggle for independence. He made himself acquainted with our agents at Paris, and learned from them the state of our affairs. Nothing could be less tempting to him, whether he sought military reputation or military instruction, for our army, at that moment retreating through New Jersey, and leaving its traces in blood, from the naked and torn feet of the soldiery, as it hastened onward, was in a state too humble to offer either. Our credit, too, in Europe was entirely gone, so that the commissioners, as they were called, without having any commission, to whom Lafayette still persisted in offering his services, were obliged, at last, to acknowledge that they could not even give him decent means for his conveyance. "Then" said he, "I shall purchase and fit out a vessel for myself."

He did so. The vessel was prepared at Bordeaux, and sent round to one of the nearest ports in Spain, that it might be beyond the reach of the French government. In order more effectually to conceal his purposes, he made, just before his embarkation, a visit of a few weeks in England, the only time he was ever there, and was much sought in English society. On his return to France, he did not stop at all in the capital, even to see his own family, but hastened with all speed and secrecy, to make good his escape from the country. It was not until he was thus on his way to embark, that his romantick undertaking began to be known.

The effect produced in the capital and at court, by its publication, was greater than we should now, perhaps, imagine. Lord Stormont, the English ambassador, required the French ministry to despatch an order for his arrest, not only to Bordeaux, but to the French commanders on the West India station; a requisition, with which the ministry readily complied, for they were, at that time, anxious to preserve a good understanding with England, and were seriously angry with a young man, who had thus put in jeopardy the relations of the two countries. In fact, at Passage, on the very borders of France and Spain, a *lettre de cachet** overtook him, and he was arrested and carried back to Bordeaux.

* *A lettre de cachet* is an order from the government for apprehending and imprisoning persons.

There, of course, his enterprise was near being finally stopped; but watching his opportunity, and assisted by one or two of his friends, he disguised himself as a courier, with his face blacked, and false hair, and rode on ordering post-horses, for a carriage, which he had caused to follow him at a suitable distance for this very purpose, and thus fairly passed the frontiers of the two kingdoms, only three or four hours before his pursuers reached them. He soon arrived at his port, where his vessel was waiting for him. His family, however, still followed him, with solicitations to return, which he never received; and the society of the court and capital, according to Madame du Deffand's account of it, was in no common state of excitement on the occasion.

Something of the same sort happened in London. "We talk chiefly," says Gibbon, in a letter dated April 12, 1777, "of the Marquis de Lafayette, who was here a few weeks ago. He is about twenty; with a hundred and thirty thousand livres a year, the nephew of Noailles, who is ambassador here. He is gone to join the Americans. The court appear to be angry with him."

Immediately on arriving the second time at Passage, the wind being fair, he embarked. The usual course for French vessels attempting to trade with our colonies at that period, was, to sail for the West Indies, and then coming up along our coast, enter where they could. But this course would have exposed Lafayette to the naval commanders of his own nation, and he had almost as much reason to dread them, as to dread the British cruisers. When, therefore, they were outside of the Canary Islands, Lafayette required his captain to lay their course directly for the United States. The captain refused, alleging, that if they should be taken, by a British force and carried into Halifax, the French government would never reclaim them, and they could hope for nothing but a slow death in a dungeon or a prison-ship.

This was true, but Lafayette knew it before he made the requisition. He, therefore, insisted until the captain refused in the most positive manner. Lafayette then told him, that the ship was his own property, that he had made his own arrangements concerning it, and that if he, the captain, would not sail directly for the United States, he should be put in irons, and his command given to the next officer. The captain, of course, submitted, and Lafayette gave him a bond for forty thousand francs, in case of any accident. They, therefore, now made sail directly, for the southern portion of the

United States, and arrived unmolested at Charleston, S. C. on the 25th of April, 1777.

The sensation produced by his appearance in this country, was, of course, much greater than that produced in Europe by his departure. It still stands forth, as one of the most prominent and important circumstances in our revolutionary contest; and, as has often been said by one, who bore no small part in its trials and success, none but those who were then alive, can believe what an impulse it gave to the hopes of a population almost disheartened by a long series of disasters. And well it might; for it taught us, that in the first rank of the first nobility in Europe, men could still be found, who not only took an interest in our struggle, but were willing to share our sufferings; that our obscure and almost desperate contest for freedom in a remote quarter of the world, could yet find supporters among those, who were the most natural and powerful allies of a splendid despotism; that we were the objects of a regard and interest throughout the world, which would add to our own resources sufficient strength to carry us safely through to final success.

Immediately after his arrival, Lafayette received the offer of a command in our army, but declined it. Indeed, during the whole of his service with us, he seemed desirous to show, by his conduct, that he had come only to render disinterested assistance to our cause. He began, therefore, by clothing and equipping a body of men at Charleston, at his own expense; and then entered, as a volunteer, without pay, into our service. He lived in the family of the commander in chief, and won his full affection and confidence. He was appointed a Major General in our service, by a vote of Congress, on the 31st of July, 1777, and in September of the same year, was wounded at Brandywine. He was employed in 1778, in many parts of the country, as a Major General, and as the head of a separate division, and after having received the thanks of Congress for his important services, embarked at Boston, in January, 1779, for France, thinking he could assist us more effectually, for a time, in Europe than in America.

He arrived at Versailles, then the regular residence of the French court, on the 12th of February, and the same day had a long conference with Maurepas, the prime minister. He was not permitted to see the king; and in a letter written at court the next day, we are told, that he received an order to visit none but his relations, as a form of censure for having left France without permission; but this was an order that fell

very lightly on him, for he was connected by birth or marriage with almost every body at court, and every body else thronged to see him at his own hotel.

The treaty, which was concluded between America and France, at just about the same period, was, by Lafayette's personal exertions, made effective in our favour. He laboured unremittingly to induce his government to send us a fleet and troops; and it was not until he had gained this point, and ascertained that he should be speedily followed by Count Rochambeau, that he embarked to return. He reached the headquarters of the army, on the 11th of May, 1780, and there confidentially communicated the important intelligence to the commander-in-chief.

Immediately on his return from his furlough, he resumed his place in our service, with the same disinterested zeal he had shown on his first arrival. He received the separate command of a body of infantry, consisting of about two thousand men, and clothed and equipped it partly at his own expense, rendering it by unwearied exertions, constant sacrifices, and wise discipline, the best corps in the army. What he did for us, while at the head of this division, is known to all, who have read the history of their country.

His forced march to Virginia, in December 1780, raising two thousand guineas at Baltimore, on his own credit, to supply the pressing wants of his troops; his rescue of Richmond, which but for his great exertions, must have fallen into the enemys hands; his long trial of generalship with Cornwallis, who foolishly boasted in an intercepted letter, that "the boy could not escape him;" and finally, the siege of Yorktown, the storming of the redoubt, and the surrender of the place, in October, 1781, are proofs of talent as a military commander, and devotion to the welfare of these States, for which he never has been repaid, and, in some respects, never can be.

He was, however, desirous to make yet greater exertions in our favour, and announced his project of revisiting France for the purpose. Congress had already repeatedly acknowledged his merits and services in formal votes. They now acknowledged them more formally than ever, by a resolution of November 23d, in which, besides all other expressions of approbation, they desire the foreign ministers of this government to confer with him, in their negotiations concerning our affairs; a mark of respect and deference, of which we know no other example.

LESSON LII.

Escape from Winter.—PERCIVAL.

O, HAD I the wings of a swallow, I'd fly
Where the roses are blossoming all the year long ;
Where the landscape is always a feast to the eye,
And the bills of the warblers are ever in song ;
O ! then I would fly from the cold and the snow,
And hie to the land of the orange and vine,
And carol the winter away in the glow,
That rolls o'er the evergreen bowers of the line.

Indeed, I should gloomily steal o'er the deep,
Like the storm-loving petrel, that skims there, alone,
I would take me a dear little martin to keep
A sociable flight to the tropical zone ;
How cheerily, wing by wing, over the sea,
We would fly from the dark clouds of winter away,
And forever our song and our twitter should be,
"To the land where the year is eternally gay."

We would nestle awhile in the jessamine bowers,
And take up our lodge in the crown of the palm,
And live, like the bee, on its fruits and its flowers,
That always are flowing with honey and balm ;
And there we would stay, till the winter is o'er,
And April is chequered with sunshine and rain—
O ! then we would fly from that far-distant shore
Over island and wave, to our country again.

How light we would skim, where the billows are rolled
Through clusters, that bend with the cane and the lime ;
And break on the beaches in surges of gold,
When morning comes forth in her loveliest prime ;
We would touch for a while, as we traversed the ocean,
At the islands that echoed to Waller and Moore,
And winnow our wings with an easier motion
Thro' the breath of the cedar, that blows from the shore.

And when we had rested our wings, and had fed
On the sweetness that comes from the juniper groves,
By the spirit of home and of infancy led,
We would hurry again to the land of our loves ;

And when from the breast of the ocean would spring,
Far off in the distance, that dear native shore,
In the joy of our hearts we would cheerily sing,
"No land is so lovely, when winter is o'er."

LESSON LIII.

The elevated character of Woman.—CARTER.

THE influence of the female character is now felt and acknowledged in all the relations of life. I speak not now of those distinguished women, who instruct their age through the publick press. Nor of those whose devout strains we take upon our lips when we worship. But of a much larger class; of those whose influence is felt in the relations of neighbour, friend, daughter, wife, mother.

Who waits at the couch of the sick to administer tender charities while life lingers, or to perform the last acts of kindness when death comes? Where shall we look for those examples of friendship, that most adorn our nature; those abiding friendships, which trust even when betrayed, and survive all changes of fortune? Where shall we find the brightest illustrations of filial piety? Have you ever seen a daughter, herself, perhaps, timid and helpless, watching the decline of an aged parent, and holding out with heroick fortitude to anticipate his wishes, to administer to his wants, and to sustain his tottering steps to the very borders of the grave?

But in no relation does woman exercise so deep an influence, both immediately and prospectively, as in that of mother. To her is committed the immortal treasure of the infant mind. Upon her devolves the care of the first stages of that course of discipline, which is to form of a being, perhaps, the most frail and helpless in the world, the fearless ruler of animated creation, and the devout adorer of its great Creator.

Her smiles call into exercise the first affections, that spring up in our hearts. She cherishes and expands the earliest germs of our intellects. She breathes over us her deepest devotions. She lifts our little hands, and teaches our little tongues to lisp in prayer. She watches over us, like a guardian angel, and protects us through all our helpless years when we know not of her cares and her anxieties on our

account. She follows us into the world of men, and lives in us and blesses us, when she lives not otherwise upon the earth.

What constitutes the centre of every home? Whither do our thoughts turn, when our feet are weary with wandering, and our hearts sick with disappointments? Where shall the truant and forgetful husband go for sympathy unalloyed and without design, but to the bosom of her, who is ever ready and waiting to share in his adversity or his prosperity. And if there be a tribunal, where the sins and the follies of a forward child may hope for pardon and forgiveness, this side heaven, that tribunal is the heart of a fond and devoted mother.

Finally, her influence is felt deeply in religion. "If christianity should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throng of busy men, we should find her last and purest retreat with woman at the fireside; her last altar would be the female heart; her last audience would be the children gathered round the knees of the mother; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God."

LESSON LIV.

Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner.—LONGFELLOW.

[The standard of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole who fell in the attack upon Savannah, during the American Revolution, was of crimson silk, embroidered by the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania.]

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowed head,
And the censer burning swung,
Where before the altar hung
That proud banner, which with prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner !—may it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,—
When the clarion's musick thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,—
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner !—and beneath
The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it—till our homes are free—
Guard it—God will prosper thee !
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner ! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him !—by our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him—he our love hath shared—
Spare him—as thou wouldst be spared !

Take thy banner !—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee !
And the warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

LESSON LV.

Description of a skirmish.—MISS FOSTER.

THE scene of action lay in a stubble field, some distance beyond the hill ; so that the smoke from the fire-arms,

concealed the horrors of the fight. But the quick and animated movements of the parties, and the rapid glancing of their arms, were visible; and though the frequent volleys of musketry involved them in obscurity, yet the clouds of smoke rose so swiftly in the pure atmosphere of the morning, that the bustling and active scene was at one instant disclosed, and the next shrouded again in darkness. The parties engaged were small, and apparently equal, in point of numbers. But the British had evidently gained the advantage, which they were vigorously pursuing; for the Americans, though obstinately defending themselves, were gradually retreating towards the forest, in their rear.

Major Courtland watched his daughter's countenance, with interest, as, after the first undecided moment, she continued earnestly to gaze upon this scene. Her kindling eye, her flushed cheek, her profound silence, and motionless attitude, evinced the intense and fervent feeling, with which the spectacle inspired her.

O'Carroll's frequent exclamation of "Bravo!" "Huzza for king George!" and "The royalists have won the day!" were seemingly unheard by her; and it was not till the ranks of the Americans, which had hitherto remained firm and unbroken, suddenly gave way, and they began to retreat in confusion, that she moved, or uttered a word. But then her colour heightened to crimson, and, clasping her hands, she exclaimed with emotion,

"Shame! Shame! They fly, and from a force no larger than their own!"

"And they seem to understand it too," said O'Carroll. "I rather suspect, from their gestures, that this is not the first time the foe has seen their backs. The officer, who is endeavouring to rally them, however, is a brave fellow. But I fear he has fought his last field; for there is no escaping Talbot's manœuvring, in such a predicament."

"Does Captain Talbot command the royalists?" asked Catherine, aroused by O'Carroll's observation.

"Yes, I met him as I was riding this morning," returned the Captain. "It seems they were informed by a deserter, who had grown weary of the hard fare and cold quarters of Valley Forge, that this foraging party was to leave the camp this morning; and Talbot and his men were lying in wait for them, behind the group of maples yonder, when I encountered him. The Americans were coming up, when I left him, and I had just time to ride home, and leave my

horse, before the first musket-shot gave the signal that the engagement had commenced. But, upon my faith, the rebels have nearly gained the forest; all except that foolish officer, who will lose his life by seeking to rally the cowards."

While O'Carroll spoke, scarcely heeded either by Catherine or her father, the Americans continued to retreat in great disorder, unmindful of the threatenings or persuasions of their commanding officer, who used every exertion in his power to induce them to renew the contest. But it was all in vain; they seemed completely panick struck, and eager only to escape the pursuit of their conquerours, when suddenly their flight was arrested.

A single horseman, wearing the uniform of the continental army, sprang from behind a small copse of trees, and leaping the slight barrier of rails, which enclosed the field of action, waved his sword with an air of defiance, and called aloud upon the flying troops to rally, and act like men. The tones of his commanding voice were heard distinctly on the hill, where the party of observation were stationed, and they seemed like magick to arrest the course of the defeated soldiers; for they instantly stood still, and the officer placing himself at their head, they collected, and with inconceivable rapidity formed a compact body, presenting a firm and dauntless front.

This sudden movement produced a visible sensation in the enemy. They slackened their fire, and retreating a few steps, drew up again in order of battle. The attack recommenced with new fury; the British fighting as if resolved to win a second victory, and the Americans as if determined to atone for the shame of their premature flight.

"Confound those rebels!" exclaimed O'Carroll, who, with his companions, had anxiously watched the progress of this unexpected revolution; "they have always some *corps de reserve*, some slashing hero, or cunning stratagem, to turn the fortune of fight. We had fairly won the field, when that tall fellow came, Heaven only knows from whence, to pluck back our laurels, and bind them on his own rebel brows."

"Do not begin your lamentation too soon, O'Carroll," said the Major. "Our laurels, perhaps, may bloom the brighter for this fresh attack; if we beat them from the field again, it is a double victory, you know."

"If"—repeated O'Carroll. "There is a great deal depending on the little word *if*, Major. *If* this knight-errant had not leaped into the field, his rebel followers would before

now have leaped out of it; and *if* the next musket-ball knocks him from his horse, the victory may be ours; but *if* not, Major"——

"Have done with your *ifs*, O'Carroll," interrupted the Major hastily. "This champion has put real courage into his soldiers, and in spite of Talbot and all his men, they will beat us hollow."

"Our fellows are giving way," exclaimed O'Carroll. "By St. Patrick, they might have held out longer. Were it not for the cursed treaty, that so fetters our valour, Major, we might leap to the rescue, with as valiant an air as this same doughty hero, who has so steeled the courage of his own villains, and melted that of ours. How the fellow bears himself! As haughtily as if he had conquered a host, and were about to dictate another treaty of surrender!"

"The treaty of surrender again!" exclaimed the Major, impatiently. "You round off every sentence, O'Carroll, with this detestable treaty; and begin with what you will, the Great Mogul, the Pope of Rome, the usurpation of the round headed Cromwell, or any thing else equally foreign to the subject, you are sure to rack your ingenuity, in order to name this treaty of Saratoga, the remembrance of which seems to afford you the most exquisite pleasure."

"Have patience, Major," said O'Carroll, his whole attention directed to the movements of the combatants; "and look, look quick, by St. George, Talbot is down, and his soldiers are flying!"

Major Courtland's attention was instantly directed to the scene of action, and he saw at once, that the issue of the contest was decided. The second assault of the Americans had been far more furious and determined than the first. Animated by the presence of a leader, whom they idolized, and solicitous to retrieve their tarnished honour, they fought with intrepid boldness, till the enemy, discouraged by this fierce attack, began to falter, and at length gave way. It is possible they might have recovered themselves, had not the fall of Captain Talbot served to complete their confusion; when they instantly took to flight, leaving a number dead on the field, and several, beside their Captain, desperately wounded.

LESSON LVI.

Liberty to Athens.—PERCIVAL.

THE flag of freedom floats once more
Around the lofty Parthenon ;
It waves, as waved the palm of yore,
In days departed long and gone ;
As bright a glory, from the skies,
Pours down its light around those towers,
And once again the Greeks arise,
As in their country's noblest hours ;
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
Minerva's sacred hill is free—
O ! may she keep her equal laws,
While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down ;
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had reft
The laurel from her civick crown ;
Her helm by many a sword was cleft :
She lay among her ruins low—
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,
And crushed and bruised by many a blow,
She cowered beneath her savage foes ;
But now again she springs from earth,
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks ;
She rises in a brighter birth,
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classick jubilee—
Their servile years have rolled away ;
The clouds that hovered o'er them flee,
They hail the dawn of freedom's day ;
From Heaven the golden light descends,
The times of old are on the wing,
And glory there her pinion bends,
And beauty wakes a fairer spring ;
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
Are all in triumph's pomp arrayed ;
A light that points their tyrants' graves,
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade,

The Parthenon, the sacred shrine,
Where wisdom held her pure abode :
The hill of Mars, where light divine
Proclaimed the true, but unknown God ;
Where justice held unyielding sway,
And trampled all corruption down,
And onward took her lofty way,
To reach at truth's unfading crown :
The rock, where liberty was full,
Where eloquence her torrents rolled,
And loud, against the despot's rule,
A knell the patriot's fury tolled.

The stage, whereon the drama spake,
In tones, that seemed the words of Heaven,
Which made the wretch in terror shake,
As by avenging furies driven :
The groves and gardens, where the fire
Of wisdom, as a fountain, burned,
And every eye, that dared aspire
To truth, has long in worship turned :
The halls and porticoes, where trod
The moral sage, severe, unstained,
And where the intellectual God
In all the light of science reigned.

The schools, where rose in symmetry
The simple, but majestick pile,
Where marble threw its roughness by,
To glow, to frown, to weep, to smile,
Where colours made the canvass live,
Where musick rolled her flood along,
And all the charms, that art can give,
Were blent with beauty, love, and song :
The port, from whose capacious womb
Her navies took their conquering road,
The heralds of an awful doom
To all, who would not kiss her rod.

On these a dawn of glory springs,
These trophies of her brightest fame ;
Away the long chained city flings
Her weeds, her shackles, and her shame ;

Again her ancient souls awake,
 Harmodius bares anew his sword ;
 Her sons in wrath their fetters break,
 And freedom is their only lord.

LESSON LVII.

The Flight and Death of Rodolph.—PINKNEY.

WHILE Hope attends her sacred fire,
 All joy rejoices in its pyre ;
 Once quenched, what ray the flame renews ?
 What but calamity ensues ?
 When ill report disgraced his name,
 And turned to infamy his fame,
 Bearing from home his blighted prime,
 He journeyed to some distant clime,
 Where babbling rumour could not trace
 His footsteps to a resting place.

Mean while, the quest of happiness
 He made, despairing of success ;
 Unhoped, but not pursued the less,
 It urged around the world its flight
 Away from him, like day from night.
 There are, who deem of misery
 As if it ever craved to die :
 They err ; the full of soul regard,
 More than the calm, their graves with hate ;
 The loss of such a life is hard,
 And, ending their eventful fate,
 From so much into nothing must
 The change be pain—from *this* to dust !—
 To fill the chasms of the breast,
 'Tis happiness they seek, not rest ;
 Wishing for something to amend
 Existence, they must shun its end ;
 And this the princely will betrays
 To many sufferings and days,

* * * * *

How feels the guiltless dreamer, who,
With idly curious gaze,
Has let his mind's glance wander through
The relicks of past days ?—
As feels the pilgrim that has scanned,
Within their skirting wall,
The moon-lit marbles of some grand
Disburied capital ;
Masses of whiteness and of gloom,
The darkly bright remains
Of desolate palace, empty tomb,
And desecrated fanes :—
For in the ruins of old hours,
Remembrance haply sees
Temples, and tombs, and palaces,
Not different from these.

But such mere musings could not now
Move Rodolph's lip, or curl his brow :
His countenance had lost its free
And former fine transparency,
Nor would, as once, his spirit pass
Its fleshly mask, like light through glass.
In his sad aspect seemed to be
Troubled reflections of a life,
Nourished by passion, spent in strife—
Gleams, as of drowned antiquity,
From cities underneath the sea,
Which glooms in famous Galilee.

In the calm scene he viewed was aught,
That might disturb a froward thought ?
He saw, new married to the air,
The tranquil, waveless deep,
Reposing in a night as fair
As woman's softest sleep :
Peaceful and silent, were met all
The elements in festival,
And the wide universe seemed to be
One clear obscure transparency.

Could such a quiet Fancy wake ?
And doth she from her slumbers break,

As drowsy mortals often will,
When lamps go out, or clocks fall still ?
No less than when the Wind-God's breath
Blackens the wilderness beneath,
Until contrasted stars blaze bright
With their own proper heavenly light,
And almost make the gazer sigh,
For our unseen mythology.
Motion or rest, a sound, a glance,
Alike rouse memory from its trance.

Perhaps, presentiment of ill
Might shake him—hearts are prophets still.
What though the fount of Castaly
Not now stains leaves with prophecy ?—
What though are of another age
Omens, and Sibyl's boding page ?—
Augurs and oracles resign
Their voices—fear can still divine :
Dreams and hand writings on the wall
Need not foretell our fortune's fall ;
Domitian in his galleries,
The soul all hostile advents sees,
As in the mirror stone ;
Like shadows by a brilliant day
Cast down from falcons on their prey ;
Or watery demons, in strong light,
By haunted waves of fountains old,
Shown indistinctly to the sight
Of the inquisitive and bold.
The mind is capable to show
Thoughts of so dim a feature,
That consciousness can only know
Their presence, not their nature ;
Things, which, like fleeting insect mothers,
Supply recording life to others,
And forthwith lose their own.

He backed his steed, and took his way
Where a large cemetery lay,
Beaming beneath the star-light gay,
A white spot in the greenery,
Semblant of what it well might be—

A blossom unto which the earth,
As a spring favour, yielded birth.
They looked for his return in vain ;
Homeward he never rode again.

What boots it to protract the verse,
In which his story I rehearse ?—
He had won safely through the past,
The growing sickness smote at last :
His vassals found him on the morn,
Senseless beside his lady's urn ;
And they beheld with wonderment
His visage—like a bow unbent,
From the distorting mind unstrung,
By painful thought no longer wrung,
It offered once more to their gaze
The cheerful mien of former days,
And on it the fixt smile had place,
Which lights the Memnon's marble face.

LESSON LVIII.

*Siege of Yorktown and surrender of Lord Cornwallis,
1781.—RAMSAY.*

IN the latter end of August, the American army began their march to Virginia, from the neighbourhood of New York. Washington had advanced as far as Chester, before he received the news of the arrival of the fleet commanded by M. de Grasse. The French troops marched at the same time, and for the same place. General Washington and Count Rochambeau, with Generals Chastelleux, du Portail, and Knox, proceeded to visit Count de Grasse, on board his ship, the *Ville de Paris*, and agreed on a plan of operations.

The Count afterwards wrote to Washington, that in case a British fleet appeared, "he conceived that he ought to go out and meet them at sea, instead of risking an engagement in a confined situation." This alarmed the General. He sent the Marquis de la Fayette, with a letter to dissuade him from the dangerous measure. This letter, and the persuasions of the Marquis, had the desired effect.

The combined forces proceeded on their way to Yorktown, partly by land, and partly down the Chesapeake. The whole, together with a body of Virginia militia, under the command of General Nelson, rendezvoused at Williamsburg, on the 25th of September, and in five days after, moved down to the investiture of Yorktown. The French fleet, at the same time, moved to the mouth of York river, and took a position, which was calculated to prevent Lord Cornwallis either from retreating, or receiving succour by water. Previously to the march from Williamsburg to Yorktown, Washington gave out in general orders as follows. "If the enemy should be tempted to meet the army on its march, the General particularly enjoins the troops, to place their principal reliance on the bayonet, that they may prove the vanity of the boast, which the British make of their particular prowess, in deciding battles with that weapon."

The works erected for the security of Yorktown on the right, were redoubts and batteries, with a line of stockade in the rear. A marshy ravine lay in front of the right, over which was placed a large redoubt. The morass extended along the centre, which was defended by a line of stockade, and by batteries. On the left of the centre was a hornwork, with a ditch, a row of fraize, and an abbatis. Two redoubts were advanced before the left. The combined forces advanced, and took possession of the ground, from which the British had retired.

About this time the legion cavalry and mounted infantry passed over the river to Gloucester. General de Choisy invested the British post on that side so fully, as to cut off all communication between it and the country. In the mean time, the royal army was straining every nerve to strengthen their works, and their artillery was constantly employed in impeding the operations of the combined army. On the 9th and 10th of October, the Americans and French opened their batteries. They kept up a brisk and well directed fire from heavy cannon, from mortars, and howitzers. The shells of the besiegers, reached the ships in the harbour; the Charon, of forty-four guns, and a transport ship, were burned.

The besiegers commenced their second parallel two hundred yards from the works of the besieged. Two redoubts, which were advanced on the left of the British, greatly impeded the progress of the combined armies. It was, therefore, proposed, to carry them by storm. To excite a spirit of emulation, the reduction of the one was committed to the

French, of the other to the Americans. The assailants marched to the assault with unloaded arms; having passed the abbatis and palisades, they attacked on all sides, and carried the redoubt in a few minutes, with the loss of eight men killed, and twenty-eight wounded.

The French were equally successful on their part. They carried the redoubt assigned to them, with rapidity, but lost a considerable number of men. These two redoubts were included in the second parallel, and facilitated the subsequent operations of the besiegers.

By this time, the batteries of the besiegers, were covered with nearly a hundred pieces of heavy ordnance, and the works of the besieged were so damaged, that they could scarcely show a single gun. Lord Cornwallis had now no hope left, but from offering terms of capitulation, or attempting an escape. He determined on the latter.

This, though less practicable than when first proposed, was not altogether hopeless. Boats were prepared to receive the troops in the night, and to transport them to Gloucester point. After one whole embarkation had crossed, a violent storm of wind and rain dispersed the boats, and frustrated the whole scheme. The royal army, thus weakened by division, was exposed to increased danger. Orders were sent to those who had passed, to recross the river to Yorktown.

With the failure of this scheme, the last hope of the British army expired. Longer resistance could answer no good purpose, and might occasion the loss of many valuable lives. Lord Cornwallis, therefore, wrote a letter to General Washington, requesting a cessation of arms for twenty-four hours; and that commissioners might be appointed to digest terms of capitulation.

This was agreed to, and in consequence thereof, the posts of York and Gloucester, were surrendered on certain stipulations; the principal of which were as follows. "The troops to be prisoners of war to Congress, and the naval force to France; the officers to retain their side arms, and private property of every kind, but every thing obviously belonging to the inhabitants of the United States, to be subject to be reclaimed; the soldiers to be kept in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and to be supplied with the same rations as are allowed to soldiers in the service of Congress: a proportion of the officers to march into the country with the prisoners, the rest to be allowed to proceed on parole to Eu-

rope, to New York, or to any other American maritime post in possession of the British."

The honour of marching out, with colours flying, which had been refused to General Lincoln, on his giving up Charleston, was now refused to Earl Cornwallis; and General Lincoln was appointed to receive the submission of the royal army at Yorktown, precisely in the same way his own had been conducted, about eighteen months before.

The regular troops of America and France, employed in this siege, consisted of about five thousand five hundred, of the former, and seven thousand of the latter, and they were assisted by about four thousand militia. On the part of the combined army, about three hundred were killed or wounded. On the part of the British, about five hundred, and seventy were taken in the redoubts, which were carried by assault, on the 14th of October. The troops of every kind, that surrendered prisoners of war, exceeded seven thousand men; but so great was the number of sick and wounded, that there were only three thousand eight hundred, capable of bearing arms.

Congress honoured General Washington, Count de Rochambeau, Count de Grasse, and the officers of the different corps, and the men under them, with thanks for their services in the reduction of Lord Cornwallis. The whole project was conceived with profound wisdom, and the incidents of it had been combined with singular propriety. It is not therefore wonderful, that from the remarkable coincidence in all its parts, it was crowned with unvaried success.

General Washington, on the day after the surrender, ordered, "that those who were under arrest, should be pardoned and set at liberty." His orders closed as follows. "Divine service shall be performed tomorrow in the different brigades and divisions. The commander-in-chief recommends that all the troops, that are not upon duty, do assist at it with a serious deportment, and that sensibility of heart, which the recollection of the surprizing and particular interposition of Providence in our favour, claims." The interesting event of captivating a second royal army, produced strong emotions, which broke out in all the variety of ways, in which the most rapturous joy usually displays itself.

LESSON LIX.

The New Year.—SALMAGUNDI.

IN this season of festivity, when the gate of time swings open on its hinges, and an honest, rosy-faced New-Year, comes waddling in, like a jolly fat-sided alderman, loaded with good wishes, good humour, and minced pies ;—at this joyous era, it has been the custom, from time immemorial, in this ancient and respectable city,* for periodical writers, from reverend, grave, and potent essayists like ourselves ! down to the humble, but industrious editors of magazines, reviews, and newspapers, to tender their subscribers the compliments of the season ; and when they have slyly thawed their hearts with a little of the sunshine of flattery, to conclude by delicately dunning them for their arrears of subscription money.

In like manner the carriers of newspapers, who undoubtedly belong to the ancient and honourable order of *literati*, do regularly at the commencement of the year, salute their patrons with abundance of excellent advice, conveyed in exceeding good poetry, for which the aforesaid good natured patrons are well pleased to pay them exactly twenty-five cents.

In walking the streets, I am every day saluted with good wishes from old grey-headed negroes, whom I never recollect to have seen before ; and, it was but a few days ago, that I was called out to receive the compliments of an ugly old woman, who, last spring, was employed by Mrs. Cockloft to white-wash my room and put things in order ; a phrase, which, if rightly understood, means little else than huddling every thing into holes and corners, so that if I want to find any particular article, it is, in the language of an humble but expressive saying,—“looking for a needle in a haystack.” Not recognizing my visitor, I demanded by what authority she wished me a “Happy New-Year ?” Her claim was one of the weakest she could have urged, for I have an innate and mortal antipathy to this custom of putting things to rights ;—so giving the old witch a pistareen, I desired her forthwith to mount her broomstick and ride off as fast as possible.

Of all the various ranks of society, the bakers alone, to their immortal honour be it recorded, depart from this practice of making a market of congratulations ; and, in addition

* New York.

to always allowing thirteen to the dozen, do with great liberality, instead of drawing on the purses of their customers at the New-Year, present them with divers large, fair, spiced cakes; which, like the shield of Achilles, or an Egyptian obelisk, are adorned with figures of a variety of strange animals, that, in their conformation, out-marvel all the wild wonders of nature.

This honest grey-beard custom of setting apart a certain portion of this good-for-nothing existence, for purposes of cordiality, social merriment, and good cheer, is one of the inestimable relicks, handed down to us from our worthy Dutch ancestors. In perusing one of the manuscripts from my worthy grandfather's mahogany chest of drawers, I find the new year was celebrated with great festivity during that golden age of our city, when the reins of government were held by the renowned Rip Van Dam, who always did honour to the season by seeing out the old year; a ceremony, which consisted in plying his guests with bumpers, until not one of them was capable of seeing.

"Truly," observes my grandfather, who was generally of these parties—"Truly, he was a most stately and magnificent burgomaster! inasmuch, as he did right lustily carouse it with his friends about new-year; roasting huge quantities of turkies; baking innumerable minced pies; and smacking the lips of all fair ladies the which he did meet, with such sturdy emphasis, that the same might have been heard the distance of a stone's throw."

In his days, according to my grandfather, were first invented those notable cakes, hight new-year-cookies, which originally were impressed, on one side, with the honest burly countenance of the illustrious Rip; and, on the other, with that of the noted St. Nicholas, vulgarly called Santaclaus;—of all the saints in the calendar, the most venerated by true Hollanders, and their unsophisticated descendants. These cakes, are to this time, given on the first of January, to all visitors, together with a glass of cherry-bounce, or raspberry-brandy. It is, with great regret, however, I observe that the simplicity of this venerable usage has been much violated by modern pretenders to style! and our respectable new-year-cookies, and cherry-bounce, elbowed aside by plumb cake and outlandish *liqueurs*, in the same way that our worthy old Dutch families are out-dazzled by modern upstarts, and mushroom coöckneys.

In addition to this divine origin of new-year festivity, there

is something exquisitely grateful, to a good natured mind, in seeing every face dressed in smiles ;—in hearing the oft repeated salutations that flow spontaneously from the heart to the lips ;—in beholding the poor, for once, enjoying the smiles of plenty, and forgetting the cares which press hard upon them, in the jovial revelry of the feelings ;—the young children decked out in their Sunday clothes, and freed from their only cares, the cares of the school, tripping through the streets on errands of pleasure ;—and even the very negroes, those holiday-loving rogues, gorgeously arrayed in cast-off finery, collected in juntoes at corners, displaying their white teeth, and making the welkin ring with bursts of laughter,—loud enough to crack even the icy cheek of old winter.

There is something so pleasant in all this, that I confess, it would give me real pain, to behold the frigid influence of modern style cheating us of this jubilee of the heart ; and, converting it, as it does every other article, of social intercourse, into an idle and unmeaning ceremony. It is the annual festival of good humour ;—it comes in the dead of winter, when nature is without a charm, when our pleasures are contracted to the fire-side, and where every thing that unlocks the icy fetters of the heart, and sets the genial current flowing, should be cherished, as a stray lamb, found in the wilderness ; or a flower blooming among thorns and briers.

LESSON LX.

Indian Warfare.—WEBBER.

WHERE the wild Indian prowled on Erie's shore
Or heard Niagara's falling waters roar ;
Where Mississippi rolls his mighty tide,
Father of waters, in majestick pride,
How often have the forest echoes rung
To the wild warhoop from the warriour's tongue.
In night's still, lonely hour, when sleep had spread
Her poppi'd mantle o'er the white man's head,
Around his cabin burst their horrid cries,
And chased the slumbers of his weary eyes.

Bright o'er his little home, to flames consigned,
Rolled the fierce blaze upon the midnight wind ;

His infant from his cradle-sleep awoke
To feel the tomahawk's descending stroke ;
His wife sunk bleeding at her husband's side ;
The aged grandsire on his hearthstone died ;
The sad survivor, forced awhile to bear
The load of life, the anguish of despair,
The utter hopelessness, whose dreadful gloom
Disparted only at the burning tomb ;
Was led away to prove their savage skill,
With writhing nature's utmost pangs to kill,
To make the victim feel, in life's last hour,
O'er the frail flesh pain's agonizing power,
Extremest torture's racking force to try,
And feel in dying, what it is to die.

Spirit of Mercy ! whose far wandering voice
Has bid the ocean's farthest isles rejoice,
And sent thy heralds o'er the rolling waves,
Amidst Idolatry's benighted slaves
To preach that gospel, in whose holy strain
Peace, Love, and Charity forever reign ;
Oh ! can it be, that deeds like these have found
A voice of sanction upon christian ground !
That where the Sun of Mercy's beams have glowed,
And limpid streams of christian knowledge flowed,
War's hateful use should so corrupt the heart,
Destroy the feelings, man's more noble part,
That he should wish against his fellow men
To rouse the savage from his gloomy den !

Oh, Britain ! throned amidst the rolling sea,
Whose proudest boast is that thy sons are free,
That on thy shore each wandering wretch may find,
Safe from the tumults that convulse mankind,
A place of rest ; that Justice rules thy land,
And Truth and Mercy at her footstool stand ;
Oh ! thou hast heard within thy princely halls,
Within thy senate's consecrated walls,
The impious voice, that on the western world
The fiery brands of Indian vengeance hurled.

Then thy stern statesmen reared oppression's mace,
To crush with war's strong hand their kindred race :

Roused the red warriors from their woodland glades,
From the dark forest's deep and tangled shades,
With every horror savage war could bring,
Fell as the crouching cougar's fatal spring,
To rush upon the homes where brethren dwelt,
Where christians to their God in worship knelt,
To kill and burn, to plunder and destroy,
And leave in ruins what they found in joy.

Men too, were found, who boldly dared to plead,
In day's broad light, in sanction of the deed ;
With impious breath, to use their Maker's name,
And call on God to justify their shame.
Vainly opposed, the tongue of Chatham spoke,
And from his lips indignant thunders broke ;
'Twas done. O, Britain ! on thy name a blot
That day was cast, a dark and dreadful spot,
And rolling ages shall essay in vain
To bleach thy glory from the crimson stain.

Yet not with anger does our memory dwell,
Upon thy fault, nor do we joy to tell ;
We too, have sinned, and conscious of our shame,
Dare not the guilt as thine alone to blame ;
But sorrowing for ourselves, and in our breast
Bearing thy many nobler deeds imprest,
Fain would we treat it as "the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in."

LESSON LXI.

Stage Coach adventure of Mr. Geoffrey Crayon in England.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

IT was late in the month of December, that I was making a tour in Yorkshire, in the course of which, I rode for a long distance in one of the publick coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, from their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded, also, with hampers and game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies ; and hares hung

dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends, for the impending feast.

I had three fine rosy cheeked school boys, for my fellow passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit, which I have observed in the children in this country. They were returning home for the holidays, in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantick plans of pleasure of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform, during their six week's emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue.

They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog, and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents, with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience, was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take—there was not a hedge in the whole country, that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the whole world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary din of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little of one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the button-hole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so, during this season, having so many commissions to execute, in consequence of the great interchange of presents.

And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untravelled readers, to have a sketch, that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, for they have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity, so that, wherever an English stage coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding, into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions

by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats ; in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad brimmed, low crowned hat, a huge roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom, and in summer time, has a large bouquet of flowers in his button-hole, the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright colour, striped, and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots, which reach about half way up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision ; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials, and notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible, that neatness and propriety of person, which is almost inherent in an Englishman. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler ; his duty being merely to drive them from one stage to another.

When off the box, his hands are thrust in the pockets of his great coat, and he rolls about the inn yard, with an air of the most absolute lordliness. He is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoe-blacks, and those nameless hangers-on, that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs, for the privilege of battenning on the dripping of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap room. These all look up to him as an oracle ; treasure up his cant phrases ; echo his opinions about horses and other topicks of jockey lore ; and above all, endeavour to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin, that has a coat to his back, thrusts his hands into the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

I do not know whether it was owing to the pleasing serenity, that reigned in my own mind, but I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage coach, however, always carries animation with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends ; some with bundles and bandboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment, can hardly take leave of the group, that accompanies them.

In the mean time, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute ; sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant ;

sometimes jerks a small parcel, or newspaper, to the door of a publick house, and sometimes with a knowing leer, and words of sly import, hands to some half blushing, half laughing housemaid, an odd shaped billet-doux, from some rustick admirer. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side, of fresh country faces, and blooming, giggling girls.

At the corners, are assembled juntoes of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there, for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to which, the passing of the coach, is an event, fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses to look at the passing sight; the cyclops, round the anvil, suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown paper cap, labouring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatick engine to heave a long drawn sigh; while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

I was suddenly roused from a fit of luxurious meditation, by a shout from my little travelling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles; recognizing every tree and cottage, as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy. "There's John! and there's Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the head of a lane, there was an old sober looking servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shagged mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the road side, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness, with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty, that John arranged they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Away they set off at last, one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands, both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling, in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy most predominated; for I

was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few minutes afterwards to water the horses ; and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

LESSON LXII.

Character of Washington.—U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.

WE cannot help feeling, strange as it may seem to many, and false as it may seem to some, that Washington is not fairly and rightly appreciated by his countrymen. There is a sort of fashion of thinking him *negatively* rather than *positively* great. No one denies his reliance upon justice and right, his courage, or his faith, in the ultimate prevalence of a good cause ; for he jeopardized fortune, life, and reputation, in a conflict between rebellion, weak, poor, and almost resourceless, and sovereignty, powerful, armed, and resolute.

None doubt his integrity ; for all temptation man can meet, was offered him, during the war, by the enemy, and at its close, by every feeling of ambition and self-love in his own heart, and he was moved by them—less than the summer breeze may move an oak.

But his intellect was as extraordinary as his moral nature ; its essential quality was pure wisdom, profound, unerring, almost superhuman ; and because there was in his mind no effort, no turbulence, nothing but the quiet of unfading and shadowless light ; because he formed his conclusions and went to his results almost intuitively, and needed no collision with other minds, to strike out the light of his own, his wondrous endowments were hardly known ; and there are, who think him a cold and prudent man, gifted with excellent temper, and excellent sense, but withal, possessed of no very remarkable genius.

Now, we speak not of gratitude due to him ; of the policy of rewarding such services with high fame ; but we advise all, who dare to look up and measure an intellect, which led the

destinies of this land, and was the instrument chosen by God to work a nation's deliverance—we do request them to learn to measure it aright ; to estimate its power by its achievement ; and to remember that in those disastrous days, when men best learn each other's nature, the best and bravest in the land bowed down before him, and felt that it was given to him to rule, and to them to obey.

LESSON LXIII.

The Vision of Liberty.—WARE.

THE evening heavens were calm and bright ;
No dimness rested on the glittering light,
That sparkled from that wilderness of worlds on high.
Those distant suns burn'd on with quiet ray ;
The placid planets held their modest way ;
And silence reign'd profound o'er earth, and sea, and sky.

Oh what an hour for lofty thought !
My spirit burn'd within ; I caught
A holy inspiration from the hour.
Around me man and nature slept ;
Alone my solemn watch I kept,
Till morning dawn'd, and sleep resumed her power.

A vision passed upon my soul.
I still was gazing up to heaven,
As in the early hours of even ;
I still beheld the planets roll,
And all those countless sons of light
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the moonless night.

When, lo, upon the plain,
Just where it skirts the swelling main,
A massive castle, far and high,
In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.
Proud in its strength and years, the pondrous pile
Flung up its time defying towers ;
Its lofty gates seem'd scornfully to smile
At vain assault of human powers,
And threats and arms deride.

Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride
In giant masses graced the walls above,
And dungeons yawn'd below.
Yet ivy there and moss their garlands wove,
Grave silent chroniclers of Time's protracted flow.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze,
See, within, a sudden blaze !
So small at first, the zephyr's slightest swell,
That scarcely stirs the pine tree top,
Nor makes the wither'd leaf to drop,
The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.

But soon it spread—
Waving, rushing, fierce, and red,
From wall to wall, from tower to tower,
Raging with resistless power ;
Till every fervent pillar glow'd,
And every stone seem'd burning coal,
Instinct with living heat, that flow'd
Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.

Beautiful, fearful, grand,
Silent as death, I saw the fabrick stand.
At length a crackling sound began ;
From side to side, throughout the pile it ran ;
And louder yet, and louder grew,
Till now in rattling thunder peals it grew,
Huge shiver'd fragments from the pillars broke,
Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke.
The shatter'd walls were rent and riven,
And peacemeal driven
Like blazing comets through the troubled sky.
'Tis done ; what centuries had rear'd,
In quick explosion disappear'd,
Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.

But in their place,—
Bright with more than human grace,
Rob'd in more than mortal seeming,
Radiant glory in her face,
And eyes with heaven's own brightness beaming ;
Rose a fair majestic form,
As the mild rainbow from the storm.

I mark'd her smile, I knew her eye ;
And when, with gesture of command,
She waved aloft the cap-crown'd wand,
My slumbers fled mid shouts of ' LIBERTY !'

Read ye the dream ? and know ye not
How truly it unlock'd the word of fate ?

Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,
And spreads it not, and burns in every state ?
And when their old and cumbrous walls,
Fill'd with this spirit, glow intense,
Vainly they rear their impotent defence—
The fabrick falls !

That fervent energy must spread,
'Till despotism's towers be overthrown ;
And in their stead,
Liberty stands alone !

Hasten the day, just Heaven !
Accomplish thy design ;
And let the blessings thou hast freely given,
Freely on all men shine ;
'Till equal rights be equally enjoy'd,
And human power for human good employ'd ;
'Till law, not man, the sovereign rule sustain,
And peace and virtue undisputed reign.

LESSON LXIV.

Conduct of General Lafayette, in the early part of the French Revolution.—TICKNOR.

LAFAYETTE was, also, a prominent member of the States-General, which met in 1789, and assumed the name of the National Assembly. He proposed in this body, a declaration of rights, not unlike our own, and it was under his influence, and while he was, for this very purpose, in the chair, that a decree was passed on the night of the 13th and 14th of July, at the moment the Bastille was falling before the cannon of the populace, which provided for the responsibility of ministers, and thus furnished one of the most important elements

of a representative monarchy. Two days afterwards, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the national guards of Paris, and thus was placed at the head of what was intended to be made, when it should be carried into all the departments, the effective military power of the realm, and what, under his wise management, soon become such.

His great military command, and his still greater personal influence, now brought him constantly in contact with the court and the throne. His position, therefore, was extremely delicate and difficult, especially as the popular party in Paris, of which he was not so much the head, as the idol, was already in a state of perilous excitement, and atrocious violences were beginning to be committed. The abhorrence of the queen, was almost universal, and was excessive to a degree, of which we can now have no just idea.

The circumstance that the court lived at Versailles, sixteen miles from Paris, and that the session of the national assembly was held there, was another source of jealousy, irritation, and hatred, on the part of the capital. The people of Paris, therefore, as a sign of opposition, had mounted their municipal cockade, of blue and red, whose effects were already becoming alarming. Lafayette, who was anxious about the consequences of such a marked division, and who knew how important are small means of conciliation, added to it, on the 26th of July, the white of the royal cockade, and as he placed it in his own hat, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, prophesied, that it "would go round the world;" a prediction, which is already more than half accomplished, since the tricoloured cockade has been used for the ensign of emancipation in Spain, in Naples, in some parts of South America, and in Greece.

Still, however, the tendency of every thing was to confusion and violence. The troubles of the times, too, rather than a positive want of the means of subsistence, had brought on a famine in the capital; and the populace of the Fauxbourgs, the most degraded certainly in France, having assembled and armed themselves, determined to go to Versailles; the greater part, with a blind desire for vengeance on the royal family, but others, only with the purpose of bringing the king from Versailles, and forcing him to reside in the more ancient but scarcely habitable palace of the Thuilleries, in the midst of Paris.

The national guards, clamoured to accompany this savage multitude; Lafayette opposed their inclination; the munici-

pality of Paris, hesitated, but supported it; he resisted nearly the whole of the 5th of October, while the road to Versailles was already thronged, with an exasperated mob, of above an hundred thousand ferocious men and women, until, at last, finding the multitude were armed, and even had cannon, he asked, and received an order to march, from the competent authority, and set off at four o'clock in the afternoon, as one going to a post of imminent danger, which it had clearly become his duty to occupy.

He arrived at Versailles at ten o'clock at night, after having been on horseback from before daylight in the morning, and having made, during the whole interval, both at Paris and on the road, incredible exertions to control the multitude, and calm the soldiers. "The Marquis de Lafayette at last entered the Château," says Madame de Staël, "and passing through the apartment where we were, went to the king. We all pressed round him, as if he were the master of events, and yet the popular party was already more powerful than its chief, and principles were yielding to factions, or rather were beginning to serve only as their pretext."

"M. de Lafayette's manner was perfectly calm; nobody ever saw it otherwise; but his delicacy suffered from the importance of the part he was called to act. He asked for the interior posts of the château, in order that he might ensure their safety. Only the outer posts were granted to him." This refusal was not disrespectful to him, who made the request. It was given, simply because the etiquette of the court reserved the guard of the royal person, and family, to another body of men. Lafayette, therefore, answered for the national guards, and for the posts committed to them; but he could answer for no more;* and his pledge was faithfully and desperately redeemed.

Between two and three o'clock, the queen and the royal family went to bed. Lafayette, too, slept after the great fatigues of this fearful day. At half past four, a portion of the populace, made their way into the palace by an obscure, interior passage, which had been overlooked, and which was not in that part of the chateau intrusted to Lafayette. They were evidently led by persons, who well knew the secret avenues.

* So completely were all persons unsuspecting of any immediate danger, that the guards of the interior posts were nowhere increased; and not the slightest change was made in the customary arrangements, except what was made at the solicitation of Lafayette.

Mirabeau's name was afterwards strangely compromised in it, and the form of the infamous Duke of Orleans, was repeatedly recognized on the great staircase, pointing the assassins the way to the queen's chamber. They easily found it. Two of her guards were cut down in an instant; and she made her escape almost naked. Lafayette immediately rushed in with the national troops, protected the guards from the brutal populace, and saved the lives of the royal family, which had so nearly been sacrificed to the etiquette of the monarchy.

The day dawned, as this fearful scene of guilt and bloodshed was passing in the magnificent palace, whose construction had exhausted the revenues of Louis XIV, and which, for a century, had been the most splendid residence in Europe. As soon as it was light, the same furious multitude filled the vast space, which, from the rich materials, of which it is formed, passes under the name of the court of marble. They called upon the king, in tones not to be mistaken, to go to Paris; and they called for the queen, who had but just escaped from their daggers, to come out upon the balcony.

The king, after a short consultation with his ministers, announced his intention to set out for the capital; but Lafayette was afraid to trust the queen, in the midst of the bloodthirsty multitude. He went to her, therefore, with respectful hesitation, and asked her, if it were her purpose to accompany the king to Paris. "Yes," she replied, "although I am aware of the danger." "Are you positively determined?" "Yes, sir." "Condescend, then, to go out upon the balcony, and suffer me to attend you." "Without the king?"—she replied, hesitating—"have you observed the threats?" "Yes, madam, I have; but dare to trust me."

He led her out upon the balcony. It was a moment of great responsibility, and great delicacy; but nothing, he felt assured, could be so dangerous as to permit her to set out for Paris, surrounded by that multitude, unless its feelings could be changed. The agitation, the tumult, the cries of the crowd, rendered it impossible that his voice should be heard. It was necessary, therefore, to address himself to the eye, and turning towards the queen, with that admirable presence of mind, which never yet forsook him; and with that mingled grace and dignity, which were the peculiar inheritance of the ancient court of France, he simply kissed her hand, before the vast multitude.

An instant of silent astonishment followed, but the whole was immediately interpreted, and the air was rent with cries of "long live the queen!" "long live the general!" from the same fickle and cruel populace, that only two hours before, had imbrued their hands in the blood of the guards, who defended the life of this same queen.

LESSON LXV.

The Pioneer.—COOPER.

THE place, at which Mr. Effingham and his wife arrived, was the little spot of level ground where the cabin of Leatherstocking had so long stood. They found it entirely cleared of rubbish, and beautifully laid down in turf, by the removal of sods, which, in common with the surrounding country, had grown gay, under the influence of profuse showers, as if a second spring had passed over the land.

This little place was surrounded by a circle of mason-work, and they entered by a small gate, near which, to the surprise of both, the rifle of Leatherstocking was leaning against the wall. His dogs reposed on the grass by its side, as if conscious that, however altered, they were lying on ground, and were surrounded by objects, with which they were familiar.

The hunter, himself, was stretched on the earth, before a headstone of white marble, pushing aside with his fingers the long grass, that had already sprung up from the luxuriant soil around its base, apparently to lay bare the inscription that was there engraven. By the side of this stone, which was a simple slab, at the head of a grave, stood a rich monument, decorated with an urn, and ornamented tastefully with the chisel.

Oliver and Elizabeth approached the graves, with a light tread, unheard by the old hunter, whose sun-burnt face was working with his feelings, and whose eyes twinkled as if something impeded his vision. After some little time, he raised himself slowly from the ground, without observing them.

Leatherstocking. Well, well, I'm bold to say it's all right. There's something, that I suppose is reading; but I can't

make any thing of it ; though the pipe, and the tomahawk, and the moccasins, be pretty well—pretty well, for a man that I dare say, never saw either of the things. Ah's me ! there they lie, side by side, happy enough ! Who will there be to put me in the earth when my time comes ?

Oliver. (*discovering himself*) When that hour arrives, Natty, friends shall not be wanting, to perform the last offices for you.

L. You have come out to see the graves, children, have ye ? Well, well, they're wholesome sights to young, as well as old.

Ol. I hope they are fitted to your liking, no one has a better right than yourself, to be consulted in the matter.

L. Why, seeing that I an't used to fine graves, it is but little matter, concerning my taste. Ye laid the Major's head to the west, and Mohegan's to the east, did ye, lad ?

Ol. At your request, it was done.

L. It's best so. They thought they had to journey different ways, children. Though, there is One, greater than all, who will bring the just together again, at his own time, and who will whiten the skin of a black-a-moor, and place him on a footing with princes.

Elizabeth. There is no reason to doubt that. I trust we shall all meet again, and be happy together.

L. Shall we, child ! shall we ? There's comfort in that thought too. But before I go, I should like to know what you have said of the old Delaware, and the bravest white man, that ever trod the hills.

Ol. (*reads the inscription*) " Sacred to the memory of Oliver Effingham, Esquire, formerly a Major in His Britannick Majesty's 60th Foot ; a soldier of tried valour ; a subject of chivalrick loyalty ; and a man of honesty. To these virtues, he added the graces of a christian. The morning of his life was spent in honour, wealth, and power ; but its evening was obscured by poverty, neglect, and disease, which were alleviated only by the tender care of his old, faithful, and upright friend and attendant, Nathaniel Bumpo. His descendants rear this stone to the virtues of the master, and to the enduring gratitude of the servant."

L. And did ye say it lad ? have you got then, the old man's name cut in the stone, by the side of his master's ? God bless ye, children ! 'twas a kind thought, and kindness goes to the heart, as life shortens.

Ol. It is there cut in plain marble ; but it should have been written in letters of gold !

L. Show me the name, boy, let me see my own name placed in such honour. 'Tis a generous gift to a man, who leaves none of his name and family behind him, in a country where he has tarried so long. (*Oliver shews the name.*) I suppose it's all right, and it's kindly thought, and kindly done ! But, what have ye put over the red skin ?

Ol. You shall hear. (*reads*) "This stone is raised to the memory of an Indian chief, of the Delaware tribe, who was known by the several names of John Mohegan ; Mohican ; and Chingachook—"

L. Chingachgook, which means big-serpent. The name should be set down right, for an Indian's name has always some meaning in it.

Ol. I will see it altered. (*reads*) "He was the last of his people, who continued to inhabit this country ; and it may be said of him, emphatically, that his faults were those of an Indian, and his virtues those of a man."

L. You never said a truer word, Mr. Oliver. Ah ! if you had known him as I did, in his prime, in that very battle where your grandfather, who sleeps by his side, saved his life, when those thieves, the Iroquois, had him at the stake, you'd have said all that, and more too. I cut the thongs with this very hand, and gave him my own tomahawk and knife, seeing that the rifle was always my favourite weapon. He did lay about him like a man ! When I look around me at these hills, where I used to count, sometimes twenty smokes, curling over the tree-tops, from the Delaware camps, it raises mournful thoughts, to think, that not a red-skin is left of them all—Well, well ! the time has come at last, and I must go— (*taking up his pack*)

Ol. Go ! whither do you go ?

E. Go ! You should not venture so far in the woods alone, at your time of life, Natty ; indeed it is imprudent. He is bent, Effingham on some distant hunting.

Ol. What Mrs. Effingham tells you, is true, Leatherstocking. There can be no necessity for your submitting to such hardships, now ! So throw aside your pack, and confine your hunt to the mountains near us, if you will go.

L. Hardship ! 'tis a pleasure, children, and the greatest that is left me on this side the grave.

E. No, no ! you shall not go to such a distance. (*Laying her hand on the pack*) I am right, I feel his camp-kettle and a

canister of powder. He must not be suffered to wander so far from us, Oliver ; remember how suddenly Mohegan dropp'd away.

L. I knew the parting would come hard, children, I knew it would ! and so I got aside to look at the graves by myself, and thought if I left ye the keep-sake, which the Major gave me, when we first parted in the woods, ye wouldn't take it unkind, but would know, that let the old man's body go where it might, his feelings staid behind him.

Ol. This means something more than common ! Where is it, Natty, that you purpose going ?

L. Why, lad, they tell me, that on the Big-lakes, there's the best of hunting, and a great range, without a white man on it, unless it be one like myself. I'm weary of living in clearings, and where the hammer is sounding in my ears from sun-rise to sun-down. And though I'm much bound to ye both children, I wouldn't say it, if it wasn't true, I crave to go into the woods again, I do.

E. Woods ! Do you not call these endless forests woods ?

L. Ah, child, these be nothing to a man, that's used to the wilderness. I have taken but little comfort since your father came on with his settlers ; but I wouldn't go far, while the life was in the body, that lays under the sod there. But now he's gone, and Mohegan is gone ; and you are both young and happy. And now I thought it was the time to try and get a little comfort in the close of my days. Woods ! indeed ! I don't call these woods, Madam Effingham, where I lose myself every day of my life in the clearings.

Ol. If there be any thing wanting to your comfort, name it, Leatherstocking ; and if it be attainable, it is yours.

L. You mean all for the best, lad, I know it ; and so does Madam too ; but your ways are not my ways. 'Tis like the dead there, who thought when the breath was in them, that one went east, and one went west, to find their heavens ; but they'll meet at last ; and so shall we, children.—Yes, end as you've begun, and we shall all meet in the land of the just, at last.

E. This is so new ! so unexpected ! I had thought you meant to live with us, and die with us, Natty.

Ol. Words are of no avail ! The habits of forty years are not to be dispossessed by the ties of a day. I know you too well to urge you farther, Natty : unless you will let me build you a hut, on one of the distant hills, where we can sometimes see you, and know that you are comfortable.

L. Don't fear the Leatherstocking, children; God will see that his days be provided for, and his end happy. I know you mean all for the best, but our ways don't agree. I love the woods, and ye relish the face of man; I eat when I am hungry, and drink when dry, and ye keep stated hours and rules; nay, nay, you even over-feed the dogs, lad, from pure kindness; and hounds should be gaunt, to run well. The meanest of God's creatures be made for some use, and I'm formed for the wilderness; and if ye love me, let me go where my soul craves to be again.

Ol. (*Offers him bank-notes from his pocket-book*) Take these, at least, take these; secure them about your person, and in the hour of need, they will do you good service.

L. (*Examining them*) This, then, is some of the new-fashioned money that they've been making at Albany, out of paper! It can't be worth much to them that haven't larning! No, no, lad—take back the stuff; it will do me no service. I took care to get all the Frenchman's powder before he broke up, and they say, lead grows where I am going. It isn't even fit for wads, seeing that I use none but leather. Madam Effingham, let an old man kiss your hand, and wish God's choicest blessings on you and yours.

E. Once more, let me beseech you, stay! Do not Leatherstocking leave me to grieve for the man, who has twice rescued me from death, and who has served those I love so faithfully. For my sake, if not for your own, stay. I shall see you in those frightful dreams, that still haunt my nights, dying in poverty and age, by the side of those terrifiick beasts you slew. There will be no evil that sickness, want, and solitude can inflict, that my fancy will not conjure, as your fate. Stay with us, old man; if not for your own sake, at least for ours.

L. Such thoughts, and bitter dreams, Madam Effingham, will never haunt an innocent person long. They'll pass away with God's pleasure. And if the catamounts be yet brought to your eyes in sleep, 'tis not for my sake, but to show you the power of Him, that led me there to save you. Trust in God, Madam, and your honourable husband, and the thoughts for an old man like me, can never be long nor bitter. I pray that the Lord will keep you in mind—the Lord, that lives in clearings, as well as in the wilderness—and bless you, and all that belong to you, from this time, till the great day when the whites shall meet the Red-skins in judgment, and justice shall be the law, and not power.

Elizabeth raised her head, and offered her colourless cheek to his salute ; when he lifted his cap, and touched it respectfully. His hand was grasped with convulsive fervour by the youth, who continued silent. The hunter prepared himself for his journey, drawing his belt tighter, and wasting his moments in the little reluctant movements of a sorrowful departure. Once or twice he essayed to speak, but a rising in his throat prevented it. At length he shouldered his rifle, and cried, with a clear huntsman's call, that echoed through the woods. "Here ! here ! pups—away, dogs away !—ye'll be foot-sore before you see the end of your journey."

The hounds leaped from the earth at his cry, and scenting around the graves and the silent pair, as if conscious of their own destination, they followed humbly at the heels of their master. A short pause succeeded, during which even the youth concealed his face on his grandfather's tomb. When the pride of manhood, however, suppressed the feelings of nature, he turned to renew his entreaties, but saw that the cemetery was occupied only by himself and his wife.

"He is gone !" cried Effingham.

Elizabeth raised her face, and saw the old hunter standing looking back for a moment, on the verge of the wood. As he caught their glances, he drew his hard hand hastily across his eyes again, waved it on high for an adieu, and uttering a forced cry to his dogs, who were crouching at his feet, he entered the forest.

This was the last, that they ever saw of the Leatherstocking, whose rapid movements preceded the pursuit, which Judge Temple both ordered and conducted. He had gone far towards the setting sun,—the foremost in that band of Pioneers, who are opening the way for the march of our nation across the continent.

LESSON LXVI.

Lines on the Departure of the Pioneer.—BRAINARD.

FAR away from the hill-side, the lake and the hamlet,
The rock and the brook, and yon meadow so gay ;
From the foot-path, that winds by the side of the streamlet ;
From his hut and the grave of his friend far away ;

He is gone where the footsteps of man never ventured,
Where the glooms of the wild tangled forest are center'd,
Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has enter'd,
No blood-hound has roused up the deer with his bay.

He has left the green valley, for paths where the Bison
Roams through the prairies, or leaps o'er the flood ;
Where the snake in the swamp sucks the deadliest poison,
And the cat of the mountains keeps watch for its food.
But the leaf shall be greener, the sky shall be purer,
The eyes shall be clearer, the rifle be surer,
And stronger the arm of the fearless endurer, [wood.
That trusts nought but heaven, in his way through the

Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer,
Firm be his step through each wearisome mile,
Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer,
Far from the track of the mean and the vile.
And when death, with the last of its terroures, assails him,
And all but the last throb of memory fails him,
He'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,
And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.

And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and lustre,
There for his pall shall the oak leaves be spread ;
The sweet briar shall bloom, and the wild grape shall cluster.
And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed.
There shall they mix with the fern and the heather,
There shall the young eagle shed its first feather,
The wolves with his wild dogs shall lie there together,
And moan o'er the spot, where the hunter is laid.

LESSON LXVII.

Extract from Count Rumford's Description of his Establishment for the Poor in Munich, 1790. Affecting proofs of Gratitude in the persons relieved.

THE awkwardness of these poor creatures, when they were first taken from the streets as beggars, and put to work, may easily be conceived ; but the facility, with which they acquired address in the various manufactures, in which they were

employed, was very remarkable, and much exceeded my expectation. But what was quite surprising, and at the same time interesting in the highest degree, was the apparent and rapid change which was produced in their manners,—in their general behaviour,—and even in the very air of their countenances, upon being a little accustomed to their new situations. The kind usage they met with, and the comforts they enjoyed, seemed to have softened their hearts, and awakened in them sentiments as new and surprising to themselves, as they were interesting to those about them.

The melancholy gloom of misery, and air of uneasiness and embarrassment, disappeared by little and little from their countenances, and were succeeded by a timid dawn of cheerfulness, rendered most exquisitely interesting by a certain mixture of silent gratitude, which no language can describe.

In the infancy of this establishment, when these poor creatures were first brought together, I used very frequently to visit them,—to speak kindly to them,—and to encourage them ; and I seldom passed through the halls where they were at work, without being a witness to the most moving scenes.

Objects, formerly the most miserable and wretched, whom I had seen, for years, as beggars in the streets ; young women,—perhaps the unhappy victims of seduction, who, having lost their reputation, and being turned adrift in the world, without a friend and without a home, were reduced to the necessity of begging, to sustain a miserable existence, now recognized me as their benefactor ; and, with tears dropping fast from their cheeks, continued their work in the most expressive silence.

If they were asked, what the matter was with them, their answer was, (“ nichts”) “ nothing ;” accompanied by a look of affectionate regard and gratitude, so exquisitely touching as frequently to draw tears from the most insensible of the bystanders.

It was not possible to be mistaken with respect to the real state of the minds of these poor people ; every thing about them showed that they were deeply affected with the kindness shewn them ; and that their hearts were really softened, appeared, not only from their unaffected expressions of gratitude, but also from the effusions of their affectionate regard for those who were dear to them. In short, never did I witness such affecting scenes as passed between some of these poor people and their children.

At first the children were separated from the grown persons ; but as soon as order was thoroughly established in every part of the house, and the poor people had acquired a certain degree of address in their work, and evidently took pleasure in it, as many of those, who had children expressed an earnest desire to have them near them, permission was granted for that purpose ; and the spinning halls, by degrees, were filled with the most interesting little groups of industrious families, who vied with each other in diligence and address ; and who displayed a scene, at once the most busy, and the most cheerful, that can be imagined.

An industrious family is ever a pleasing object ; but there was something peculiarly interesting and affecting in the groups of these poor people. Whether it was, that those who saw them compared their present situation with the state of misery and wretchedness from which they had been taken ; or whether it was the joy and exultation, which were expressed in the countenances of the poor parents in contemplating their children all busily employed about them ; or the air of self-satisfaction, which those little urchins put on, at the consciousness of their own dexterity, while they pursued their work with redoubled diligence upon being observed, that rendered the scene so singularly interesting, I know not ; but certain it is, that few strangers, who visited the establishment, came out of these halls without being much affected.

Many humane and well disposed persons are often withheld from giving alms, on account of the bad character of beggars in general ; but this circumstance, though it ought undoubtedly to be taken into consideration in determining the mode of administering our charitable assistance, should certainly not prevent our interesting ourselves in the fate of these unhappy beings. On the contrary, it ought to be an additional incitement to us to relieve them ; for nothing is more certain, than that their crimes are very often the *effects*, not the *causes* of their misery ; and when this is the case, by removing the cause, the effects will cease.

Nothing is more extraordinary and unaccountable, than the inconsistency of mankind in every thing ; even in the practice of that divine virtue, benevolence ; and most of our mistakes arise more from indolence and from inattention, than from any thing else. The busy part of mankind are too intent upon their own private pursuits ; and those who have leisure, are too averse from giving themselves trouble, to in-

investigate a subject, but too generally considered as tiresome and uninteresting. But if it be true, that we are really happy, only in proportion as we ought to be so ; that is, in proportion as we are instrumental in promoting the happiness of others ; no study surely can be so interesting, as that which teaches us how most effectually to contribute to the well-being of our fellow-creatures.

If *love* be blind, *self-love* is certainly very shortsighted ; and without the assistance of reason and reflection, is but a bad guide in the pursuit of happiness.

Those who take pleasure in depreciating all the social virtues, have represented pity as a mere selfish passion ; and there are some circumstances, which appear to justify this opinion. It is certain that the misfortunes of others affect us, not in proportion to their greatness, but in proportion to their nearness to ourselves ; or to the chances that they may reach us in our turns. A rich man is infinitely more affected at the misfortune of his neighbour, who, by the failure of a banker, with whom he had trusted the greater part of his fortune ; by an unlucky run at play,—or by other losses, is reduced from a state of affluence, to the necessity of laying down his carriage ; leaving the town ; and retiring into the country upon a few hundreds a year ; than by the total ruin of the industrious tradesman over the way, who is dragged to prison, and his numerous family of young and helpless children left to starve.

But however selfish pity may be, *benevolence* certainly springs from a more noble origin. It is a good-natured, generous sentiment, which does not require being put to the torture in order to be stimulated to action. And it is this sentiment, not pity, or compassion, which I would wish to excite.

Pity is always attended with pain ; and if our sufferings at being witnesses of the distresses of others, sometimes force us to relieve them, we can neither have much merit, nor any lasting satisfaction, from such involuntary acts of charity ; but the enjoyments which result from acts of genuine benevolence, are as lasting as they are exquisitely delightful ; and the more they are analyzed and contemplated, the more they contribute to that inward peace of mind and self-approbation, which alone constitute real happiness. This is the “soul’s calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,” which is virtue’s prize.

To induce mankind to engage in any enterprize, it is necessary, first, to show that success will be attended with real

advantage ; and secondly, that it may be obtained without much difficulty. The rewards attendant upon acts of benevolence, have so often been described and celebrated, in every country and in every language, that it would be presumption in me, to suppose I could add any thing new upon a subject already discussed by the greatest masters of rhetorick, and embellished with all the irresistible charms of eloquence ; but as *examples of success* are sometimes more efficacious in stimulating mankind to action, than the most splendid reasonings and admonitions, it is upon my *success* in the enterprize, of which I have undertaken to give an account, that my hopes of engaging others to follow such an example, are chiefly founded ; and hence it is, that I so often return to that part of my subject, and insist with so much perseverance upon the pleasure, which this success afforded me. I am aware that I expose myself to being suspected of ostentation, particularly by those who are not able to enter fully into my situation and feelings ; but neither this, nor any other consideration, shall prevent me from treating the subject in such a manner as may appear best adapted to render my labours of publick utility.

Why should I not mention even the marks of affectionate regard and respect, which I received from the poor people, for whose happiness I interested myself, and the testimonies of the publick esteem with which I was honoured ? Will it be reckoned vanity, if I mention the concern which the Poor of Munich expressed in so affecting a manner, when I was dangerously ill ? that they went publickly in a body, in procession, to the cathedral church, where they had divine service performed, and put up publick prayers for my recovery ? that four years afterwards, on hearing that I was again dangerously ill at Naples, they, of their own accord, set apart an hour each evening, after they had finished their work in the Military Work-house, to pray for me ?

Will it be thought improper to mention the affecting reception I met with from them, at my first visit to the Military Work-house, upon my return to Munich, last summer, after an absence of fifteen months ; a scene which drew tears from all who were present ? and must I refuse myself the satisfaction of describing the fête I gave them in return, in the English Garden, at which eighteen hundred poor people of all ages, and above thirty thousand of the inhabitants of Munich, assisted ? and all this pleasure I must forego, merely that I may not be thought vain and ostentatious ? Be it so

then ; but I would just beg leave to call the reader's attention to my feelings upon the occasion ; and then let him ask himself, if any earthly reward can possibly be supposed greater ; any enjoyments more complete, than those I received.

Let him figure to himself, if he can, my situation ; sick in bed, worn out by intense application, and dying, as every body thought, a martyr in the cause to which I had devoted myself ; let him imagine, I say, my feelings, upon hearing the confused noise of the prayers of a multitude of people, who were passing by in the streets, upon being told, that it was the Poor of Munich, many hundreds in number, who were going in procession to the church, to put up publick prayers for me : publick prayers for me ! for a private person ! a stranger ! a protestant ! I believe it is the first instance of the kind, that ever happened ; and I dare venture to affirm that no proof could well be stronger than this, that the measures adopted for making these poor people happy, were really successful ; and let it be remembered, that this fact is what I am most anxious to make appear, in the clearest and most satisfactory manner.

LESSON LXVIII.

The Murdered Traveller.—BRYANT.

When Spring to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again ;
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky ;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded, careless, by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,
And fearless near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,

With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset.

Nor how when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead.

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home ;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

LESSON LXIX.

Autumn Woods.—BRYANT.

ERE, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep, the coloured landscape round
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks ; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet ;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat ?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays ; the forest depths are bright ;
Their sunny-coloured foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

Oh, Autumn ! why so soon
Depart the hues, that make thy forests glad ;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad !

Ah, 't were a lot too blest
Forever in thy coloured shades to stray ;
Amidst the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye ;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

LESSON LXX.

Scenes in Philadelphia, during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever, in 1793.—C. B. BROWN.

IN proportion as I drew near the city, the tokens of its calamitous condition became more apparent. Every farm house was filled with supernumerary tenants, fugitives from home, and haunting the skirts of the road, eager to detain every passenger with inquiries after news. The passengers were numerous; for the tide of emigration was by no means exhausted. Some were on foot, bearing in their countenances the tokens of their recent terroure, and filled with mournful reflections on the forlornness of their state. Few had secured to themselves an asylum; some were without the means of paying for victuals or lodging for the coming night; others, who were not thus destitute, yet knew not where to apply for entertainment, every house being already over-stocked with inhabitants, or barring its inhospitable doors at their approach.

Families of weeping mothers, and dismayed children, attended with a few pieces of indispensable furniture, were carried in vehicles of every form. The parent or husband had perished; and the price of some moveable, or the pittance handed forth by publick charity, had been expended to purchase the means of retiring from the theatre of disasters; though uncertain and hopeless of accommodation in the neighbouring districts.

Between these, and the fugitives, whom curiosity had led to the road, dialogues frequently took place, to which I was suffered to listen. From every mouth the tale of sorrow was repeated with new aggravations. Pictures of their own distress, or of that of their neighbours, were exhibited in all the hues, which imagination can annex to pestilence, and poverty.

The sun had nearly set, before I reached the precincts of the city. I pursued the tract which I had formerly taken, and entered High-Street after night-fall. Instead of equipages and a throng of passengers, the voice of levity and glee, which I had formerly observed, and which the mildness of the season would, at other times, have produced, I found nothing but a dreary solitude.

The market-place, and each side of this magnificent avenue, were illuminated as before, by lamps; but between the verge of Schuylkill, and the heart of the city, I met not more

than a dozen figures; and these were ghostlike, wrapt in cloaks, from behind which they cast upon me glances of wonder and suspicion; and as I approached, changed their course, to avoid touching me. Their clothes were sprinkled with vinegar; and their nostrils defended from contagion by some powerful perfume.

I cast a look upon the houses, which I recollected to have formerly been, at this hour, brilliant with lights, resounding with lively voices, and thronged with busy faces. Now they were closed, above and below; dark, and without tokens of being inhabited. From the upper windows of some, a gleam sometimes fell upon the pavement I was traversing, and shewed that their tenants had not fled, but were secluded or disabled.

These tokens were new, and awakened all my panicks. Death seemed to hover over this scene, and I dreaded that the floating pestilence, had already lighted on my frame. I had scarcely overcome these tremours, when I approached a house, the door of which was open, and before which stood a vehicle, which I presently recognized to be a hearse. The driver was seated on it—I stood still to mark his visage, and to observe the course which he proposed to take.

Presently a coffin, borne by two men, issued from the house. The driver was a negro, but his companions were white. Their features were marked by ferocious indifference to danger or pity. One of them, as he assisted in thrusting the coffin into the cavity provided for it, said, "I'll be hanged if I think the poor dog was quite dead. It wasn't the fever that ailed him, but the sight of the girl and her mother on the floor; I wonder how they all got into that room. What carried them there?"

The other surlily muttered, "their legs, to be sure."

"But what should they hug together in one room for?"

"To save us trouble, to be sure."

"And I thank them with all my heart; but hang it, it wasn't right to put him in his coffin before the breath was fairly gone. I thought the last look he gave me, told me to stay a few minutes."

"Pshaw! he could not live. The sooner dead the better for him, as well as for us. Did you mark how he eyed us, when we carried away his wife and daughter? I never cried in my life, since I was a knee high, but I never felt in better tune for the business than just then."

"Hey!" continued he, looking up, and observing me standing a few paces distant, and listening to their discourse,

“What’s wanted? Any body dead?” I stayed not to answer, or parley, but hurried forward. My joints trembled, and cold drops stood on my forehead. I was ashamed of my own infirmity; and by vigorous efforts of my reason, regained some degree of composure.

The evening had now advanced, and it behoved me to procure accommodations at some of the inns. These were easily distinguished by their signs, but many were without inhabitants. At length, I lighted upon one, the hall of which was open, and the windows lifted. After knocking for some time, a young girl appeared, with many marks of distress. In answer to my question, she answered, that both her parents were sick, and that they could receive no one. I inquired in vain, for any other tavern, at which strangers might be accommodated. She knew of none such; and left me, on some one’s calling to her from above, in the midst of my embarrassment. After a moment’s pause, I returned, discomfited and perplexed, to the street.

I immediately directed my steps towards the habitation of Thetford. Carriages, bearing the dead, were frequently discovered. A few passengers likewise occurred, whose hasty and perturbed steps, denoted their participation in the common distress.

The house, of which I was in quest, quickly appeared. Light, from an upper window, indicated that it was still inhabited.

I paused a moment, to reflect in what manner it became me to proceed.

I knocked dubiously and lightly. No one came—I knocked again, and more loudly; I likewise drew the bell. I distinctly heard its distant peals. If any were within, my signal could not fail to be noticed. I paused, and listened, but neither voice nor steps could be heard. The light, though obscured by window curtains, which seemed to be drawn close, was still perceptible.

I ruminated on the causes, that might hinder my summons from being obeyed. I figured to myself nothing but the helplessness of disease, or the insensibility of death. These images only urged me to persist in endeavouring to obtain admission. Without weighing the consequences of my act, I involuntarily lifted the latch. The door yielded to my hand, and I put my foot within the passage.

Once more I paused. The passage was of considerable extent, and at the end of it I perceived a light, as from a lamp

or candle. This impelled me to go forward, till I reached the foot of a stair case; a candle stood upon the lowest step! This was a new proof that the house was not deserted. I struck my heel against the floor with some violence; but this, like my former signals, was unnoticed. Having proceeded thus far, it would have been absurd to retire with my purpose uneffected. Taking the candle in my hand, I opened a door that was near. It led me into a spacious parlour, furnished with profusion and splendour. I walked to and fro, gazing at the objects which presented themselves; and involved in perplexity. I knocked with my heel, louder than ever; but no less ineffectually. Notwithstanding the lights, which I had seen, it was possible that the house was uninhabited. This I was resolved to ascertain by proceeding to the chamber, which I had observed from without to be illuminated.

I mounted the stairs. As I approached the door, of which I was in search, a vapour infectious and deadly, assailed my senses. The effluvia became more sensible, as I approached the door of the chamber. The door was ajar; and the light within was perceived. My belief, that those within were dead, was presently confuted by a sound, which, I first supposed to be that of steps moving quickly and timorously across the floor. This ceased, and was succeeded by sounds of different, but inexplicable import.

Having entered the apartment, I saw a candle on the hearth. A table covered with vials, and other apparatus of a sick chamber. A bed stood on one side, the curtain of which was dropped at foot, so as to conceal any one within. I fixed my eyes upon this object. There were sufficient tokens that some one lay upon the bed. Breath drawn at long intervals; mutterings scarcely audible; and a tremulous motion in the bedstead, were fearful and intelligible indications. I advanced, and drew aside the curtains.

I beheld one, to whom, I could recollect none that bore resemblance. Though ghastly and livid, the traces of intelligence and beauty were undefaced. His extremities were already cold. A vapour, noisome and contagious, hovered over him. The fluttering of his pulse had ceased—his existence was about to close amidst convulsions and pangs.

I withdrew my gaze from this object, and walked to a table. I was nearly unconscious of my movements. My thoughts were occupied with contemplations of the train of horrors and disasters, that pursue the race of man. My musings were quickly interrupted by the sight of a small cabinet,

the hinges of which were broken, and the lid half raised. In the present state of my thoughts, I was prone to suspect the worst. Here were traces of pillage. Some casual or mercenary attendant, had not only contributed to hasten the death of the patient, but had rifled his property, and fled.

This suspicion would, perhaps, have yielded to mature reflections, if I had been suffered to reflect. A moment scarcely elapsed, when some appearance in the mirror, which hung over the table, called my attention. It was a human figure, nothing could be briefer than the glance, that I fixed upon this apparition, yet there was room enough for the vague conception to suggest itself, that the dying man had started from his bed, and was approaching me. This belief was, at the same instant, confuted, by the survey of his form and garb. One eye, a scar upon his cheek, a tawny skin, a form grotesquely misproportioned, brawny as Hercules, and habited in livery, composed, as is it were, the parts of one view.

To perceive, to fear, and to confront this apparition were blended into one sentiment. I turned towards him with the swiftness of lightning, but my speed was useless to my safety. A blow upon my temple was succeeded by an utter oblivion of thought and of feeling. I sunk upon the floor, prostrate and senseless.

LESSON LXXI.

Sketches of the German Character and Customs.—U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.

ONE of the most striking features in the German character, is a quiet and equable disposition. This is also accompanied by a mechanical self-accommodation, to the various and conflicting circumstances of daily occurrence. Every man, woman, and child, seems to have fallen "just in the niche they were ordained to fill;" and all the operations of society, proceed with an evenness, and noiselessness, which would be inconceivable to the bustlers of New York, or Boston.

In obedience to a law, as uniform and silent, as that which governs the motions of the planets, a fixed hour brings the German artizan, or trader, to his shop, the professor to his study, and the student, pipe in mouth, to the window-sill, to gaze upon vacancy. With the return of a Sabbath. or a fes-

tival, a certain change takes place in the dress and place of resort. Political, commercial, and literary vicissitudes produce no sensible fluctuations on the surface of character; and, where these are powerless, we cannot expect that such ordinary events as marriages, and deaths, should very strongly affect the feelings.

Still, the parade of sensibility, as might be anticipated, supplies after some sort, the absence of the reality. It is not uncommon, to conclude a pathetick newspaper account of the decease of husband or father (which is here generally inserted as an advertisement, signed by the nearest surviving relatives) by a notice that business is continued as usual, and a request for further favours from customers.

A man died in Göttingen, a few weeks since, in the vigour of life. The day after the funeral, I saw the widow, with two or three of her female friends, in the garden where I live, hiding her anguish under a calm, and even very cheerful countenance. Indeed, they all seem fully to realize, that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" accordingly, they sing, when at church, and cry bitterly at a funeral, or at parting with a friend; because, these are the proper scenes for singing and weeping. But, the next hour, finds them in another act of the play, and they are buying, or selling, or smoking with their usual serenity.

Even the soldiers, a name synonymous in other countries, with ardour and impetuosity, are here the mere machines which modern warriors admire as the *beau idéal* of military discipline. Their firmness is renowned, but I have never heard them commended for quickness and alacrity. Madame de Staël has most justly ridiculed their pedantick system of tacticks, which makes them contentedly acquiesce in a defeat, if it is only effected according to rule.

I have heard a circumstance related, which may be mentioned in this connexion. A vessel, in its passage down the Elbe, ran afoul of one of the floating mills, that are numerous on that river. The shock was so violent, that the floating mill instantly parted from its moorings, and drifted rapidly towards the bank. It seemed impossible to prevent its striking, and that must have been attended by the total ruin of the machinery. Had the people on board, been Americans, or English, it can be imagined what confusion, and bellowing, and bustle would have followed. None of this, from these noiseless Germans. Not a word was spoken. Each

one knew the only means, that could save their boat. These were taken in silence, and the machinery was saved.

To this quiet disposition, the students at the universities, form the sole exception. These young men, roar and brawl in the streets, and over their jugs of beer; they seek quarrels, and fight them out; and never does the first sun of a new year arise (the season when the poor police-guard must run the gauntlet of academick persecution) without shining on broken windows, and other evidences of the uproar of the night. But, when they return to their own homes, they drop quietly into the various situations, for which they are fitted, and the din and riot of the university, is only remembered as a feverish dream.

I know not whether it be attributable to this easy disposition, or to the peculiarity of their climate, but this people is assuredly, the least cleanly I ever saw. This is particularly true of the lowest order, but is not inapplicable to the highest. Neatness principally regards our persons, our habitations, and our food. In the first, the Germans fall, even behind the Italians, in the second, behind the French, and, in all three, behind the English. Even, in the best houses in Dresden and Frankfort, the knife and fork are never wiped during dinner, however numerous the dishes, and you must put your fingers into the sugar-bowl; while, in France and Italy, there is here and there a place, where English travellers have introduced better customs.

The inns, in Europe, more than in this country, furnish a pretty just criterion of a neighbourhood; and, in the villages, and small towns, in Germany, such abodes of filth, and flies, and darkness! It were purgatory enough, for an epicure to be obliged to sojourn, only for a short time, among their "golden lions," and "red horses." In matter of food, he is safest who calls only for bread and beer; often, he could not get any thing else if he would. He is fortunate, if his sour brown bread have not a fair proportion of sand; and the beer, for ingredients, colour, and taste, is different from any liquor known in New England.

If the luckless traveller is constrained to lodge in a place without city walls and conveniences, he must fain content him with Hottentot accommodation. Fortunately, the cities are frequent, and in them there is less that is revolting. But even in Jena, Heidelberg, Worms, and elsewhere, we are glad to seize on historical and literary recollections, to escape from the less agreeable circumstances, that press on our immediate observation.

The villages are, in general, insufferably dirty. Oftentimes, the only road, through the closely crammed hovels, serves at once, by a happy economy, as a passage for the inhabitants, and a channel for a brook. If there be a pond, or puddle, in the neighbourhood of a village, the children are sure to be paddling in it. This custom is, however, by no means, confined to the rustick urchins. I see almost every day, the future burghers of Göttingen washing themselves in the gutter, wading in it, and spattering each other with the water. It appears to be something innate; they take to the gutter as naturally as the ducks.

One walk through the market, where the peasant women sit, with their baskets full of the various articles, destined to be eaten and drunk, would furnish many particulars, which we should be glad to forget. Even, as to ordinary neatness of dress and person, I cannot easily credit all I have heard, nor could you all I have seen. But these, are no very inviting topicks, and I know I shall be pardoned for not entering into further details.

Something, much more agreeable, is the universal taste for musick. Instrumental musick, in particular, is carried to very high perfection. Piano-fortes, and organs, are to be found even in the houses of common mechanicks, who can hardly command the comforts of life. Nor do females alone perform on them. One of my first acquaintances, was a theological professor, who has a fine instrument in his study. They are also in the rooms of many students. The German military bands, are the finest in Europe. Since the occupation of Naples by the Austrians, one of the most favourite amusements of these light-hearted people, has been, going to hear a choice band of Bohemians, attached to the garrison, who play every Thursday evening.

Some may doubt, whether it be a cause or a consequence of this taste, that in every village school, the two grand requisites in a teacher, are, that he be able to instruct in reading and psalm-singing. So, every body knows how to sing. The students often make the streets ring with their boisterous musick. Even the children, intermix regular songs with their holiday sports; and, I have often been pleased, with listening to a joyous concert, from a party of mechanicks, going home from their day's work, in the city, to some of the neighbouring villages.

It is a custom in some parts of the country, at the festivals of Michaelmas and Easter, for the instructor, followed by his

scholars, dressed in their neatest clothing, to go from house to house, and sing some piece of musick before each, in the publick street. The occupants of the house are of course expected to put something into the box of the party. In the little city of Chemnitz, not far from Dresden, I have heard some very pleasing musick from such a choir. The boys were of various ages, and in addition to the charm of their clear youthful voices, gave proof of having been well instructed. There is something remarkable in this national coincidence of taste.

LESSON LXXII.

Mozart's Requiem.—U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE tongue of the vigilant clock tolled one,
In a deep and hollow tone ;
The shrouded moon looked out upon
A cold, dank region, more cheerless and dun,
By her lurid light that shone.

Mozart now rose from a restless bed,
And his heart was sick with care ;
Though long had he wooingly sought to wed
Sweet Sleep, 't was in vain, for the coy maid fled,
Though he followed her every where.

He knelt to the God of his worship then,
And breathed a fervent prayer ;
'T was balm to his soul, and he rose again
With a strengthened spirit, but started ; when
He marked a stranger there !

He was tall, this stranger, who gazed on him,
Wrapped high in a sable shroud ;
His cheek was pale, and his eye was dim,
And the melodist trembled in every limb,
The while his heart beat loud.

“ Mozart !—there is one, whose errand I bear,
“ Who cannot be known to thee ;
“ He grieves for a friend, and would have thee prepare

“ A Requiem, blending a mournful air
“ With the sweetest melody !”

“ I'll furnish the Requiem then,” he cried,
“ When this moon has waned away !”
The stranger bowed, yet no word replied,
But fled like the shade on a mountain's side,
When the sunlight hides its ray.

Mozart grew pale when the vision fled,
And his heart beat high with fear ;
He knew 't was a messenger sent from the dead,
To warn him, that soon he must make his bed
In the dark, chill sepulchre.

He knew that the days of his life were told,
And his breast grew faint within ;
The blood through his bosom crept slowly and cold,
And his lamp of life could barely hold
The flame, that was flickering.

Yet he went to his task with a cheerful zeal,
While his days and nights were one ;
He spoke not, he moved not, but only to kneel
With the holy prayer—“ Oh God ! I feel,
’T is best thy will be done !”

He gazed on his loved one, who cherished him well,
And weepingly hung o'er him :
“ This musick will chime with my funeral knell,
“ And my spirit shall float, at the passing bell,
“ On the notes of this Requiem !”

The cold moon waned—on that cheerless day,
The stranger appeared once more ;
Mozart had finished his Requiem lay,
But e'er the last notes had died away,
His spirit had gone before !

LESSON LXXIII.

Description of the general appearance of England.—A. H. EVERETT.

BUT whatever may be the extent of the distress in England, or the difficulty of finding any remedies for it, which shall be at once practicable and sufficient, it is certain, that the symptoms of decline have not yet displayed themselves on the surface; and no country in Europe, at the present day, probably none that ever flourished at any preceding period of ancient, or of modern times, exhibited so strongly the outward marks of general industry, wealth, and prosperity. The misery that exists, whatever it may be, retires from publick view; and the traveller sees no traces of it except in the beggars, that are not more numerous than they are on the continent, in the courts of justice, and in the newspapers. On the contrary, the impressions he receives from the objects that meet his view, are almost uniformly agreeable.

He is pleased with the great attention paid to his personal accommodation, as a traveller, with the excellent roads, and the convenience of the publick carriages and inns. The country every where, exhibits the appearance of high cultivation, or else of wild and picturesque beauty; and even the unimproved lands are disposed with taste and skill, so as to embellish the landscape very highly, if they do not contribute, as they might, to the substantial comfort of the people. From every eminence, extensive parks, and grounds, spreading far and wide over hill and vale, interspersed with dark woods, and variegated with bright waters, unroll themselves before the eye, like enchanted gardens. And while the elegant constructions of the modern proprietors fill the mind with images of ease and luxury, the mouldering ruins, that remain from former ages, of the castles and churches of their feudal ancestors, increase the interest of the picture by contrast, and associate with it poetical and affecting recollections of other times and manners.

Every village seems to be the chosen residence of industry, and her handmaids, neatness and comfort; and in the various parts of the island, her operations present themselves under the most amusing and agreeable variety of forms. Sometimes her votaries are mounting to the skies, in manufactories of innumerable stories in height, and sometimes diving in mines, into the bowels of the earth, or dragging up

drowned treasures from the bottom of the sea. At one time, the ornamented grounds of a wealthy proprietor seem to realize the fabled Elysium; and again, as you pass in the evening, through some village, engaged in the iron manufactory, where a thousand forges are feeding at once their dark red fires, and clouding the air with their volumes of smoke, you might think yourself for a moment, a little too near some drearier residence.

The aspect of the cities is as various, as that of the country. Oxford, in the silent, solemn grandeur of its numerous collegiate palaces, with their massy stone walls and vast interior quadrangles, seems like the deserted capital of some departed race of giants. This is the splendid sepulchre, where science, like the Roman Tarpeia, lies buried under the weight of gold, that rewarded her ancient services, and where copious libations of the richest port and Madeira are daily poured out to her memory. At Liverpool, on the contrary, all is bustle, brick, and business. Every thing breathes of modern times; every body is occupied with the concerns of the present moment, excepting one excellent scholar, who unites a singular resemblance to the Roman face and dignified person of our Washington, with the magnificent spirit and intellectual accomplishments of his own Italian hero.

At every change in the landscape, you fall upon the monuments of some new race of men, among the number, that have in their turn, inhabited these islands. The mysterious monument of Stonehenge, standing remote and alone, upon a bare and boundless heath, as much unconnected with the events of past ages, as it is with the uses of the present, carries you back beyond all historical records, into the obscurity of a wholly unknown period. Perhaps the Druids raised it; but by what machinery could these half barbarians have wrought and moved such immense masses of rock? By what fatality is it, that in every part of the globe, the most durable impressions, that have been made upon its surface, were the work of races now entirely extinct? Who were the builders of the pyramids, and the massy monuments of Egypt and India? Who constructed the Cyclopean walks of Italy and Greece, or elevated the innumerable and inexplicable mounds, which are seen in every part of Europe, Asia, and America; or the ancient forts upon the Ohio, on whose ruins the third growth of trees is now more than four hundred years old? All these constructions have existed, through the whole period within the memory of man; and will continue when

all the architecture of the present generation, with its high cultivation and improved machinery, shall have crumbled into dust. Stonehenge will remain unchanged, when the banks of the Thames shall be as bare as Salisbury heath.

But the Romans had something of the spirit of these primitive builders, and they left every where distinct traces of their passage. Half the castles in Great Britain were founded, according to tradition, by Julius Cæsar; and abundant vestiges remain throughout the island, of their walls and forts and military roads. Most of their castles, have, however, been built upon and augmented, at a later period, and belong with more propriety, to the brilliant epoch of the Gothick architecture. Thus the keep of Warwick, dates from the time of Cæsar, while the castle itself, with its lofty battlements, extensive walls, and large enclosures, bears witness to the age, when every Norman chief was a military despot, within his own barony.

To this period, appertain the principal part of the magnificent Gothick monuments, castles, cathedrals, abbeys, priories, and churches; in various stages of preservation and of ruin; some, like Warwick and Alnwick castles, like Salisbury cathedral and Westminster abbey, in all their original perfection; others, like Kenilworth and Canterbury little more than a rude mass of earth and rubbish; and others, again, in the intermediate stages of decay, borrowing a sort of charm from their very ruin, and putting on their dark green robes of ivy, to conceal the ravages of time, as if the luxuriant bounty of nature were purposely throwing a veil over the frailty and feebleness of art.

What a beautiful and brilliant vision was this Gothick architecture, shining out, as it did, from the deepest darkness of feudal barbarism! And here, again, by what fatality has it happened, that the moderns, with all their civilization and improved taste, have been as utterly unsuccessful in rivalling the divine simplicity of the Greeks, as the rude grandeur of the Cyclopeans and ancient Egyptians? Since the revival of art in Europe, the builders have confined themselves wholly to a graceless and unsuccessful imitation of ancient models. Strange that the only new architectural conception of any value, subsequent to the time of Phidias, should have been struck out at the worst period of society, that has since occurred.

Sometimes, the moderns, in their laborious poverty of invention, heap up small materials in large masses, and think

that St. Peter's or St. Paul's will be as much more sublime than the Parthenon, as they are larger ; at others, they condescend to a servile imitation of the wild and native graces of the Gothick ; as the Chinese, in their stupid ignorance of perspective, can still copy, line by line, and point by point, a European picture. But the Norman castles and churches, with all their richness and sublimity, fell with the power of their owners, at the rise of the commonwealth.

The independents were levellers of substance, as well as form ; and the material traces they left of their existence, are the ruins of what their predecessors had built. They too, had an architecture, but it was not in wood nor stone. It was enough for them to lay the foundation of the nobler fabrick of civil liberty. The effects of the only change in society, that has since occurred, are seen in the cultivated fields, the populous and thriving cities, the busy ports, and the general prosperous appearance of the country.

LESSON LXXIV.

The Field of Waterloo.—ANONYMOUS.

It struck my imagination much, while standing on the last field fought by Bonaparte, that the battle of Waterloo should have been fought upon a Sunday. What a different scene for the Scotch Greys and English Infantry, from that, which at that very hour, was exhibited by their relatives ; when over England and Scotland, each church-bell had drawn together its worshippers ! while many a mother's heart was sending upward a prayer, for her son's preservation, perhaps that son was gasping in agony.

Yet, even at such a period, the lessons of his early days might give him consolation ; and the maternal prayer might prepare the heart to support maternal anguish. It is religion alone, which is of universal application, both as stimulant and lenitive, as it is the varied heritage of man to labour or endure. But we know that many thousands rushed into this fight, even of those, who had been instructed in our own religious principles, without leisure for one serious thought ; and that some officers were killed in their ball dresses. They made the leap into the gulf, which divides two worlds, the

present from the immutable state, without one parting prayer, or one note of preparation !

As I looked over this field, now green with growing corn, I could observe spots, where the most desperate carnage had been marked out by the verdure of the wheat. The bodies had been heaped together, and scarcely more than covered. And so enriched is the soil, that in these spots, the grain never ripens ; it grows rank and green to the end of the harvest. This touching memorial, which endures when the thousand groans have expired, and when the stain of human blood has faded from the ground, still seems to cry to Heaven, that there is awful guilt somewhere, and a terrifick reckoning, for those who have caused destruction, which the earth will not conceal. These hillocks of superabundant vegetation, as the wind rustled through the corn, seemed the most affecting monuments, which nature could devise, and gave a melancholy animation to this plain of death.

When we attempt to measure the mass of suffering, which was here inflicted, and to number the individuals that have fallen, considering that each, who suffered, was our fellow-man, we are overwhelmed with the agonizing calculation, and retire from the field, which has been the scene of our reflections, with the simple concentrated feeling ;—these armies once lived, breathed, and felt like us, and the time is at hand, when we shall be like them.

LESSON LXXV.

The Trooper's Dirge.—U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.

To horse,—to horse,—the bugles call,
And sadly swells the mournful strain,
That warns us to the burial
Of one who ne'er shall mount again.
His course is run,—his fame is won,—
For well he reined as free a steed
As ever bore to daring deed,
When charging hosts came spurring on.

His course is run,—his battles done,—
He died as aye he wished to die,—
The well-fought field was fairly won,
And Victory pealed her clarion nigh ;

Nor on his lip of beauteous pride,
When high in hope, he rode among
The brave, the noble, and the young,
Wreathed such a smile as when he died.

Stern eyes became, as woman's, weak,
Nor scorned to soil the clustering gold,
That floated o'er his marble cheek
With tears that would not be controled.
For though none bolder struck with brand
When boiling veins were up and wild,
Yet never even the gentlest child
Had kinder heart or freer hand.

To horse,—to horse,—no more I weep ;
His high career was run full fast,
And so on battle-field I'd sleep
My last long sleep of death at last.
No more I weep,—but far away
Are deep blue eyes to weep in vain,—
Fair lips not soon to smile again,—
And hearts wail to this bitter day.

LESSON LXXVI.

General appearance of the Campania Felix, in Italy.—
ANONYMOUS.

THIS tract of country formed part of the 'Campania Felix' of the Romans, and to my eyes bears no indications of having lost any of that fertility, which in ancient times rendered it famous for the richness and abundance of its productions. It was in a good degree, the luxuries supplied by this soil, which rendered the bay of Naples the resort of the wealthy Romans under the empire; and I should be slow to believe that the soil alone has degenerated. In modern days it has been repeatedly sprinkled with volcanick ashes from Mount Vesuvius; but this should increase its fertility, for the best wine in the neighbourhood is made on the mountain itself.

No, it is the inhabitants, or rather I should say the government, under which they live, that has produced the change. The labourers, apparently living under the full rigour of the

feudal and the pontifical systems combined, are crowded together in little dirty villages, basely ignorant and humiliated, without the power and without the disposition to improve: while the mellow and luscious fruits of their toil are sent to the palace and villa of the indolent and vicious landholder, or the overflowing treasury of some church or convent—the abodes of sloth and vacuity. * * * *

The villages through which we passed, bore the strongest marks of a poor and degraded population. Some of them must contain five or six thousand people; yet the houses were low and small, and many of them, I will venture to say, not built since the discovery of America. The windows showed vacant and dirty faces, the doors, ill-furnished rooms, and heavy stone walls and floors deeply worn by the feet and hands of numerous generations. Nothing like a new house, nor even an improved or repaired one, was to be seen; and I made up my mind while passing on, that not one of the men I saw, looked capable of making a chair or a window-shutter, or even of putting a new button on his door.—The streets had once been paved, but the stones generally lay loose in the dust, and did more harm than good. Now and then we passed the high walls of some forbidden ground, the premises of a petty title-bearer, or the garden of some convent; but every thing was concealed except the tops of the nearest trees, and nothing but the owners and the birds could conjecture at what they contained.

It was an after-thought with me, to draw a comparison between these villages and our American towns, for there was nothing to make me think of it at the time. The houses were as closely built as those of a city, and the streets as narrow and uncomfortable. There was no neat and tasteful mansion, which might be the residence of the lawyer, the physician, or the clergyman, and there was not a single brushed coat or tidy gown in the street, to discountenance the universal poverty and slovenliness. * * * *

No one indeed, can cast a most hasty glance about him, without being convinced that the state of society is entirely different from that among ourselves, and so different as to make him doubt what sort of change would ultimately prove most beneficial to the country. The people are ignorant and poor. Under the present state of things, they will always remain so. Overthrow the moral oppression of the priesthood, and the political oppression of the lords, and you will make it possible for them to improve.

But what sort of government should be established in the mean time? There must be an interval and a long one too, between the establishment of a new and better system, and the securing of that system by a proportionate improvement in the people. It must be a government, which will not only protect the lives, the property, and the independence of its subjects, but which will improve their minds and their habits.

Now in what proportion should be mingled the ordinary elements of a supreme power? The people will make but a sorry figure at legislation for some time yet to come, if we may judge from their appearance, when at their daily occupations; and will the monarchical or the aristocratical branches of the national tree cherish and protect the infant shoot, for the express purpose of allowing it to rise high above and overshadow themselves? This has not been the inclination usually shown by them in other countries, but it must be so here, or, for ought I can see, the Neapolitan people are likely to gain little by the revolution.

LESSON LXXVII.

Rural adventure in Italy.—ANONYMOUS.

As the old priest had now gone away, the little girl walked slowly towards me, looking by turns at the cattle and the stranger, and knitting very sedately. 'Is this the church of St. Lorenzo, little girl?' 'Signor si [yessir,] will you go in and see it? Shall I go and call brother Luigi back?' 'No, no, I have no time to spare—You have some fine oxen yonder.' 'Yes, sir, they are very good and quiet. They let me take care of them, and do every thing I tell them, although I am a little girl. There are only nine now; the other has gone away—the *companion* of that you see on the little bank. I don't believe you ever saw better oxen, sir. Only observe what a good grey colour they have: that is the best colour for oxen.'

She wore a bonnet made of coarse braided straw, and carried another tied to her arm. She had a most amiable little face, and I thought might have been taken for a New England child, even to the crooked, rusty knitting-needles she had in her hands. The stocking, however, was of brown thread; her knitting-sheath a hollow stick, (perhaps elder), and when she spoke it was only Italian.

‘Is that your first stocking?’ ‘Signor no—I have knit a whole pair before this, for you will perceive I can knit almost all day while the weather is so clear and warm, though I am sometimes interrupted when the oxen stray, and very often by my little sister you see there, running up to us with her hair flying. She is not my sister either, but the daughter of my mother-in-law. Her name is Maria—I am Teresa—Ah, Maria! Where have you been to get your cheeks so red? Come here, and put on your bonnet.’

But the bright-eyed little girl refused and resisted, from mere excess of spirits; and though more wild and roguish, was quite as good natured as her sister. ‘There, signor, you see what a trouble she is: she won’t mind me. She is very bad, do you not think so?—But would not you like to go in and see the church, sir? You will find the chapel of San Fabiano, and that of San Sebastiano over his own tomb. Oh, they are very beautiful. You can see the catacombs too, sir, where all the christians were buried; and if brother Luigi were only here—I’ll ring the bell, and then he’ll come back, and tell you a great deal about them. He knows all the chapels, and the statues and the pictures, and where the christians used to pray under ground, and bury the martyrs.’

I was too much in haste, and contented myself with a hasty glance at the interior of the church, without waiting for the catacombs to be opened, concerning which, my book confirmed the words of my little friend. As I came out, she asked me for some money, though with a downcast look, and an actual blush, which, on account of its rarity, speedily atoned for a specimen of that avarice far more common in this country.

‘How can you ask me for any thing,’ said I ‘when you have nine large oxen like those, and I have not one, and never had any.’ ‘Please to bear in mind, signor,’ she answered, coming nearer with her needle pointed at me—‘Please to bear in mind, that they are not my oxen. They belong to Giuseppe [Joseph], a gentleman who leaves them with us, to be taken care of, and pays us very little for it. Giuseppe lives in Rome. My house is only a little way from here. Will you go and see it? Come, I will show it you.—Thank you, signor.—But if you don’t give Maria some money too, I am afraid she will cry.’ Maria did indeed begin to look sorrowful, and was just about to cry—or, as Teresa expressed it, to *set herself to weeping*—but she could not dissemble, and broke out in a broad laugh, while Teresa bade me ‘addio’ with a sweet smile.

LESSON LXXVIII.

The Bay of Naples.—T. W. STONE.

SEE how the peaceful ripple breaks,
In calmness on the verdant shore,
While Zephyr, gently breathing, wakes
The slumbering spirit of each flower,
Which glows in beauteous brilliancy,
Along the margin of the tide,
And oft arrests the wandering eye,
As o'er the waves we gently glide.

Let us unfold the swelling sail,
Beneath the silent, silvery moon ;
And catch the softly murmuring gale,
Which breathes in midnight's solemn noon.
And thou, my friend, shalt guide us now
Along the bosom of the bay,
While seated on the lofty prow
We mark the ripple, that our way
Leaves on the waters, like the streak
Of morning, on an Alpine height,
When Sol's first radiant day beams break,
In all the glow of infant light.

What sounds resound along the shores !
What echoes wake from off the seas !
While musick from Italian bowers,
Comes mingled with the evening breeze ;
The careless sailor floats along,
Slow wafted by the ebbing flood,
And swells the chorus of the song,
Which joyous peals from hill and wood.
And laughing bands of youth are there,
Who deftly dance to lightest measure,
And sea, and shore, and earth, and air,
Resound to mellow notes of pleasure.

But, ah ! 'tis past ; a deeper brown
Has tinged the foliage of the wood,
Vesuvius' mighty shadows frown,
Majestically o'er the flood ;

The moon has set, and shadowy sleep
Now holds dominion o'er mankind,
Binding in slumber's vision deep,
The force of thought and power of mind.

In shadowy grandeur, now appears,
The genius of the olden time,
And marks the ravages of years
In her once highly favoured clime ;
Sad on the ruins of the past,
Dark melancholy broods alone ;
Marking the wreck of temples vast,
The ruined shrine and altar stone.

Fair land ! where oft, in days of yore,
The hymns of liberty were sung ;
Thy boasted empire's now no more,
Thy lyre of freedom all unstrung.
But, still the spirit loves to tread
Where sleep the great of ages ended,
For, musing on the mighty dead,
They seem with all thy scenery blended.
They seem to whisper in thy trees,
They seem to flit along thy mountains,
They seem to float in evening's breeze,
They seem to haunt thy limpid fountains.

LESSON LXXIX.

Ruins of Paestum in Italy.—ANONYMOUS.

Few places combine, within such narrow limits, so rich a train of various meditation, for persons, of whatever disposition, or habit, as this city, upon the Gulf of Salerno. At a point, removed from the sight of civilized life, surrounded with the relicks of men, who lived in the highest stage of luxury, he who can only admire the skill, which raised an architrave, or he who has fancy enough to picture the living scene of a Grecian city, while sitting on its tomb, will find no other interruption than the rapid movement, now and then, of a beautiful lizard, which he has startled from basking in the sunshine.

The still sea, at a distance, and the dark mountains, upon the opposite side, are both so far away, that not even the dashing of the water, or the wandering of the clouds, distract the soul from the present vision. The noxious Mal'aria,* has thinned the region of its inhabitants, and left it to excite, by its solitude, an unbroken chain of musing, in one who, in his pilgrimage over Italy, pauses at this remote point.

It was from Paestum, that I was to turn my face homeward. The eye, which is insatiable, had beheld the choicest wonders of the world; and, it was suitable, that the last object should be such a ruin,—simple, and majestick, like the Pantheon—lasting as the Coliseum—and, lonely as the trackless desert.

A journey in Italy, may be compared, not unaptly, with the course of human life. The plains of Lombardy, and the vale of Arno, are rich and smooth and beautiful, as youth; we come to Rome for the sights and experience and reflections, which suit manhood; we return, after the bustle of life, to the comforts congenial to age, and which are provided in sunshine, and air, and the bounties of nature, as we find them, at Naples; and, we at last behold Paestum, as the soberest evening scene, which shuts up our wearisome pilgrimage, and ends our toil.

The fate of empires, and cities, concerns us little, in comparison with our own destiny; for each man's bosom is a little world, and is all the world to him.

LESSON LXXX.

Scene from the Tragedy of Brutus.—PAYNE.

Scene, the camp before Ardea.

[*Enter* CLAUDIUS *and* ARUNS, *laughing.*]

Aruns. THERE is no doctor for the spleen like Lucius! What precious scenes of folly did he act When, lately, through the unknown seas of Greece He went with us to Delphi!—but, behold! Where full of business his wise worship comes!

* The Mal'aria, or bad air, is a state of the atmosphere, or of the soil, or of both, in different parts of Italy, producing in the warm season, a fever, more or less violent, according to the nature of the exposure; but generally fatal, where the exposure has been long continued, or the place amongst the more dangerous.—*N. A. Review.*

Enter LUCIUS JUNIUS.

Claud. Whither so fast, good Junius, tell us whither ?

Luc. To Rome, to Rome—the queen demands my presence.

The state needs aid, and I am call'd to court.

Am I a fool ? If so, you cannot say

I'm the first fool grac'd by a monarch's favour.

Aruns. Why, Junius, travel has improv'd thy wit,
Thou speakest shrewdly.

Luc. Do I so, my lord ?

I'm always glad when you and I agree ;

You have just such a wit as I should choose.

Would I could purchase such !—though it might split

My head, as confin'd air does—water bubbles !

Claud. How say you ? Purchase ? Pr'ythee what would'st give ?

Luc. What would I give ?—ten acres of my land !

Aruns. Thy land ! Where lies it ?

Luc. Ask the king, my cousin ;

He knows full well. I thank him, he's my steward,

And takes the trouble off my hands.

Claud. Who told thee so ?

Luc. The king himself. Now twenty years are past,

Or more,—since he sent for me from my farm.

“Kinsman,” said he, with a kind, gracious smile,

“For the black crime of treason, which was charg'd

Against thy father and thy elder brother,

Their lives have paid ; for thee, as I love mercy,

Live and be happy ; simple is thy mind”—

Aruns. True, kinsman, true—i'faith 'tis wondrous simple.

Luc. “And that simplicity will be a pledge

That thou wilt never plot against thy sovereign”—

Claud. Indeed, for that, I'll be thy bondsman, Junius.

Luc. “Live in my house, companion of my children.

As for thy land, to ease thee of all care,

I'll take it for thy use ; all that I ask

Of thee, is gratitude.”

Aruns. And art thou not

Grateful for goodness so unmerited ?

Luc. Am I not ? * * * * never

Will I forget it ! 'Tis my constant pray'r

To Heaven, that I may one day have the power

To pay the debt I owe him. But stay—stay—

I brought a message to you from the king.

Aruns. Thank the gods, then for thy good memory, fool!

Luc. The king your father sends for you to council,
Where he debates how best to conquer Ardea.
Shall I before, and tell him ye are coming?

Claud. Aye, or behind, or with us, or stay here—
As thy wit prompts,—as suits thy lofty pleasure.

[*Exit ARUNS and CLAUDIUS, laughing.*

Luc. (alone) Yet, 'tis not that which ruffles me—the
gibes

And scornful mockeries of ill-govern'd youth—
Or flouts of dastard sycophants and jesters,
Reptiles, who lay their bodies on the dust
Before the frown of majesty!—All this
I but expect, nor grudge to bear!—the face
I carry, courts it!—son of Marcus Junius!
When will the tedious gods permit thy soul
To walk abroad in her own majesty,
And throw this vizard of thy madness from thee?
To avenge my father's and my brother's murder!
(And sweet I must confess would be the draught!)
Had this been all—a thousand opportunities
I've had to strike the blow,—and my own life
I had not valued as a rush. But still—
There's something nobler to be done—my soul!
Enjoy the strong conception. Oh! 'tis glorious
To free a groaning country—
To see revenge
Spring like a lion from its den, and tear
These hunters of mankind! grant but the time,
Grant but the moment, gods! If I am wanting,
May I drag out this idiot-feigned life
To late old age, and may posterity
Ne'er hear of Junius, but as Tarquin's fool!

[*Exit LUCIUS JUNIUS.*

LESSON LXXXI.

Description of the Prado of Madrid.—N. A. REVIEW.

THE Prado of Madrid is, both to Spaniards and strangers, a source of inexhaustible amusement. As a publick walk, it is one of the finest within the walls of any European city,

finer, in most respects, than either the Thuilleries at Paris, or the Chiaja at Naples. It begins at the gate of Atocha, and passing the magnificent entrance of Alcalà, extends round to the gate and convent of the Recoletos, following the limits of the city. Anciently it was an uneven meadow or field, as its name, like that of the Prater at Vienna, derived from the Latin, *pratum*, plainly shows; and, while it was in this condition, it was famous as the scene of most of the plots, duels, murders, and intrigues of the city, as is, at once, seen in the old plays and ballads. It was not, however, until the middle of the last century, when the adjacent palace of the Buen Retiro rose to great favour, that Charles the Third levelled it, planted it with trees, and made it the beautiful walk it now is.

On entering it from the gate of Alcalà, or rather from the street of the same name, the stranger finds himself in the midst of a superb, wide opening, called the saloon; on the right hand of which, is a double walk, and on the left, first a broad drive for the carriages, wide enough for four or five to pass abreast, and afterwards, another double walk; the whole ornamented with three fine fountains, and eight rows of trees, statues, and marble seats.

During the forenoon, and nearly the whole of the afternoon, in the fine season, no part of the city is so silent and deserted as this; and yet, when the heat will permit, it is a spot, which, of all others in Madrid, is most attractive by its freshness, its solitude and its shade. Between five and six o'clock, the whole Prado is carefully watered, to prevent the dust, which would otherwise be intolerable, in a city where rain is very rare in the summer season.

Just before sunset, the carriages of all Madrid, and a great proportion of the population of the city, begin to appear; and about half an hour after sunset, the exhibition is in its greatest splendour. There is nothing like it any where else. In the vast space appropriated to the carriages and horsemen, two rows of coaches, forming one unbroken line, move, at a slow walk, up and down on each side, as they do in the Corso of Rome, during the carnival, prevented by their own multitude from advancing any faster; while the king, the infantas, and the royal family, with their guards, dash up and down in the midst, at a full trot, in a space kept open for them, and compel every body on foot, to be uncovered, and every body in a carriage to stop, and, however awkward the manœuvre may be, to stand up.

But such equipages can be found in no other part of Christendom ; such a motley confusion, or such a strange and incongruous variety ; for the fashions of at least three centuries, are confounded so completely, that it is often difficult to tell to which the different parts belong, and impossible to conjecture how they have been thus brought together.

First, perhaps, comes along a beautiful coupée, such as might be ventured at the exhibition of Longchamp, or in Hyde Park, but drawn with difficulty by two worn out mules, attached to it by ropes, and with a postillion who looks as if he had come down unchanged, from the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Next follows a gothick looking chariot, without springs, covered with antique carving and gilding, but with two fine Andalusian steeds, who are kept with difficulty in the grave and measured pace prescribed to all, while, behind the vast machine, stands a light chasseur of the newest pattern, with his feathered chapeau de bras stuck affectedly under his arm. After this comes, perhaps, a broken down, dirty modern coach, painted on its pannels, with all four footed and creeping things, and seeming almost covered over with laced lacqueys ; and finally, follows, some ambassador's splendid parade barouche, which makes all the rest look dim and mean.

But amusing as is the procession, which is thus brought together in the Prado, partly by the vanity of the nobility, who have hardly any opportunity except this to show themselves, but chiefly because there is no other drive in Madrid, or its neighbourhood, it should still be remembered, that the prevalent custom of using mules instead of horses, which extends even to the royal family, and the great proportion of antiquated, grotesque carriages, covered with all forms of vulgar painting and gilding, prevent this part of the exhibition from being little else besides amusing to a foreigner.

The exhibition on foot, however, in the saloon, and in the walks adjacent to it, is altogether different. The greater part of the persons, who constitute it, are women ; and the national costume for them, which all are compelled to observe, from the highest to the lowest, the moment they appear abroad, except in a carriage, is singularly adapted to produce a picturesque effect, and by its uniformity, to conceal any negligence in the dress of an individual. So that a collection of Spanish women in the national costume, though taken from all classes, often resembles the groups, that are care-

fully and fancifully collected in the ballet of a grand opera, to produce a stage effect.

But this effect is no where so strikingly produced, as in the Prado of Madrid, where, above all others, the Spanish women delight to resort, and where their peculiar dress and manners can be best exhibited. The show they make here, is, indeed, altogether unique. Their dark *basquiña* so sets off their passionate physiognomy, and full, piercing eyes; there is such grace and coquetry in all their movements, in their manner of wearing and flirting their beautiful veils, and of beckoning a salutation to their acquaintance with their fans, as well as in the neatness and skill with which they dress every part of their persons, and particularly their feet, that every time a stranger sees this vast crowd of the Prado, mingled with the great number of the officers of the royal guard, who are always there in their showy uniforms, and the still greater number of monks and priests, in their dark, severe costumes, he must be persuaded anew, that it is the most beautiful moving panorama, the world can afford.

At about three quarters of an hour after sunset, when the crowd is the greatest, the bell of the neighbouring convent tolls for the angelus, or evening prayer, and the long line of carriages stops as if by magick, while every body on foot becomes instantly fixed as a statue, and prays, or seems to pray, in perfect silence. The effect is very striking; for the whole of this immense crowd, which an instant before, sent up a murmur like the chafing of the distant ocean, is now as still as the earth beneath their feet; but in a moment afterwards, the busy hum and movement begin again, and all goes on as gaily as before. By eight or nine o'clock, however, even in midsummer, the multitude begins to melt away, and at ten, none but the ordinary passengers are met there; except that sometimes, during the extreme heats, little parties are formed, that send for refreshments and musick, and protract their gay evening, on the borders of one of the fountains, until midnight.

LESSON LXXXII.

Scene from Percy's Masque.—HILLHOUSE.

A court before the stables. ROOK alone.

[*Enter WESTMORELAND.*]

West. Which way went Arthur ?

Rook. Toward the wood, my lord,
With Shiek, and Lady Bayard by the bit,
Scarce cooled since yesterday.

West. Whither ?

Rook. Heaven knows,
Not I.—Perhaps, on Percy's service.

West. Rook,
If thou guard'st not that venom'd tongue—

Rook. No doubt, no doubt, my lord, he ably serves you :
Much better than a poor plain vassal, bred
In good old Westmoreland, of seed that's known,
And served your father well, and might, mayhap,
Lead out a course as well as he. Nor spleen,
Nor malice prompt me, my good lord, but love
And true allegiance. Could your lordship list
A rare adventure that befel me, late,
Upon the hunt ?

West. If it concern me, speak.

Rook. My lord, I sometimes ride upon the chase,
An humble follower, like the rest, of Arthur.
Not long ago, leading us up and down
Under a burning sun, the livelong day,
He stopped at evening, midst a group of huts,
Sequestered in the Cheviots. In a dingle,
Divided from the rest, some furlongs, stood
Three lonely cabins : there, by strict command,
The train was sheltered ; but, for lack, my lord,
Of room, my steed was stabled in a barn,
Planted amidst the thick of cottages.
When I had slept, methought, an hour or twain,
I woke ; and as I mused, upon my straw,
Chanced to remember somewhat left undone,
Most needful for my harrassed beast. I rose ;
And drawing towards the green, (the moon being bright,)
Round which the dwellings of the hamlet stood,
Descried a press of peasants by a door.

Stopping, I thro' the smoky lattice saw
Within, encompassed by a gazing crowd,
Our noble leader high in argument.

West. Arthur?

Rook. The same, my lord—Greyheaded men,
And boys, and all between, stock still, agape,
Swallowed his words like tidings from the grave;
While he, with gesture fierce, and eyes like beacons,
Of Hotspur spoke.

West. Of Hotspur!

Rook. Ha!—he comes!—
Ever, my lord, he named him—

West. Peace! begone!
When the stir's past, of this day and the next,
I'll more of this. Begone! [*Exit Rook.*] How dare he touch
That theme among my vassals?—Hotspur! ha!

[*Enter PERCY.*]

Per. Joy to my lord, and his illustrious dame,
That conquering Henry draws so near to Warkworth.

West. Thou'rt well encountered.—But a day he stays,
And means to hunt, and I a course would hold,
Worthy my King. Look to your charge. Be found
In trim: with horses, hawks, hounds, harness, train,
Glistening and plumed for speed. Send Ivo out
To warn the Cheviot warden.

Per. Good, my lord,
Fear not.—What say ye to a Masque, my lord,
After the chase, in honour of the King?

West. A Masque?

Per. After the banquet, with my lord's good leave,
I know a little pageant that might draw
Attention from your guests, and royal kinsman.

West. 'Twould please me, sir: take warrant for't.

Per. Vizards, and hoods, and mail, are all we need.

West. Open the armory.

Per. Please, my gracious lord,
That busy meddling fools pry not about me.

West. Hie to your task!— [*Exit PERCY.*]
That Rook regards him with jaundiced eye,
Hates, and would cast him, gladly, from my favour,
Full well I know. There's large allowance:—still,
To name amidst those peevish, factious slaves,
The race they worship dearer than their God,
Is treason. None that loved me e'er would do it.
Anon I'll know the meaning of this tale. [*Exit.*]

LESSON LXXXIII.

Scene from Hadad.—HILLHOUSE.

SCENE.—The garden of ABSALOM's house on Mount Ziop, near the palace overlooking the city. TAMAR sitting by a fountain.

Tam. How aromatick evening grows ! The flowers,
And spicy shrubs exhale like onycha ;
Spikenard and henna emulate in sweets.
Blest hour ! which He, who fashioned it so fair,
So softly glowing, so contemplative,
Hath set, and sanctified to look on man.
And lo ! the smoke of evening sacrifice
Ascends from out the tabernacle. Heaven
Accept the expiation, and forgive
This day's offences !—Ha ! the wonted strain,
Precursor of his coming !—Whence can this—
It seems to flow from some unearthly hand—

Enter HADAD.

Had Does beauteous Tamar view, in this clear fount,
Herself, or heaven ?

Tam. Nay, Hadad, tell me whence
Those sad, mysterious sounds.

Had. What sounds, dear Princess ?

Tam. Surely, thou know'st ; and now I almost think
Some spiritual creature waits on thee.

Had. I heard no sounds, but such as evening sends
Up from the city to these quiet shades ;
A blended murmur sweetly harmonizing
With flowing fountain, feathered minstrelsy,
And voices from the hills.

Tam. The sounds I mean,
Floated like mournful musick round my head,
From unseen fingers.

Had. When ?

Tam. Now, as thou camest.

Had. 'Tis but thy fancy, wrought
To ecstasy ; or else thy grandsire's harp
Resounding from his tower at eventide.
I've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones,
Till the broad moon, that rose o'er Olivet,
Stood listening in the zenith ; yea, have deemed
Viols and heavenly voices answered him.

Tam. But these—

Had. Were we in Syria, I might say
The Naiad of the fount, or some sweet nymph,
The goddess of these shades, rejoiced in thee,
And gave thee salutations ; but I fear
Judah would call me infidel to Moses.

Tam. How like my fancy ! When these strains precede
Thy steps, as oft they do, I love to think
Some gentle being, who delights in us,
Is hovering near, and warns me of thy coming ;
But they are dirge-like.

Had. Youthful fantasy,
Attuned to sadness, makes them seem so, lady.
So evening's charming voices, welcomed ever,
As signs of rest and peace ;—the watchman's call,
The closing gates, the Levite's mellow trump,
Announcing the returning moon, the pipe
Of swains, the bleat, the bark, the housing-bell,
Send melancholy to a drooping soul.

* * * * *

I have feared, my gentle Tamar,
Thy spirit is too tender for a law
Announced in terrors, coupled with the threats
Of an inflexible and dreadful Being,
Whose word annihilates, whose awful voice
Thunders the doom of nations, who can check
The sun in Heaven, and shake the loosened stars,
Like wind-tossed fruit, to earth, whose fiery step
The earthquake follows, whose tempestuous breath
Divides the sea, whose anger never dies,
Never remits, but everlasting burns,
Burns unextinguished in the deeps of Hell.
Jealous, implacable—

Tam. Peace ! impious ! peace !

Had. Ha ! says not Moses so ?
The Lord is jealous.

Tam. Jealous of our faith,
Our love, our true obedience, justly his ;
And a poor recompense for all his favours.
Implacable he is not ; contrite man
Ne'er found him so.

Had. But others have,
If oracles be true.

Tam. Little we know
Of them ; and nothing of their dire offence.

Had. I meant not to displease, love ; but my soul
Sometimes revolts, because I think thy nature
Shudders at him and yonder bloody rites.
How dreadful ! when the world awakes to light,
And life, and gladness, and the jocund tide
Bounds in the veins of every happy creature,
Morning is ushered by a murdered victim,
Whose wasting members reek upon the air,
Polluting the pure firmament ; the shades
Of evening scent of death ; almost, the shrine
O'ershadowed by the holy Cherubim ;
And where the clotted current from the altar
Mixes with Kedron, all its waves are gore.
Nay, nay, I grieve thee—'tis not for myself,
But that I fear these gloomy things oppress
Thy soul, and cloud its native sunshine.

Tam. (*in tears, clasping her hands.*)
Witness, ye Heavens ! Eternal Father, witness !
Blest God of Jacob ! Maker ! Friend ! Preserver !
That with my heart, my undivided soul
I love, adore, and praise thy glorious name,
Confess thee Lord of all, believe thy laws
Wise, just, and merciful as they are true.
O Hadad, Hadad ! you misconstrue much
The sadness that usurps me—'tis for thee
I grieve—for hopes that fade—for your lost soul,
And my lost happiness.

Had. O say not so,
Beloved Princess. Why distrust my faith ?

Tam. Thou knowest alas, my weakness ; but remember,
I never, never will be thine, although
The feast, the blessing, and the song were past,
Though Absalom and David called me bride,
Till sure thou own'st, with truth, and love sincere,
The Lord Jehovah.

Had. Leave me not—Hear, hear—
I do believe—I know that Being lives
Whom you adore. Ah ! stay— by proofs I know
Which Moses had not.

Tam. Prince, unclasp my hand. (*Exit*)

LESSON LXXXIV.

Domestick Education and Maternal Influence.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

DOMESTICK education, has great power in the establishment of those habits, which ultimately stamp the character for good or evil. Under its jurisdiction, the Protean forms of *selfishness*, are best detected and eradicated. It is inseparable from the well-being of woman, that she be *disinterested*. In the height of youth, and beauty, she may inhale incense as a goddess, but a time will come for nectar, and ambrosia to yield to the food of mortals. Then the essence of her happiness, will be found to consist in imparting it.

If she seek to intrench herself in solitary indifference, her native dependence comes over her, from sources where it is least expected, convincing her that the true excellence of her nature, is to *confer* rather than to *monopolize* felicity. When we recollect, that her prescribed sphere mingles with its purest brightness, seasons of deep endurance, anxieties, which no other heart can participate, and sorrows for which earth has no remedy, we would earnestly incite those who gird her for the warfare of life, to confirm habits of fortitude, self-renunciation, and calm reliance on an Invisible Supporter.

We are not willing to dismiss this subject, without indulging a few thoughts on *maternal influence*. Its agency, in the culture of the affections, those springs which put in motion the human machine, has been long conceded. That it might also, bear directly upon the development of intellect, and the growth of the sterner virtues of manhood, is proved by the obligations of the great Bacon to his studious mother, and the acknowledged indebtedness of Washington, to the decision, to the almost Lacedemonian culture, of his maternal guide.

The immense force of *first* impressions, is on the side of the mother. An engine of uncomputed power is committed to her hand. If she fix her lever judiciously, though she may not like Archimedes, aspire to move the earth, she may hope to raise one of the habitants of earth to heaven. Her danger will arise from delay in the commencement of her operations, as well as from doing too little, or too much, after she has engaged in the work. As there is a medium in chemistry, between the exhausted receiver, and the compound blow-

pipe, so in early education, the inertness which undertakes nothing, and the impatience which attempts all things at once, may be equally indiscreet and fatal.

The mental fountain is unsealed to the eye of a mother, ere it has chosen a channel, or breathed a murmur. She may tinge with sweetness or bitterness, the whole stream of future life. Other teachers have to contend with unhappy combinations of ideas, she rules the simple and plastick elements. Of her, we may say, she hath "entered into the magazines of snow, and seen the treasures of the hail."

In the moral field, she is a privileged labourer. Ere the dews of morning begin to exhale, she is there. She breaks up a soil, which the root of error and the thorns of prejudice have not pre-occupied. She plants germs whose fruit is for eternity. While she feels that she is required to educate not merely a virtuous member of society, but a christian, an angel, a servant of the Most High, how does so holy a charge quicken piety, by teaching the heart its own insufficiency!

The soul of her infant is uncovered before her. She knows that the images, which she enshrines in that unpolluted sanctuary, must rise before her at the bar of doom. Trembling at such tremendous responsibility, she teaches the little being, whose life is her dearest care, of the God who made him; and who can measure the extent of a mother's lessons of piety, unless his hand might remove the veil, which divides terrestrial from celestial things?

"When I was a little child," said a good man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and as it were, drawn back, by a soft hand upon my head.

When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations. But when I would have yielded, that *same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure, as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice, in my heart, a voice that must be obeyed—'Oh! do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.'"

LESSON LXXXV.

* *Weehawken*.—ANONYMOUS.

WEEHAWKEN ! In thy mountain scenery yet,
All we adore of nature, in her wild
And frolick hour of infancy, is met ;
And never has a summer's morning smil'd
Upon a lovelier scene, than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels on—when high,

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
O'er crags, that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows that sense of danger, which sublimes
The breathless moment—when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear,

Like the death musick of his coming doom,
And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
As the heart clings to life ; and when resume
The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling—like the moan
Of wearied ocean, when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view,
Ocean, and earth, and heaven, burst before him.
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
Of summer's sky, in beauty bending o'er him—
The city bright below ; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantick bay.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air ;
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there.
In wild reality. When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this ; nor lives there one
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood days

* Near the city of New York.

Of happiness, were pass'd beneath that sun,
That in his manhood prime can calmly gaze
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land.

LESSON LXXXVI.

South America in 1825.—N. A. REVIEW.

THE progress of South America, in the career of revolution, independence, and liberty, is among the remarkable phenomena of the present age, and supplies a page in the history of man, rich with facts of high and novel import, from which the wise and benevolent may receive equal instruction and pleasure. The enlightened statesman will find his brightest anticipations more than realized, and the friend of human kind will contemplate with delight, a march of improvement in the social, intellectual, and political condition of his race, which no records of previous history have taught him to expect.

A tyranny so shameless in its aggressions on the rights of man, so iniquitous and selfish in its motives, and so desolating in its action, as that whose iron arm was stretched over Spanish America, from the bloody era of the conquest down to the beginning of the present century, has never been known at any period of the world, whether civilized or barbarous. Chateaubriand spoke without metaphor, when he said, that "for every dollar spent in Europe, tears of blood flow in the abysses of the earth in America." That the day should arrive, when such oppression would be resisted, and a just retribution fall on the heads of the oppressors, was to be expected, but that the struggles of the sufferers should be crowned with successes so speedy and permanent, was more than the most sanguine could have ventured to predict, or even hope.

Within the short space of fifteen years, all Spanish America has shaken off the chains of its servitude, and new and independent governments have been established. The countries, which have respectively instituted separate governments of their own, are Mexico, Guatamala, Colombia, Peru, Chili, and Buenos Ayres. Nature seems to have marked out these

divisions, and it is most likely that they will for the present, at least, remain fixed.

Brazil enjoys a sort of anomalous independence, having dissolved its connexion with the old dynasty of Portugal, and set up a government of its own, under a constitution, and the new emperor Don Pedro, who, in his proclamation to the Brazilians, published a year ago, bravely bid defiance to the "Jacobinical and Machiavellian Cortes of Portugal." This is of course a temporary state of things. The atmosphere of America is not one, which can ever be breathed freely by kings and emperours; crowns will not sit lightly here, and the fate of Iturbide should be a warning to all, who are ambitious of so hazardous a distinction. The experiment of the last fifteen years, which was begun indeed fifty years ago by the United States, has solved to a demonstration, the great problem in politicks, respecting the capability of men, in a given state of society, to govern themselves.

Aloof from the governments of the old world, and too remote to be encumbered and crushed by the officious aid of a Holy Alliance, or a jealous neighbour, the South Americans have fought their way to independence; and, notwithstanding they were just emerging from a state of pupillage and degradation, so feelingly described by Bolivar, in his excellent speech at the opening of the Congress of Cúcuta, they have nevertheless shown themselves adequate to every exigency. Wisdom has prevailed in their deliberations, and they have been firm, prompt, and persevering in action. Reverses have only roused them to new and more vigorous efforts, and experience has taught them lessons, by which they have not disdained to be instructed and guided.

We do not mean to say, that there have not been civil commotions, tumults, and factions, errors of judgment on one part, and want of principle on another, contests of ambition, interest, passion, ignorance; all these have shown themselves perpetually, and in various forms, and it is no wonder that they should; but it may be affirmed, that the spirit of justice, intelligence, and virtue has triumphed, and it must moreover be allowed, that the praise of the triumph is in proportion to the obstacles encountered and overcome. In some of the republicks there will doubtless be further changes, and perhaps civil discords, but the Rubicon is passed, the conflict between despotism and liberty is at an end.

Disputes concerning the safest depositories of power, and the best machinery of government, will arise, constitutions

will require to be amended to suit the growing intelligence of the people, and improvement of society. Such differences, when confined to discussions, or even to sharp collisions of party, will do good, by quickening the spirit of inquiry, and diffusing a knowledge of political science.

The recent able articles in the *Nacional*, published at Buenos Ayres, going into a full examination of the principles of a new constitution proposed for the government, cannot fail to exercise an important influence in preparing the minds of the people for a salutary change. The freedom, and even warmth, with which all kinds of political topics have been discussed in the papers of Bogotá and Caracas, has no doubt contributed very much to the successful establishment of the constitution and laws of Colombia. Who knows how much we are indebted to the essays of the Federalist, and the newspaper wars of that day, for our own Union and the adoption of the constitution? The light elicited by these contests of intellect and opinion, enabled the people gradually to distinguish sound principles from false, and prepared them to incline to the better side. We look for the same results, although by a slower process, in the rising states of South America.

LESSON LXXXVII.

The Raising of Jairus's Daughter.—N. A. REVIEW.

THEY have watched her last and quivering breath,
And the maiden's soul has flown;
They have wrapt her in the robes of death,
And laid her, dark and lone.

But the mother casts a look behind,
Upon that fallen flow'r,—
Nay, start not—'twas the gathering wind,
Those limbs have lost their pow'r.

And tremble not at that cheek of snow,
Over which the faint light plays,
'Tis only the crimson curtain's glow,
Which thus deceives thy gaze.

Didst thou not close that expiring eye ?
And feel the soft pulse decay ?
And did not thy lips receive the sigh,
Which bore her soul away ?

She lies on her couch, all pale and hushed,
And heeds not thy gentle tread,
And is still as the spring-flow'r by traveller crush'd,
Which dies on its snowy bed.

The mother has flown from that lonely room,
And the maid is mute and pale—
Her ivory hand is cold as the tomb,
And dark is her stiffen'd nail.

Her mother strays with folded arms,
And her head is bent in woe,
She shuts her thoughts to joy or charms,
No tear attempts to flow.

But listen ! what name salutes her ear ?
It comes to a heart of stone ;
“ Jesus,” she cries, “ has no power here,
My daughter's life has flown.”

He leads the way to that cold white couch,
And bends o'er the senseless form,
Can his be less than a heavenly touch ?
The maiden's hand is warm !

And the fresh blood comes with roseate hue,
While death's dark terrors fly,
Her form is rais'd, and her step is true,
And life beams bright in her eye.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

The Power of Musick.—PIERPONT.

WHILE thus the enthusiast roams along the stream,
Balanc'd between a revery and a dream,
Backward he springs ; and, through his bounding heart,

The cold and curdling poison seems to dart.
For, in the leaves, beneath a quivering brake,
Spinning his death-note, lies a coiling snake,
Just in the act, with greenly venom'd fangs,
To strike the foot, that heedless o'er him hangs.

Bloated with rage, on spiral folds he rides ;
His rough scales shiver on his spreading sides ;
Dusky and dim his glossy neck becomes,
And freezing poisons thicken on his gums ;
His parch'd and hissing throat breathes hot and dry ;
A spark of hell lies burning on his eye ;
While like a vapour, o'er his writhing rings,
Whirls his light tail, that threatens while it sings.

Soon as dumb Fear removes her icy fingers
From off the heart, where gazing wonder lingers,
The pilgrim, shrinking from a doubtful fight,
Aware of danger, too, in such a flight,
From his soft flute throws musick's air around,
And meets his foe, upon enchanted ground.

See ! as the plaintive melody is flung,
The lightning flash fades on the serpent's tongue ;
The uncoiling reptile o'er each shining fold
Throws changeful clouds of azure, green and gold ;
A softer lustre twinkles in his eye ;
His neck is burnished with a glassier dye ;
His slippery scales grow smoother to the sight,
And his relaxing circles roll in light.—
Slowly the charm retires ;—with waving sides
Along its track the graceful listener glides ;
While musick throws her silver cloud around,
And bears her votary off, in magick folds of sound.

LESSON LXXXIX.

Ohio.—FLINT.

THIS great State, which was, within my memory, an unbroken wilderness, is now at farthest, only the fourth State in the Union in point of numbers. There are not, probably,

on the earth, seven hundred thousand human beings, who, in the mass, are more comfortably fed, and clothed, than the population of this State. I looked upon this fresh and flourishing city [Cincinnati], outstretched under my eye, and compared in thought, its progress with that of the imperial Petersburg,—where a great and intelligent despot said, “Let there be a city,” and a city arose upon a Golgotha, upon piles of human bones and skulls, that gave consistency to a morass.

The awe of a numberless soldiery, the concentrated resources of thirty millions of slaves, the will of the sovereign, who made the same use of men, that the mason does of bricks and mortar, must all conspire to form a city in that place. Drove of peasants are transplanted from the extremities of Asia to people it. Imperial treasures are lavished to furnish inducements to entice the *noblesse* to build and reside there. A despotick court displays there Asiatick magnificence, and squanders the means of ministering to its caprices and its pleasures. The result of all these concurring causes, is the erection of one splendid city, in the midst of a desert; and more human beings, probably, perished in this unnatural forcing of a city, than inhabit it at this day.

How different are the fostering efforts of liberty. Sixteen hundred miles from the sea, in half an age, this flourishing and beautiful town has emerged from the woods, and when as old as Petersburg now is, will probably, in wealth and population, emulate the imperial city. No troops are stationed, no publick money lavished here. It is not even the State metropolis. The people build and multiply imperceptibly and in silence. Nothing is forced. This magnificent result, is only the development of our free and noble institutions, upon a fertile soil. Nor is this place the solitary point, where the genius of our institutions is working this result. Numerous cities and towns, over an extent of two thousands of miles, are emulating the growth of this place.

The banks of the Ohio, are destined shortly, to become almost a continued village. Eleven years have produced an astonishing change in this respect; for, at that distance of time, by far the greater proportion of the course of the Ohio was through a forest. When you saw this city, apparently lifting its head from surrounding woods, you found yourself at a loss to imagine whence so many people could be furnished with supplies. In the fine weather, at the commencement of winter, it is only necessary to go to

the market of this town, and see its exuberant supplies of every article of consumption, in the finest order, and of the best quality ; to see the lines of wagons, and the astonishing quantities of every kind of produce, to realize, at once, all that you have read about the growth of Ohio.

LESSON XC.

The retirement of General Putnam.—FLINT.

GENERAL PUTNAM was a veteran of the revolution, an inhabitant of Marietta, one of the first purchasers and settlers in the country. He had moved here when it was one compact and boundless forest, vocal only with the cry of owls, the growl of bears, and the death song of the savages. He had seen that forest fall under the axe,—had seen commodious, and after that, splendid dwellings, rise around him. He had seen the settlement sustain an inundation, which wafted away the dwellings, and in some instances the inhabitants in them. The cattle and all the improvements of cultivation were swept away. He had seen the country suffer all the accumulated horrors of an Indian war. He had seen its exhaustless fertility and its natural advantages triumph over all. He had seen Marietta make advances towards acquainting itself with the gulf of Mexico, by floating off from its banks a number of sea vessels built there. He had seen the prodigious invention of steam-boats experimented on the Ohio, and heard their first thunder, as they swept by his dwelling. He had survived to see them become so common, as to be no more objects of curiosity. He had witnessed a hundred boats, laden for New Orleans, pass by in the compass of a few hours. He had surrounded his modest, but commodious dwelling with fruit-trees of his own planting ; and finer, or more loaded orchards than his, no country could offer. In the midst of rural plenty, and endeared friends, who had grown up around him, far from the display of wealth, the bustle of ambition and intrigue, the father of the colony, hospitable and kind without ostentation and without effort, he displayed in these remote regions, the grandeur, real and intrinsick, of those immortal men, who achieved our revolution. Of these great men, most of whom, and General Putnam among the rest, have

passed away, there seems to have arisen a more just and a more respectful estimate. Greater and more unambitious men, no age or country has reared.

LESSON XCI.

Prevalence of Poetry.—PERCIVAL.

THE world is full of poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit ; and the waves
Dance to the musick of its melodies
And sparkle in its brightness—Earth is veil'd,
And mantled with its beauty ; and the walls,
That close the universe, with crystal, in,
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man, in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

* * * * *

'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measur'd file, and metrical array ;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity and accent that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.

'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipp'd in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.

'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments,
That overload their littleness.—Its words

Are few, but deep and solemn ; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion, which on Carmel, fir'd
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language wing'd with terroure, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, arm'd with wrath,
Commission'd to affright us, and destroy.

LESSON XCII.

The Falls of Niagara.—BRAINARD.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God pour'd thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thy awful front ;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters ;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime ?
Oh ! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side !
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar !
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains ?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

LESSON XCIII.

General Character of the North American Indians.—FLINT.

I HAVE inspected the northern, middle, and southern Indians, for a length of ten years ; and I mention it only to

prove that my opportunities of observation have been considerable, and that I do not undertake to form a judgment of their character, without at least having seen much of it.

I have been forcibly struck with a general resemblance in their countenance, make, conformation, manners, and habits. I believe that no race of men can show a people, who speak different languages, inhabit different climes, and subsist on different food, and who are yet so wonderfully alike. You may easily discover striking differences in their stature, strength, intellect, acuteness, and consideration among themselves. But a savage of Canada, and of the Rio del Norte, has substantially the same face, the same form, and if I may so say, the same instincts.

They are all, in my mind, unquestionably from a common stock. What wonderful dreams they must have had, who supposed that any of these races were derived from the Welch, or the Jews. Their languages, now that they are more attentively examined, are found to be far less discordant than they have been generally supposed. In the construction of it, in the manner of forming their attributes, their verbs, their numerals, especially, there is a great and striking analogy. Nor will it explain this to my mind, to say that their wants and modes of existence being alike, their ways of expressing their thoughts must be also. They have a language of signs, that is common to all, from Canada to the western sea. Governour Clark explained to me a great number of these signs, which convey exactly the same ideas to those who speak different languages. But in fact, with the command of four dialects, I believe that a man could make himself understood by the savages from Maine to Mexico.

They have not the same acute and tender sensibilities with the other races of men. I particularly compare them with a race, with which I have often seen them intermixed,—the negroes. They have no quick perceptions, no acute feelings. They do not so easily or readily sympathize with external nature. They seem callous to every passion but rage. The instances, that have been given in such glowing colours, of their females having felt and displayed the passion of love towards individuals of the whites, with such ardour and devoted constancy, have, I doubt not, existed. But they were exceptions, anomalies from the general character.

In all the positions in which I have seen them, they do not seem susceptible of much affection for their own species, or

the whites. They are apparently a melancholy, sullen, and musing race, who appear to have whatever they have of emotion or excitement on ordinary occasions, going on in the inner man. Every one has remarked how little surprize they express, for whatever is new, strange, or striking. Their continual converse with woods, rocks, and sterile deserts, with the roar of the winds, and the solitude and gloom of the wilderness, their alternations of satiety and hunger, their continual exposure to danger, their uncertain existence, which seems to them a forced and unnatural state, the little hold which their affections seem to have upon life, the wild and savage nature that always surrounds them,—these circumstances seem to have impressed a steady and unalterable gloom upon their countenance.

If there be here and there a young man, otherwise born to distinction among them, who feels the freshness and the vivacity of a youthful existence, and shows any thing of the gaiety and volatility of other animals in such circumstances, he is denounced as a trifling thing, destitute of all dignity of character, and the sullen and silent young savage will be advanced above him. They converse very little, even among themselves. They seem to possess an instinctive determination to be wholly independent even of their own savage society. They wish to have as few relations as may be, with any thing external to themselves.

Their impassible fortitude and endurance of suffering, which have been so much vaunted, are after all, in my mind, the result of a greater degree of physical insensibility. It has been told me, with how much truth I know not, but I believe it, that in amputation, and other surgical operations, their nerves do not shrink, do not show the same tendency to spasm, with those of the whites. When the savage, to explain his insensibility to cold, called upon the white man to recollect how little his own face was affected by it, in consequence of its constant exposure, the savage added, "My body is all face."

This increasing insensibility, transmitted from generation to generation, finally becomes invrought with the whole web of animal nature, and the body of the savage seems to have little more sensibility than the hoofs of horses. Of course no ordinary stimulus excites them to action. None of the common excitements, endearments, or motives, operate upon them at all. They seem to hold most of the things that move us, in proud disdain. The horrors of their dreadful

warfare, the infernal rage of their battles, the demoniack fury of gratified revenge, the alternations of hope and despair in their gambling, to which they are addicted, far beyond the whites, the brutal exhilaration of drunkenness,—these are their pleasurable excitements.

These are the things, that awaken them to a strong and pleasurable consciousness of existence. When these excitements arouse the imprisoned energies of their long and sullen meditations, it is like Æolus uncaging the whirlwinds. The tomahawk flies with un pitying and unsparing fury. The writhing of their victims inspires a horrible joy. Nor need we wonder at the enmity, that exists between them and the frontier people, when we know how often such enemies have been let loose upon their women and children.

I have often contrasted the savages, in all these respects, with the negroes, and it has seemed to me, that they were the two extremes of human nature brought together. The negro is easily excitable, and in the highest degree susceptible of all the passions ; he is more especially so, of the mild and gentle affections. To the Indian, stern, silent, moody, ruminating, existence seems a burden. To the negro, remove only pain and hunger, it is naturally a state of enjoyment. As soon as his burdens are laid down, or his toils for a moment suspended, he sings, he seizes his fiddle, he dances. When their days are passed in continued and severe toil, their nights,—for like cats and owls they are nocturnal animals,—are passed in wandering about from plantation to plantation, in visiting, feasting, and conversation.

LESSON XCIV.

An Evening Sketch.—PINKNEY.

'Twas eve ; the broadly shining sun
Its long, celestial course, had run ;
The twilight heaven, so soft and blue,
Met earth in tender interview.

Like happy islands of the sky,
The gleaming clouds reposed on high,
Each fixed sublime, deprived of motion,
A Delos to the airy ocean.

Upon the stirless shore no breeze
Shook the green drapery of the trees,
Or, rebel to tranquillity,
Awoke a ripple on the sea.

Nor, in a more tumultuous sound,
Were the world's audible breathings drowned ;
The low strange hum of herbage growing,
The voice of hidden waters flowing,
Made songs of nature, which the ear
Could scarcely be pronounced to hear ;
But noise had furled its subtle wings,
And moved not through material things,
All which lay calm as they had been
Parts of the painter's mimick scene.

LESSON XCV.

Address of the Sylph of Autumn to the Bard.—ALLSTON.

AND now, in accents deep and low,
Like voice of fondly-cherish'd woe,
The Sylph of Autumn sad :
Though *I* may not of raptures sing,
That graced the gentle song of Spring,
Like Summer playful pleasures bring,
Thy youthful heart to glad :

Yet still may I in hope aspire
Thy heart to touch with chaster fire,
And purifying love :
For I with vision high and holy,
And spell of quick'ning melancholy,
Thy soul from sublunary folly
First rais'd to worlds above.

What though be mine the treasures fair
Of purple grape, and yellow pear,
And fruits of various hue,
And harvests rich of golden grain,
That dance in waves along the plain
To merry song of reaping swain,
Beneath the welkin blue ;

With these I may not urge my suit,
Of Summer's patient toil the fruit,
For mortal purpose given :
Nor may it fit my sober mood
To sing of sweetly murmuring flood,
Or dies of many-coloured wood,
That mock the bow of heaven.

But, know, 'twas mine the secret power
That wak'd thee at the midnight hour,
In bleak November's reign :
'Twas I the spell around thee cast,
When thou didst hear the hollow blast
In murmurs tell of pleasures past,
That ne'er would come again :

And led thee, when the storm was o'er,
To hear the sullen ocean roar,
By dreadful calm opprest ;
Which still, though not a breeze was there,
Its mountain-billows heav'd in air,
As if a living thing it were,
That strove in vain for rest.

'Twas I, when thou, subdued by woe,
Didst watch the leaves descending slow,
To each a moral gave ;
And as they mov'd in mournful train,
With rustling sound, along the plain,
Taught them to sing a seraph's strain
Of peace within the grave.

And then, uprais'd thy streaming eye,
I met thee in the western sky,
In pomp of evening cloud ;
That, while with varying form it roll'd,
Some wizard's castle seem'd of gold,
And now a crimson'd knight of old,
Or king in purple proud.

And last, as sunk the setting sun,
And Evening with her shadows dun
The gorgeous pageant past,
'Twas then of life a mimick show,

Of human grandeur here below,
Which thus beneath the fatal blow
Of Death must fall at last

Oh, then with what aspiring gaze,
Didst thou thy tranced vision raise
To yonder orbs on high,
And think how wondrous, how sublime
'Twere upwards to their spheres to climb,
And live, beyond the reach of Time,
Child of Eternity !

LESSON XCVI.

Eloquence.—WEBSTER.

WHEN publick bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labour and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanick fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour.

Then words have lost their power, rhetorick is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius, itself, then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent ; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logick, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the daunt-

less spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence ; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

LESSON XCVII.

Vindication of Spain. Pronounced during the Debate on the Seminole War, in Congress, 1819.—HOPKINSON.

PERMIT me, sir, to express my regret and decided disapprobation of the terms of reproach and contempt in which this nation has been spoken of on this floor ; “poor, degraded Spain,” has resounded from various parts of the house. Is it becoming, sir, the dignity of a representative of the American people to utter, from his high station, invectives against a nation, with whom we cultivate and maintain the most friendly relations ? Is it discreet, sir, in an individual, however enlightened, to venture upon a denunciation of a whole people ?

In this poor, degraded Spain, it must be remembered, there is a vast mass of learning, and genius, and virtue, too ; and a gentleman, who passes it all under his condemnation and contempt, hardly considers what a task he has undertaken. No people has suffered more than ourselves, by these exterminating, sweeping judgments. Let us not be guilty of the same injustice to others. When I see one of these scribbling travellers, or insignificant atoms, gravely take upon himself to put down the character of my own country, I turn from him with disgust and derision.

Let us be equally just to others. This at least is not the place for the indulgence of national prejudices or resentments. A regard for ourselves, forbids it. May I add, sir, that, in reference to the weakness of Spain, we should characterize her, perhaps more justly, certainly more liberally, by saying exhausted, rather than degraded Spain. Yes, sir, exhausted in a contest for existence with a tremendous power, under which every other nation of Europe, save one, sunk and fell. She bore herself through with inflexible perseverance ; and, if she came out of the conflict enfeebled and exhausted, it is no cause of reproach or contempt.

We talk of a war with Spain, as a matter of amusement. I do not desire to partake of it. It will not be found a very comfortable war, not from her power to do so much harm, but from the impossibility of gaining any thing by it, or of wearing out her patience, or subduing her fortitude. The history of every Spanish war, is a history of immoveable obstinacy, that seems to be confirmed and hardened by misfortune and trial. In her frequent contests with England, the latter, after all her victories, has been the first to desire peace.

Let gentlemen not deceive themselves, about the pleasantry of a Spanish war. May they not, sir, have some respect for the past character of this nation? The time has been, when a Spanish knight, was the type of every thing that was chivalrous in valour, generous in honour, and pure in patriotism. A century has hardly gone by, since the Spanish infantry was the terroure of Europe, and the pride of soldiers. But those days of her glory are past. Where, now, is that invincible courage; that noble devotion to honour; that exalted love of country? Let me tell you, in a voice of warning; they are buried in the mines of Mexico, and the mountains of Peru. Beware, my countrymen; look not with so eager an eye to these fatal possessions, which will also be the grave of your strength and virtue, should you be so unfortunate as to obtain them,

LESSON XCVIII.

Lafayette's Visit to the United States, in 1824.

[From the United States Literary Gazette, for Sept. 1824.]

At length this friend of our fathers has reached our shores; where he came in his youth to suffer and to combat with a few, whom hope had almost left, he has come in his age to receive a nation's welcome. We are a young people, and have little experience in pomp and courtliness; we are comparatively poor, and very practical and economical;—we are republicans and would rather be our own kings than reduce the majesty of the nation within the bounds of a regal diadem,—and there is no monarch to bid us welcome *his* guest, and be exceedingly joyous and thankful at the place and time appointed.

Yet, for all this, we do not believe the old world ever saw

a triumphal march like that which Lafayette is now making through our land. We do not speak of the sincerity and earnestness of the greetings, which he receives, but of the visible pomp and splendour of the homage, and the honours which are paid him.

He landed at New York, and the whole of that great city went out to meet him, with a cry of gladness and of welcome. A wise and just and honourable enthusiasm, which the slumber of many years could not extinguish, awoke at his approach. As soon as it was known that he would visit first the eastern states, the whole population of the country arose, as one man, to prepare for his coming.

His progress was perpetually arrested by successive multitudes, who could not let him pass by, until he had gathered their tribute of joy and gratitude. The towns, which he passed through, were ready with their homage. His journey was impeded, and he did not arrive in Dorchester until the night had almost passed; but crowds of all ages and both sexes were watching for him to the last hour.

They who awaited him by the road-side felt no want of slumber; they did not expect to take him by the hand or to touch his garment, but the hope of seeing him pass by, cheered them through the slow watches of the night. As soon as the obscurity of twilight had deepened into darkness, lanterns and torches were placed by the way side for many miles; even, indeed, to the seat of Governour Eustis, where it was known that he would stop. This was not done by concert, and previous arrangement and the command of authority, but it was the common expression of a common feeling;—it was a simple but most eloquent circumstance.

In Europe, a sovereign might have called forth his ten thousand troops to present their muskets, and roll their drums, and wave their standards before him; or have bidden the populace come forth from their hovels or their fields, and array themselves by the way-side, and be ready to cast their flowers at his feet, and shout,—and long for the farce to be over. But here, the voice of the nation hails him,—the hearts of all the people are throbbing in his presence.

He came to our city,* and all that we could devise or execute to his honour was done; he passed through triumphal arches built by freemen whom he had helped to make free; he heard in our crowded streets the cheers of more thousands, who had come here only to look upon him, than he found

* Boston,

dwelling here when, fifty years ago, he came to our assistance ; and when he stopped by our broad Common to take the wreath offered him by one of twenty-five hundred children educated in the *free schools* of a city, where in his youth he had found scarcely so many men grown to manhood, *then* he may have learned what an infinite blessing he helped to secure to us, and may have felt *why* we offer him a gratitude so profound.

And so will it be to the end. We profess no power of prophecy, and none is needed for this prediction. The same feelings await him, wherever he can go in our country, and the same natural and direct expressions of these feelings. The young have heard their fathers tell or they have read of his sacrifices and his deeds for our country ; his name is intimately connected with great events, which have forcibly struck their imagination and taken strong hold upon their memory,—and they throng to gaze upon him with the passionate eagerness of youth.

The middle-aged know more distinctly, and feel more deeply all that he did, and all that they owe to that deliverance, towards which he brought assistance so important, so unlooked for, so purely disinterested ; and how can they help looking upon him, as upon one whose like, few nations and ages have seen, and they shall see no more. The old have not forgotten that he came to their aid, and fought their battles, and bled for their sakes ; the thoughts of their youth have returned, when the name of Lafayette, was familiar in their mouths as a household word ; for years and years they have remembered him and talked of him ; they have known that he lived in a foreign land,—they have longed to see him ; and rejoice that they shall not die without the sight.

This will be so, and it should it be so. The meeting between the Marquis de Lafayette and the people of this country is no common occurrence ; past ages can produce no precedent, and the usual principles of human conduct afford no rule for it. Fifty years ago, a few weak colonies were struggling to withstand oppression and be free. A nobleman of high rank left the court of his sovereign, the hopes and the honours proper to his rank, the luxuries, which wealth offered him, and the peaceful happiness of home, and came to aid those colonies.

He had and could have no motive but love for our cause ; he left all that men commonly seek, and came to all that men commonly dread ; and he came unsolicited, for we knew him

not until we knew him from his offer. He brought to the aid of an almost desperate cause, men, and money, and personal assistance, and the influence of his example. He endured extreme hardship, toil, sacrifice, and danger, with a more unflinching constancy, than if he were fighting in his own cause, and—excepting a few months which he passed at home, in effectually soliciting the assistance of his country—he remained here until the worst of our conflict was over, and our independence achieved; then his object was effected, and he returned to his family.

For nearly fifty years he leads a life always consistent with its opening. In the mean time, this nation, by whose birth he stood, has grown to be a mighty people, enjoying undisturbed and unexampled prosperity and happiness, in consequence of those principles, and that independence, which he fought for with our fathers, and helped mainly to establish. He comes to this land once more, that he may see these glorious fruits of those glorious victories; and is it possible that we should feel or should express a superfluous gratitude?

The honours due to Lafayette cannot be measured by those, which we pay to other surviving officers of the revolution. There is not merely no one whose rank in the army equalled his, and no one whose assistance was so peculiarly valuable. They of that noble band, who are yet living, have always lived among us, and to them our thanks can be, and should be always paid; now we are discharging a debt of gratitude, which has been accumulating for more years than many, who pay it, have lived.

But we should especially remember all that Lafayette abandoned, and the disheartening condition of those, to whom he came, and the pure passion for liberty, which alone could have brought him hither; and we shall then *feel* that this case cannot be judged by any other that has occurred since History began to record men's doings. Perhaps we have erred in supposing that any, who are among us, will refuse to join in the universal acclaim, which is now uttering the welcome of a people to an illustrious guest.

We repeat, the enthusiasm felt from the boundaries to the boundaries of our land, is as wise and honourable as it is natural. If there be any, who dare to deem the homage paid to Lafayette unnecessary or excessive, let them hide such thoughts in silence,—if uttered they will be heard with scorn and with rebuke. In this, if never before, the whole people of this land are united, for the whole people know who it is.

that is among them, and *how* and *why* he came in the days of their fathers,—and every man rejoices to find his feelings borne out by the sympathy of all around him.

LESSON XCIX.

Mr. Everett's Address to General Lafayette, at the close of his Oration, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in 1824.

WITH the present year, will be completed the half century, from that most important era in human history, the commencement of our revolutionary war. The jubilee of our national existence is at hand. The space of time, that has elapsed, since that momentous date, has laid down in the dust, which the blood of many of them had already hallowed, most of the great men to whom, under Providence, we owe our national existence and privileges.

A few still survive among us, to reap the rich fruits of their labours and sufferings; and One has yielded himself to the united voice of a people, and returned in his age, to receive the gratitude of the nation, to whom he devoted his youth. It is recorded on the pages of American history, that when this friend of our country, applied to our commissioners at Paris, in 1776, for a passage in the first ship they should despatch to America, they were obliged to answer him, (so low and abject was then our dear native land,) that they possessed not the means nor the credit sufficient for providing a single vessel, in all the ports of France. Then, exclaimed the youthful hero, "I will provide my own;" and it is a literal fact, that when all America was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to her shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle.

Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph, such as never conqueror nor monarch enjoyed, the assurance that throughout America, there is not a bosom, which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name. You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain, of the ardent patriots, prudent counsellors, and brave warriors, with whom you were asso-

ciated in achieving our liberty. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many, who would have lived years of pleasure on a day like this, with their old companion in arms and brother in peril.

Lincoln, and Greene, and Knox, and Hamilton, are gone ; the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown have fallen, before the only foe they could not meet. Above all, the first of heroes, and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomack, he lies in glory and peace.

You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon, but him, whom you venerated as we did, you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the Austrian dungeons, cannot now break its silence, to bid you welcome to his own roof. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome, in his name. Welcome, thrice welcome, to our shores ; and whithersoever, throughout the limits of the continent, your course shall take you, the ear, that hears you shall bless you, the eye, that sees you shall bear witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy, welcome, welcome Lafayette !

LESSON C.

The Spirit of Seventy-Six.—J. QUINCY.

OF a similar type is the self-denial, to which our forefathers submitted, and the hazards, which they voluntarily incurred, for the sake of principle. By submission, they would, in their own time, have enjoyed peace, secured plenty, attained external protection under the shield of Great Britain, and in the gradual advance of society, they had reason to expect to arrive, even in the colonial state, at a very elevated and enviable condition of prosperity.

On the other hand, what were the hazards of resistance ? The untried and not to be estimated perils of civil war ; “ a people, in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood,” to rush on the thick bosses of the buckler of the most powerful state in Europe ; the one most capable of annoying them ; without arms or resources, to enter the lists with the best appointed nation on the globe ; destitute of a sloop of war, to wage hostilities with a country whose navies

commanded every sea, and even their own harbours. In case of success,—the chance of anarchy and the unknown casualties attending a new organization of society ; in case of failure,—exile, confiscation, the scaffold, the fate of some ; to bear the opprobrious names of rebel and traitor, and to transmit them to a disgraced posterity, the fate of all.

What appeals to selfishness ! what to cupidity ! what to love of ease, to fear, and to pusillanimity ! But our fathers took counsel of a different spirit—of the pure, ethereal spirit which glowed and burned in their own bosoms. In spite of the greatness of the temptation and the certainty of the hazard, they resisted ; and the front ranks of opposition were filled, not by a needy, promiscuous, unknown, and irresponsible crowd, but by the heart, and mind, and strength, of the colony ; by the calm and calculating merchant ; by the cautious capitalist ; by the sedate and pious divine ; by the far-looking, deep read lawyer ; by the laborious and intelligent mechanick. We have no need to repeat names. The entire soul, and sense, and sinew, of society were in action.

The spirit of our revolution is not to be sought in this, or that, individual ; nor in this, or that, order of men. It was the mighty energy of the whole mass. It was the momentous heaving of the troubled ocean, roused, indeed, by the coming tempest, but propelled onward by the lashing of its own waters, and by the awful, irresistible impulse of deep seated passion and power.

In this movement, those, who were foremost, were not always those of most influence ; nor were the exciting causes always the most obtrusive to the eye. All were pressed forward by the spirit, inherent in the community,—by the force of publick opinion and sense of duty, which never fell behind, but was often in advance of those, who were called leaders.

The event has shown that our fathers judged rightly in this movement ; that their conception was just concerning their means and their duties ; that they were equal to the crisis, in which Providence had placed them ; that, daring to be free, their power was equal to their daring. They vindicated liberty for themselves. They transmitted it to us, their posterity. There is no truer glory, no higher fame, known, or to be acquired among men.

How different would have been our lot, at this day, both as men and citizens, had the revolution failed of success, or had the great principle of liberty, on which it turned, been yielded ! Instead of a people, free, enlightened, rejoicing in their

strength, possessing a just consciousness of being the authors and arbiters of their own and their country's destinies, we should have been a multitude, without pride of independence, without sense of state or national sovereignty ; looking across the ocean for our rulers ; watching the Atlantick sky, as the cloud of court locusts, tempted by our greenness, came, "warping on the eastern wind ;" waiting on the strand to catch the first glimpse of our descending master ; some transatlantick chieftain ; some royal favourite ; some court sycophant ; sent to govern a country, without knowing its interests ; without sympathy in its prospects ; resting, in another hemisphere, the hopes of his fame and fortune. Our judges coming from afar. Our merchants denied all commerce, except with the parent state. Our clergy sent us, like our clothes, ready made ; and cut in the newest court fashion. None but conformists allowed to vote. None but churchmen eligible. Our civil rights subject to crown officers. Our religious, to a foreign hierarchy, cold, selfish, vindictive, distant, solicitous about glebes and tithes, but reckless, among us, of the spread of the light of learning, or the influence of the Gospel.

LESSON CI.

Extract from an Eulogy on the late Professor Fisher of Yale College.—KINGSLEY.

How frail are our hopes !—how limited our views !—how imperfect our apprehensions of the ways of Omnipotence, and how vainly do we prescribe to infinite wisdom and goodness, the rules of his government ! We confidently trusted, that fruit so fair, would be preserved to maturity,—that a morning so clear and serene, would be followed by a day of unclouded brightness ; but the fruit is nipt and blasted,—the day, long before it reached its meridian splendour, is shrouded in darkness, and our fond expectations have perished forever. We are now apprized of the melancholy event, that the Albion was dismasted in a gale on the coast of Ireland, and driven upon the rocks ; where, with a single exception, all the passengers, and among them, Professor Fisher, were lost in the waves.

If the bare recital of this fact fills us with deep distress, if we shrink from approaching the final scene, and check our imaginations, which would paint in too vivid colours, the last sufferings of our departed friend ; what must have been the horror, the agony, which rent his bosom, in actual view of a death so sudden, so unexpected, so awful ! But here let us not indulge too far, our gloomy surmises. Others may have been distracted with fear, and wild with apprehension ; but he, no doubt, was calm and collected. Others, frantick with grief, and mad with alarm and terroure, amidst the rage of contending elements, may have abandoned themselves to despair ;—but he, no doubt, was undismayed, and knew where to place his confidence.

We may, indeed, suppose that the thought of his parents and his home, the friends he had left behind, and the institution so much the object of his affection,—the idea of the sudden extinction of his earthly prospects, and the loss of whatever his heart held dear, now rushed upon his recollection, and filled him with unutterable anguish,—yet those who best knew him will most easily believe, that the last feeling of his heart, as the billows closed around him, that the last aspiration as he sunk into the opening gulph was,—“ Father, not my will, but thine, be done.”



LESSON CII.

Physical Education.—HUMPHREY.

IF what I choose to call the *physical* part of education, has not been wholly overlooked, (as it certainly has not,) in the most popular systems, still, it may well be questioned, whether it has yet received that degree of attention, which its immense importance demands.

Such, in our present condition, is the mysterious connexion between body and mind, that the one cannot act, except on a very limited scale, without the assistance of the other. The immortal agent must have an “earthly house” to dwell in ; and it is essential to vigorous and healthful mental operations, that this house should be well built, and that it should be kept in good repair. Now, it is the province of physical education, to erect the building, and in carrying it up, to have special reference to its firmness and durability ; so that

the unseen tenant, who is sent down to occupy it, may enjoy every convenience, and be enabled to work to the very best advantage.

That is undoubtedly the wisest and best regimen, which takes the infant from the cradle, and conducts him along through childhood and youth, up to high maturity, in such a manner, as to give strength to his arm, swiftness to his feet, solidity and amplitude to his muscles, symmetry to his frame, and expansion to all his vital energies. It is obvious, that this branch of education, comprehends not only food and clothing; but air, exercise, lodging, early rising, and whatever else is requisite to the full development of the physical constitution.

If, then, you would see the son of your prayers and hopes, blooming with health, and rejoicing daily in the full and sparkling tide of youthful buoyancy; if you wish him to be strong and athletick and careless of fatigue; if you would fit him for hard labour and safe exposure to winter and summer; or if you would prepare him to sit down twelve hours in a day with Euclid, Enfield and Newton, and still preserve his health, you must lay the foundation accordingly. You must begin with him early, must teach him self-denial, and gradually subject him to such hardships, as will help to consolidate his frame and give increasing energy to all his physical powers. His diet must be simple, his apparel must not be too warm, nor his bed too soft. As good soil is commonly so much cheaper and better for children than medicine, beware of too much restriction in the management of your darling boy. Let him, in choosing his play, follow the suggestions of nature.

Be not discomposed at the sight of his sand-hills in the road, his snows-forts in Fèbruary, and his mud-dams in April; nor when you chance to look out in the midst of an August shower, and see him wading and sailing and sporting along with the water-fowl. If you would make him hardy and fearless, let him go abroad as often as he pleases, in his early boyhood, and amuse himself by the hour together, in smoothing and twirling the hoary locks of winter. Instead of keeping him shut up all day with a stove, and graduating his sleeping room by Fahrenheit, let him face the keen edge of the north wind, when the mercury is below cypher, and instead of minding a little shivering and complaining when he returns, cheer up his spirits and send him out again. In this way, you will teach him that he was not born to live in

the nursery, nor to brood over the kitchen fire ; but to range abroad as free as the snow and the air, and to gain warmth from exercise. I love and admire the youth, who turns not back from the howling wintry blast, nor withers under the blaze of summer : who never magnifies “mole-hills into mountains,” but whose daring eye, exulting, scales the eagle’s airy crag, and who is ready to undertake any thing, that is prudent and lawful, within the range of possibility.

Who would think of planting the mountain oak in a greenhouse, or of rearing the cedar of Lebanon in a lady’s flower pot ? Who does not know that in order to attain their mighty strength and majestic forms, they must freely enjoy the rain and the sunshine, and must feel the rocking of the tempest ? Who would think of raising up a band of Indian warriors, upon cakes and jellies and beds of down, and amid all the luxuries and ease of wealth and carefulness ? The attempt would be highly preposterous, not to say utterly ridiculous. Very different is the course, which nature points out. It is the plain and scanty fare of these sons of the forest, their hard and cold lodging, their long marches and fastings, and their constant exposure to all the hardships of the wilderness, which give them such Herculean limbs and stature ; such prodigious might in the deadly fray, and such swiftness of foot in pursuing the vanquished.

I am far, however, from saying, that such training, would ensure to every child the arm of Achilles, or the courage of Logan, or the constitution and daring of Martin Luther. Some would doubtless sink under a vigorous early discipline ; but not near so many, as is generally supposed. The truth is, there is a mistaken tenderness, which daily interferes with the health-giving economy of heaven. Too many parents, instead of building upon the foundation, which God has laid, first subvert that foundation by misplaced indulgencies, and then vainly attempt to build among the ruins. They cross and perplex nature so much, in her efforts to make their children strong and healthy, that she at length refuses to do any thing, and the doating parents are left to patch up the shattered and puny constitution as well as they can, with tonicks and essences.

In this way, not a few young men of good talents, are rendered physically incapable of pursuing their studies to any advantage. They can never bear the fatigue of close and long continued application. The mind would gladly work, but the earthly tabernacle is so extremely frail, that

every vigorous effort shakes it to the foundation. It is like setting up the machinery of a furnace, in a mere shed, without studs or braces—or like attempting to raise the steam for a large ship, in a tin boiler. Whatever talents a youth may possess, he can accomplish but little in the way of study, without a good constitution to sustain his mental efforts; and such a constitution is not a blessing to be enjoyed of course. Like almost every other gift of heaven, it is to be obtained by human providence, and in the use of means adapted to the end. How many who begin well, ultimately fail of eminence and usefulness, through excessive tenderness, and for want of skill and care in their early physical education, it is impossible to say, but that many a young man is doomed to lingering imbecility, or to a premature grave, by this kind of mismanagement; and that the subject, on which I have hazarded the foregoing remarks, is intimately connected with the vital interests of the church and the state, will not, I think, be questioned.

One thing more, I deem it important to say, before I dismiss the present topic. The finest constitution, the growth of many years, may be ruined in a few months. However good the health of a student may be when he enters college, it requires much care and pains to preserve it; and there is a very common mistake as to the real cause why so many fail. Hard study has all the credit of undermining many a constitution, which would have sustained twice as much application, and without injury too, by early rising and walking, and by keeping up a daily acquaintance with the saw and the axe. Worthless in themselves, then, as are the elements which compose this mortal frame, so essential are its healthful energies to the operations of mind, that so long as the body and soul remain united, too much care can hardly be bestowed upon the former for the sake of the latter.

LESSON CIII.

Appeal in favour of the Surviving Heroes of the Revolution.—E. EVERETT.

NOR let us forget, on the return of this eventful day, the men, who, when the conflict of counsel was over, stood forward in that of arms. Yet let me not by faintly endeavour-

ing to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits. The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to paint out this picture, in all its astonishing incidents, in all its mingled colours of sublimity and woe, of agony and triumph.

But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers' blood begins to cry to us, from beneath the soil, which it moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and the deeds of that high-souled day. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone ; the crowd of the unsignalized great and good disappears ; and the leaders in war as well as council, are seen, in Fancy's eye, to take their stations on the mount of Remembrance.

They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham ; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill ; they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown, from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard fought fields of the war. With all their wounds and all their honours, they rise and plead with us, for their brethren, who survive ; and bid us, if indeed we cherish the memory of those, who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity, to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves.

LESSON CIV.

The civilization of Africa, the surest means of terminating African Slavery.—BACON.

By civilizing and christianizing the African continent, the degradation of Africans in other countries may be removed. Such a civilization of that continent implies, at its outset, the final abolition of the slave trade ; in its progress, the erection of free, independent and intelligent nations ; and in its completion, all the industry and enterprise of a thronging, active, enlightened population. What will be the influence of such changes on the condition of this degraded race in other lands ?

Let the slave trade be abolished, and that which has been at once the cause of their present wretchedness, and one grand obstacle in the way of their improvement, is done away. While these men are sold like cattle in the shambles, what can you do for the general elevation of their character ?

While thousands of fresh victims are continually poured in to swell the tide of misery, what can you do for the alleviation of this wo? Let the fountain be dried up, from which the misery has flowed, and you may operate on the evil to be remedied, with some prospect of success.

Let there be erected one free and intelligent African empire, and the reproach of the negro will cease. There is a scorn, which follows the very name of an African. He is hunted down by a contempt, which he can never escape. He is treated—whatever may be your opinion about his native character—he is in fact treated as an inferiour being. He is one of that people, who have been meted out and trodden down, plundered and sold, persecuted and oppressed from the beginning of time. And the consciousness, which he cannot evade, that he is despised by others, teaches him, at length, to despise himself, and robs him of the dignity of human character.

Now let there be erected one Christian African Republick—powerful, enlightened, and happy, like ours—whose flag shall wave in the breezes of every ocean, whose commerce shall carry wealth to every port, whose ambassadors shall demand respect in every capital, whose patriots and sages, whose poets and artists shall share the admiration of every people; and this reproach, degrading as crime, and cruel as the grave, will cease. The negro, exulting in the consciousness of manhood, will stretch out his hand unto him who hath made of one blood all nations, to dwell on the face of the earth.

Once more. Let Africa be filled with the industry of a free and enterprising population, and slavery can exist no longer. This slavery is the bitterest ingredient in that misery, which we deplore. In all that we have contemplated, there is nothing more oppressive to our best feelings, than the thought that so many millions of our fellow men are the subjects of a thralldom, which despoils them of the attributes of intellectual and moral, and even of social existence, and makes them the mere machines of avarice. **BUT LET AFRICA BE CIVILIZED, AND SLAVERY MUST BE ANNIHILATED.**

It is a principle, which the progress of political science has clearly and indisputably established—a principle, that illustrates at once, the wisdom of the Creator and the blindness of human cupidity—that it is cheaper to hire the labour of free-men, than it is to compel the labour of slaves. From this principle it results, that the productions of slave labour can never enter into competition, on equal terms, with the pro-

ductions of free labour. An illustration of this is furnished by the fact, that the sugar of the West-Indies, which is produced by the labour of slaves, demands the assistance of a high protecting duty, before it can contend in the English market with the sugar of the East, which is raised by the hands of freemen. We see then, that the system of slavery can be supported in a country, only so long as the slave-holders can retain either a complete or partial monopoly of such articles as they are able to raise by the labour of their drudges. And thus, whenever the civilized and enterprising population of Africa shall send forth their productions to compete in every market, with the sugar, and cotton, and coffee of the West-Indies and Southern America, the planters will be compelled, by that spirit of improvement, which always springs from competition, to substitute the cheaper process for the more expensive, to adopt the labour of freemen instead of the labour of slaves, in a word to convert their slaves into freemen.

The conclusion from the principle, which I have attempted to illustrate and apply is, let Africa be civilized and every African throughout the world will be made a freeman, not by some sudden convulsion, demolishing the fabrick of society, but by the tendencies of nature and the arrangements of Providence, slowly yet surely accomplishing the happiness of man. The change will be certain indeed, as the revolution of the seasons, but gradual as the growth of an empire.

LESSON CV.

Evergreens.—PINKNEY.

WHEN Summer's sunny hues adorn
Sky, forest, hill and meadow,
The foliage of the evergreens,
In contrast, seems a shadow.

But when the tints of Autumn have
Their sober reign asserted,
The landscape that cold shadow shows,
Into a light converted.

Thus thoughts that frown upon our mirth,
Will smile upon our sorrow,
And many dark fears of today,
May be bright hopes tomorrow.

LESSON CVI.

Evening.—ANONYMOUS.

THE sun is set, the evening gray,
Slowly resumes her dusky sway,
The stars are feebly shining;
The night wind scarcely has the pow'r
To waft the fragrance from the flower,
On every leaf reclining.

And, save the murmur of yon stream,
Reflecting back bright Luna's beam
In silver radiance glancing,
No sound assails the list'ning ear,
But solemn silence, deep and clear,
Seems o'er the world advancing.

At this mild hour of eve, the mind
From every base alloy refined,
Its grosser thoughts is losing;
While calmer reason bears the sway,
And pride and passion, both give way,
Mild nature's page perusing.

LESSON CVII.

Industrious Habits necessary to a good Education.—NORTH
AMERICAN REVIEW.

WHEN our fathers were children, they learned nothing, without paying for it a full price, in labour; our children have all sorts of expedients and facilities contrived, by which they may play and learn too, and perhaps the result will be, that their children will refuse to be cheated into learning,

and so play all. In these days, every science and every art is made a play-thing. One child is putting together dissected maps, and thereby learns geography ; another is diverting himself with a musical game, very scientifick in its principles, and no doubt equally amusing and instructive ; and another, is set to work upon the royal game of Goose, by way of becoming an expert arithmetician. Now there is some danger, perhaps, lest the children should carry the sport too far, and when their instructors turn the things they would teach into games, the children may possibly make game of the things they should learn.

Man must work ; he cannot earn physical or intellectual sustenance or wealth, but by physical or intellectual labour. All the concerns of this world must undergo a great change, and stand in very different relations to each other, before this decree will be revoked ; at all events, it stands now, and is not to be evaded ; and therefore, a knowledge of the elements of the sciences,—that is, a superficial, indistinct, indigested knowledge of certain desultory and very general elements of a few sciences,—is hardly recompense enough for the abandonment of a habit of prompt, willing, and earnest exertion, which a boy may and should acquire while his character is growing.

But it may be asked, since children must and ought to play, why not make their amusements edifying and useful, in such measure and manner as may be possible ? We have no objections to this, so long as their amusements are known and regarded as what they really are. It is only when they are considered important vehicles of instruction, that they become worse than useless by favouring the prevalent mistake, that the principal object of education is not to invigorate, but replenish the mind, and the yet more injurious notion, that a good thing may be gotten without toil.

Set your child at work upon a task, suited to his age and capacity ; make him work as hard as you can, without doing him harm, and compel him to learn and feel that labour, the necessary evil of life, must be borne, and if borne patiently, diminishes, till in the end it disappears. A distinct practical conviction of this truth is worth, a hundred times over, all the musick, or geography, or history, or mathematicks, that a child ever learned from his playthings, since the fashion of this day came in.

LESSON CVIII.

Influence of Literature, and especially of the Sacred Scriptures.—WAYLAND.

OF all the books, with which, since the invention of writing, this world has been deluged, the number of those, is very small, which have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater part have been, even by their contemporaries, unnoticed and unknown. Not many an one has made its little mark upon the generation that produced it, though it sunk with that generation to utter forgetfulness. But, after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years, how few have been the works, the adamantine basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt amid the fluctuations of time, and whose impression can be traced through successive centuries on the history of our species.

When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable; and such a work, you are aware, is the *Iliad* of Homer. Who can estimate the results produced by this incomparable effort of a single mind! Who can tell what Greece owes to this first-born of song! Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivalled eloquence, and her matchless verse, all point us to that transcendent genius, who, by the very splendour of his own effulgence, woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages.

It was Homer, who gave laws to the artist; it was Homer, who inspired the poet; it was Homer, who thundered in the senate; and more than all, it was Homer, who was sung by the people; and, hence a nation was cast into the mould of one mighty mind, and the land of the *Iliad*, became the region of taste, the birthplace of the arts. Nor was this influence confined within the limits of Greece. Long after the sceptre of empire had passed westward, genius still held her court on the banks of the *Ilyssus*, and from the country of Homer gave laws to the world.

The light, which the blind old man of Scio had kindled in Greece, shed its radiance over Italy; and thus did he awaken a second nation to intellectual existence. And we may form some idea of the power, which this one work has to the present day exerted over the mind of man, by remarking, that "nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new-name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments."

But, considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament? Where in the *Iliad* shall we find simplicity and pathos, which shall vie with the narrative of Moses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job, or David, of Isaiah, or St. John.

But I cannot pursue this comparison. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind, which dictated the *Iliad*, and to those other mighty intellects, on whom the light of the holy oracles never shined. Who, that has read his poem, has not observed how he strove, in vain to give dignity to the mythology of his time? Who has not seen how the religion of his country, unable to support the flight of his imagination, sunk powerless beneath him?

It is the unseen world, where the master spirits of our race breathe freely and are at home; and it is mournful to behold the intellect of Homer striving to free itself from the conceptions of materialism, and then sinking down in hopeless despair, to weave idle fables about Jupiter and Juno, Apollo or Diana. But the difficulties, under which he laboured, are abundantly illustrated by the fact, that the light, which he poured upon the human intellect, taught other ages how unworthy was the religion of his day of the man, who was compelled to use it. "It seems to me," says Longinus, "that Homer, when he ascribes dissensions, jealousies, tears, imprisonments, and other afflictions to his deities, hath, as much as was in his power, made the men of the *Iliad* gods, and the gods men. To man, when afflicted, death is the termination of evils; but he hath made not only the nature but the miseries of the gods eternal."

If, then, so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined effort of several, at least his equals in power over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings, on whose authors was poured the full splendour of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell-bound by a childish mythology, have done so much, what may we not hope for, from the supernatural efforts of pre-eminent genius, which spake as it was moved by the Holy Ghost?

LESSON CIX.

A Desire for Military Conquest detrimental to the National Welfare.—HOPKINSON.

THE matters in controversy, seem to me, to obtain infinite importance, from the connection they have with the character of our country. We stand in a most peculiar and responsible situation in this respect. The nations of Europe, from their contiguity, may be said to form a family, or an association, controled by, and accountable to each other. They have alliances, which all respect; ties, which all must feel; balances and checks, which all are interested to preserve, and rules of conduct, in their mutual intercourse, which all are made to obey. The American people, removed far from the rest of the civilized world, and placed beyond the control of the policy or force of Europe, have none of those means to keep them in the path of justice. They acknowledge no guide authorized to direct them, but their own consciences; and feel no responsibility, but to their God.

This, sir, is a trying and tempting situation; placing us on the highest ground of virtue, if we do not abuse it; but exposing us to infinite danger from the suggestions of pride, interest, and self-love. But, sir, let us not forget, that we belong to the family of civilized nations, and be most forward to prove our devotion to those rules of conduct, which the experience and wisdom of ages have established, as necessary for the peace and usefulness of all. Let us cherish those laws, which increase the blessings of peace, and mitigate the calamities of war.

The dangers, which our country may apprehend from the encouragement of a military spirit in our people, have been eloquently portrayed on this occasion. It is undoubtedly true, that a strong disposition of this sort, has been manifested, and was rapidly rising, in the people of the United States; and a greater evil could hardly befall us, than the consummation of its tendency. There is something so infatuating in the pomp and triumphs of war, that a young and brave people, who have known but little of its destructive miseries, may require to be guarded against falling into the snare, and led to direct their energies to other and better objects.

It is worthy of remark that, in the various ways, in which the genius and powers of men display themselves, the military course is the only one, eminently dangerous to his species.

Genius, in every other department, however dazzling and powerful, is never hurtful,—is generally a blessing to the world. The stupendous genius of Newton, elevated the dignity of man, and brought him nearer to his God; it gave him a path to walk in the firmament, and knowledge to hold converse with the stars. The errattick comet cannot elude his vigilance; nor the powerful sun disappoint his calculation. Yet this genius, so mighty in the production of good, was harmless of evil as a child. It never inflicted injury or pain, on any thing, that lives or feels. Shakspeare prepared an inexhaustible feast of instruction and delight for his own age, and the ages to come; but he brought no tears into the world, but those of fictitious woe, which the other end of his wand was always ready to cure. It is military genius alone, that must be nourished with blood, and can find employment, only in inflicting misery and death upon man.

LESSON CX.

Dialogue.—COOPER.

SCENE.—An apartment of Mr. Wharton's country seat at the Locusts.—
MR. WHARTON alone.

Enter MAJOR DUNWOODIE.

Major D. Mr. Wharton, in times like these, we need not stand on idle ceremony—one of my officers, I am afraid, is hurt mortally; and presuming on your hospitality, I have brought him to your door.

Mr. Wharton. I am happy, Sir, that you have done so, the necessitous are always welcome, and doubly so is he, being the friend of Major Dunwoodie.

Major D. Sir, I thank you for myself, and in behalf of him, who is unable to render you his thanks; if then you please, we will have him conducted where the surgeon may see and report upon his case without delay.

Mr. Wharton. He can be accommodated in this room.

[*Exit MAJOR DUNWOODIE.*

Captain Singleton, wounded, is brought in by several dragoons.

Re-enter Major Dunwoodie with Dr. Sitgreaves.

Major D. Hasten—Sitgreaves—hasten, or George Singleton will die from loss of blood.

Dr. Sitgreaves. What, Singleton! God forbid—bless

me, is it George?—Poor little George. He is alive though, and while there is life, there is hope. This is the first serious case I have had today, where the patient was not already dead. Captain Lawton teaches his men to strike with so little discretion—poor George—bless me, it is a musket-bullet. (*he examines the wound*) When it is only a bullet, I have always some hopes—there is a chance that it hits nothing vital—but bless me, Captain Lawton's men cut so at random—generally sever the jugular, or let out the brains, and both are so difficult to remedy—the patient generally dying before one can get at him. It is easy to tell where Lawton's troop charge in a battle, they cut so at random. (*probes the wound. The patient shrinks.*) There has been nothing before the probe in that quarter. Ah! there is some pleasure in following a bullet. It may be said to meander through the human body, injuring nothing vital; but as for Captain Lawton's men——

Major D. Tell me, is there hope—can you find the ball?

Dr. S. It's no difficult matter to find that which one has in his hand, Major Dunwoodie. (*showing the ball.*) It took what that literal fellow, Captain Lawton, calls a circumbendibus, a route never taken by the swords of his men, notwithstanding the multiplied pains I have been at to teach him how to cut scientifically. Now I saw a horse this day, with his head half severed from his body.

Major D. That was some of my own handy-work; I killed that horse myself.

Dr. S. You! You! but then you knew it was a horse.

Major D. I had such suspicions, I own.

Dr. S. Such blows alighting on the human frame, are fatal, and set at nought all the benefits, which flow from the lights of science; they are useless in a battle, for disabling your foe, is all that is required. I have sat, Major Dunwoodie, many a cold hour, while Captain Lawton has been engaged, and after all my expectation, not a single case, worth recording, has occurred—all scratches or death wounds; ah! the sabre is a sad weapon, in unskilful hands. Now, Major Dunwoodie, many are the hours I have thrown away, in endeavouring to impress this on Captain Lawton. Ah! poor George—it is a narrow chance—but——

Enter a messenger, who speaks apart with MAJOR DUNWOODIE.

Major D. I must to the field again. (*aside to Sitgreaves.*) What think you, will he live?

Dr. S. He will.

Major D. Thank God!

[Exit.]

LESSON CXI.

Dialogue.—COOPER.

SCENE, the Parlour at the Locusts. The British officers, Captain WHARTON, and Colonel WELLMERE.

Enter DR. SITGREAVES, carelessly attired in a morning gown, slippers, spectacles, &c. with a case of surgical instruments in his hand.

Dr. S. (to Col. Wellmere) Sir, I am advised you are in want of my aid. Heaven grant it is not Captain Lawton with whom you came in contact, in which case I may be too late.

Col. W. (haughtily) There must be some mistake, sir, it was a surgeon that Major Dunwoodie was to send me, and not an old woman.

Capt. Whar. 'Tis Dr. Sitgreaves. The multitude of his engagements today, has prevented his usual attention to his attire.

Col. W. Your pardon, sir. *(takes off his coat, and shows a very slight wound on his arm.)*

Dr. S. If, sir, the degrees of Edinburgh—walking your London hospitals—amputating some hundreds of limbs—operating on the human frame, in every shape, that is warranted by the lights of science, a clear conscience, and the commission of the Continental Congress, can make a surgeon, then I am one.

Col. W. Your pardon, sir, Captain Wharton has accounted for my error.

Dr. S. For which I thank Captain Wharton, *(arranging his amputating instruments on the table)* Where are you hurt, sir? What, is it then this scratch in the shoulder? In what manner might you have received this wound, sir?

Col. W. From the sword of a rebel dragoon.

Dr. S. Never! Even the gentle George Singleton would not have breathed on you so harmlessly. *(takes a piece of sticking-plaister from his pocket and applies it)* There, sir, that will answer your purpose, and I am certain it is all that is required of me.

Col. W. (fiercely) What do you take to be my purpose then, sir?

Dr. S. To report yourself wounded in your despatches; and you may say that an old woman dressed your hurts, for if one did not, one easily might.

[Exit.]

LESSON CXII.

Grandiloquence.—ANONYMOUS.

WE live in a truly fortunate age and country, when and where every citizen and every event is set forth, and celebrated by a magnificent *speech*. These ready speech-makers seem determined to do what Milton implored of his muse,

“What is *low*, raise and support.”

We are told, by the newspapers, those ready vehicles of all bladders of wind, that at a “mowing match,” lately got up in New Hampshire, the “Reverend Mr.” Somebody, delivered an “elegant and appropriate address.” Now, this is nothing to the style, in which we do things in Massachusetts. We could relate a score of instances, if we pleased, where as fine speeches as ever were blown, were made on far less occasions than the one above mentioned. But we content ourselves with a single instance.

There is, in a village, on one side or other of the Connecticut river, a *pound*, for the imprisonment of such unruly four footed animals as render themselves obnoxious to the civil authority. This same pound having lost off one of the hinges of the gate, it became a matter of prudence, to replace it by a new one. The making and putting on, of a single *hinge*, on a gate of no great magnitude, is not a thing necessarily requiring a great deal of noise, saving and excepting what is made by the hammer and the anvil. But this only shows more fully the vast perfection, to which the sublime art of speech-making is already brought in this happy land.

On this occasion the Honourable Spouter Puffer, was unanimously chosen, to deliver the address. And the able, and perfect manner, in which he did the thing, shows, clearer than noon-day, the wisdom of the choice. The carpenter had taken the hinge in his hand, and was about nailing it fast to the gate, when the Honourable gentleman arose, and after alluding to the importance of the occasion, his utter inability to do any thing like justice to it, and craving the indulgence of the audience, he thus proceeded.

“When I look about me, and behold this vast empire of our republick, extending from sea to sea, and from ocean to ocean—when I contemplate the growing condition of this State—when I reflect on the magnitude of this country—when I consider the ineffable importance of this *here* town,

with its 'dense and enlightened population,' and especially, when I turn my eyes to the wide circumference of the *pound* before us, I am lost in admiration of the magnitude of our destinies.

Europe is no more to us, than a filbert shell to a meeting-house. If any one doubts, that we have arrived to the highest pinnacle of arts, let him come forward today, and view the perfection of this *hinge*, *pounded*, as it has been, on the anvil of independence, and beaten into shape, by the hammer of wisdom. On this hinge turns the 'fate of empires'—on this hinge depends the starvation of horses, and the bringing into subjection the flesh of unruly beef. Here they may chew the bitter cud of non-*entity*!—here they may learn to prize the inestimable privileges of being *impounded* in a land of liberty; here"—

But we will not now pursue the subject any further, as it is utterly impossible to do any thing like justice, to the eloquence of the Honourable gentleman, without quoting the whole speech; which, as it would occupy nine closely printed columns, and we understand, it is to be laid before the publick in a pamphlet form, we dismiss for the present, just observing, that the Honourable gentleman surpassed all his former examples of eloquence, and such was the attention and stillness of an audience, composed of at least *twenty* persons, that the walls of the pound might have fallen down "slam bang," without once being heard.

LESSON CXIII.

A Simple Story.—JONES.

THERE never was a gentler creature
In city, village, or in town,
Or one of lovelier heart and feature,
Or better taught than Anna Brown.
Her step was like the antelope's,
Her eye beamed like a startled kid's,
Her cheek soft blushing with the hopes,
That youth into existence bids.

The village loved her, friendship hushed it;
And if the tale of slander came,

Both old and young rose up and crushed it,
And fixed on other cheeks the shame.
'T was seldom needed—female virtue
Has in itself protection strong ;
And, maidens ! if the viper hurt you,
It must be ye are in the wrong.

There came one day, to woo the maiden,
A sparkling youth in courtly guise,—
A rural lad with spring-flowers laden,
To win to love, the beauteous prize.
She takes, oh, simple girl ! the former,
And sends the village swain away ;
She 'll find, alas ; his cottage warmer
Than the proud dwelling of Jack Gray.

She married Jack, he spent his living
In thriftless aims, and deadly brawls ;
And she, his wickedness forgiving,
Dwelt weeping in his lonely halls.
It seemed as if her soft form melted,
So thin and colourless she grew,
And they, who saw how sorrow pelted,
Deemed that her days on earth were few.

He died, but not till his last shilling
Had wanton women's cravings fed ;
He left her pennyless, but willing
To earn by honest toil her bread.
She leaves the city, and its glitter,
Its grandeur oft from peace apart ;
Deeming her native village fitter
To hide her broken hopes and heart.

She reached it ; scarce her mother knew her,
So blanched her cheek, and sunk her eye ;
And the old friends, that gathered to her,
Deemed 't was a phantom flitting by.
They press her hands, and some are kissing,
Try every art to make her glad ;
None from the joyful group are missing—
E'en Willie comes, the baffled lad.

Hope and kind nursing to health brought her,
Again the rose bloomed on her cheek,
And lovers gay and wealthy sought her,
But grief has made her wishes meek.
She thanks them for their splendid proffers
Of jewels rich, and trappings gay ;
But says she better likes the offers,
That Willie makes the Widow Gray.

LESSON CXIV.

The Fisherman of Casco Bay.—INDEPENDENT STATESMAN.

AMONG the numerous islands in Casco Bay, there are few indeed, which at present, contain more than a single dwelling ; yet a century ago, the traveller would have been cheered with the mingled hum of business and of pleasure ; and could have rested beneath many a hospitable roof, the ruins of which are now scarcely visible. They were formerly inhabited by fishermen, but on account of the frequent attacks of the Indians, these huts were abandoned, and being of slight materials, soon sunk into decay.

Near one of these ruins, and not far from Diamond Cove, is the grave of Michael Burn—of whom the following story is related. One evening as he sat at the door of his hut, listening to the waves, which broke on the rocks that surrounded him, his dog, who was lying at his feet, suddenly sprang up, and darting towards a projecting cliff, plunged into the water. The fisherman, presuming from his earnest manner, that something uncommon had attracted his attention, hastened to the spot, from which the animal had leaped ; but the night was too dark to discover either the dog, or the object of his pursuit, and the murmur of the waves prevented his ascertaining what direction he had taken.

For a long time, he awaited his return in vain, and, at last, supposing he was engaged in a fruitless chase after some seals, which frequently made their appearance, he retired to rest. Scarcely, however, had he sought his pillow, when the well known bark, and a scratching at the door, not only announced his return, but anxiety for his master's presence. He opened the door ; the dog whined, pulled him gently, as if wishing him to follow, and suddenly left him.

Having lighted his lantern, he left the hut, the dog by his barking, directing the path; but on approaching the shore, judge of his surprize, to find by his faithful animal, a human being, and to all appearance, a corpse. It was evident that the dog had just drawn him from the water, but there were no marks of violence on his person. He opened his waistcoat—the body was still warm; and, filled with the hope of restoring animation, he bore it to his hut. His exertions were not in vain. In a short time, the stranger gave signs of returning life, and by the next morning, he was enabled to converse with his generous preserver.

“You probably recollect seeing a vessel near your harbour yesterday,” said the stranger. “In that vessel, it was my misfortune to have been a passenger; Heaven grant that my beloved wife has not likewise fallen a victim to perfidy and ingratitude. I am a native of America, but for some years past, I have resided in France, where I acquired a considerable fortune. Desirous of spending my last days in the land of my fathers, I converted all my property into money, and embarked in this vessel with my young wife.

I loaded the master and crew with presents, but this only served to increase their rapacity. Although I was aware that they knew of the wealth I had on board, I entertained no fears, concerning either my life, or property; but last night their diabolical plans for the destruction of both, were put in execution. I was alone on the quarter deck, when a deep groan causing me to turn, I beheld one of the passengers struck down with an axe, as he was approaching to join me. The ruffians with horrid yells rushed forward to secure a second victim; but, though nearly overpowered by my sensations, I was enabled to reach the taffrel, and dropped into the sea.

“The darkness of the night, the presumption that I could not reach land, and above all, the work of death, which was still unfinished, prevented pursuit. I made an effort to float, trusting in Providence for my guide. But what was life! The dear woman for whom I wished to live, was deserted at the moment she most needed my assistance. The shrieks of the dying broke upon my ear, and I fancied I could distinguish the voice of my wife imploring mercy. The thought was agonizing. Three times I attempted to regain the ship, but in vain—she was fast receding. At last, regardless of my fate, I murmured at that Being who had upheld me. I desired death, and ceased my exertions, in order to hasten its approach. From that moment, until I revived in your dwelling, reason left me.”

The humane fisherman did all he could, to comfort the hapless sufferer. He spoke of the consolations of religion, and reminded him of the submission, which he owed to the divine will of that God, from whose hand he had already received such manifold blessings. "I have no doubt," continued he, "that these men will soon land in this vicinity, to divide their plunder; and let us indulge the hope, that these outcasts of society will yet be brought to justice, and you restored to your affectionate wife."

Animated with this idea, the fisherman rose and approached the window, and, as he had supposed, the vessel was distinctly seen standing in for the shore. Not a moment was to be lost. Raising the stranger in his arms, he carried him to his skiff, and rowing round a steep bluff of rocks, which screened them from observation, he placed him in a cave, retired and secure. He then hastened to some huts, a few miles distant, informed the inhabitants of the bloody transactions of the past night, and conjured them, if they were not destitute of courage and humanity, to aid him in boarding the vessel, which was now at anchor. A small, but determined band, was immediately collected; and, under the direction of the fisherman, they advanced with caution towards his humble dwelling. Providence smiled on their endeavours. They crept to the brow of a crag, beneath which the pirates were seated, dividing the money of the stranger,—and watching for a good opportunity, they sprang upon them. The confusion of guilt, and the effects of intoxication, rendered them an easy conquest.

They were carefully secured to await the punishment due to their crimes. The fisherman and his comrades then rowed off for the vessel, and tears of joy bedewed his weather-beaten face on finding that the wife of his guest had escaped uninjured. When he descended into the cabin, she at first seemed unconscious of his approach, so much had her senses been overpowered by the late scenes of horror. When she was aroused from the stupor in which he had found her, she informed him that she was the only survivor of all those, who had taken passage in the vessel. "Alas," exclaimed she, "I regret that my life was spared. Far more dear to me would have been the watery grave of my husband."

For some moments, the tears of the wretched woman unmanned our generous fisherman; and when he, at length, collected himself, he was fearful of informing her too suddenly that her husband was alive, and in perfect safety. At first,

he tried to soothe her agitated feelings by telling her that the murderers had no longer the power of doing her any injury ; and that though she was separated from the one she loved, she should never want a protector while he had an arm to raise in her defence. As she became more calm, he continued, " Perhaps your husband may be still alive. Some of the passengers have been picked up, severely wounded, it is true, but not beyond the hope of recovery." At last, he gradually unfolded the happiness, that was in store for her. But with all his caution, nature fainted under the excess of joyful emotion ; and he trembled lest all his labours should have been bestowed in vain.

The joy of the young couple at their meeting cannot be adequately described. Suffice it to say, that after having knelt in prayer to that Being who had, as it were, restored them to life, their first care was the welfare of the fisherman. A sum sufficient to render him independent, was immediately bestowed, and the only return, which they requested was, that they might retain the faithful dog, who had been so instrumental in producing this joyous meeting.

But here the fisherman pleaded in his turn. He said, that his reward had been greater than his labours deserved, or his heart required. He hoped they would not charge him with ingratitude ; but the dog he said, patting him on the face, had been his only companion during the long and dreary winters he had passed among those rocks—that there was no other living creature, whom he could call his friend—and, in fine, rather than part with him, he would return their bounty ; preferring his hut, his poverty, and his dog, to wealth and solitude.

" Enough has been said," replied the stranger ; " you shall not part from him,—and I am sorry that I made a request, which could give one moment's pain to so good a heart. Take this," added he, presenting a large addition to his former donation ; " and if it be more than sufficient for your own wants, I know it will be employed—as all wealth ought to be—in alleviating the distresses of your fellow-beings."

LESSON CXV.

Close of an Oration on the Death of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Delivered in Independence Square, in the City of Philadelphia on the 24th July, 1826.—J. SERGEANT.

GREAT are their names ! Honoured and revered be their memory ! Associated with Washington and Franklin, their glory is a precious possession, enriching our annals, and exalting the character of our country.

Greater is the bright example they have left us ! More precious the lesson, furnished by their lives, for our instruction. At this affecting moment, then, when we are assembled to pay the last tribute of respect, let us seriously meditate upon our duties ; let us consider, earnestly and anxiously consider, how we shall best preserve those signal blessings, which have been transmitted to us,—how we shall transmit them unimpaired to our posterity.

This is the honour, which would have been most acceptable to these illustrious men. This is an appropriate mode of commemorating the event we this day mourn. Let the truths of the Declaration of Independence, the principles of the revolution, the principles of free government, sink deep into our hearts, and govern all our conduct.

National Independence has been achieved, once and forever. It can never be endangered. Time has accumulated strength with a rapidity unexampled. The thirteen colonies, almost without an union, few in numbers, feeble in means, are become in a lapse of fifty years, a nation of twenty-four States, bound together by a common government of their own choice, with a territory doubled, by peaceful acquisition, with ten millions of inhabitants, with commerce extending to every quarter of the world, and resources equal to every emergency of war or peace.

Institutions of humanity, of science, and of literature, have been established throughout the land. Temples have arisen to Him, who created all things, and by whom all things are sustained, not by the commands of princes or rulers, nor by legal coercion, but from the spontaneous offerings of the human heart. Conscience is absolutely free in the broadest and most unqualified sense. Industry is free ; and human action knows no greater control, than is indispensable to the preservation of rational liberty.

What is *our* duty ? To understand, and to appreciate the value of these signal blessings, and with all our might and strength, to endeavour to perpetuate them. To take care that the great sources, from which they flow, be not obstructed by selfish passion, nor polluted by lawless ambition, nor destroyed by intemperate violence.

To rise to the full perception of the great truth ; “that governments are instituted among men to secure human rights, deriving their authority from the consent of the governed,” and that with a knowledge of our own rights, must be united the same just regard for the rights of others, and pure affection for our country, which dwelt in the hearts of the fathers of the revolution.

In conclusion, allow me to remind you, that with all their doings was mingled a spirit of unaffected piety. In adversity they humbled themselves before Him, whose power is almighty and whose goodness is infinite. In prosperity they gave Him the thanks. In His aid, invoked upon their arms and counsels with sincerity of heart, was their reliance and hope.

Let us all be thankful for the mercies, which, as a nation, we have so largely experienced, and as often as we gratefully remember those illustrious men, to whom we are indebted, let us not forget that their efforts must have been unavailing, and that our hopes are vain, unless approved by Him ; and in humble reliance upon His favour, let us implore His continued blessing upon our beloved country.

LESSON CXVI.

Lines on the Death of Professor Fisher.—BRAINARD.

“ He shall not float upon his watery bier
Unwept.”

THE breath of air, that stirs the harp’s soft string,
Floats on to join the whirlwind and the storm ;
The drops of dew exhaled from flowers of spring,
Rise and assume the tempest’s threatening form ;
The first mild beam of morning’s glorious sun,
Ere night, is sporting in the lightning’s flash :
And the smooth stream, that flows in quiet on,
Moves but to aid the overwhelming dash

That wave and wind can muster, when the might
Of earth, and air, and sea, and sky unite.

So science whisper'd in thy charmed ear,
And radiant learning beckon'd thee away.
The breeze was musick to thee, and the clear
Beam of thy morning promis'd a bright day.
And they have wreck'd thee !—But there is a shore
Where storms are hush'd, where tempests never rage ;
Where angry skies and blackening seas, no more
With gusty strength their roaring warfare wage.
By thee its peaceful margent shall be trod—
Thy home is Heaven, and thy friend is God.

LESSON CXVII.

The Indian Summer.—BRAINARD.

WHAT is there sadd'ning in the Autumn leaves ?
Have they that "green and yellow melancholy,"
That the sweet poet spake of ?—Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms—
When the dread fever quits us—when the storms
Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colours hung
Upon the forest tops—he had not sigh'd.

The moon stays longest for the Hunter now ;
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store :
While man enjoys the breeze, that sweeps along
The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
"What is there sadd'ning in the Autumn leaves ?"

LESSON CXVIII.

Battle of Lake Erie.—HILL.

OLD Erie ! thou hast seen our banners stream
Proudly above thy surface—thou hast curl'd
Beneath our prows—hast seen the light'ning gleam
From War's fierce eye, when his red wing unfurl'd.
Broadly the spreading sails their shadows flung,
'The keels moved slowly—sent no rushing sound—
'The starry flag like unstirr'd drapery hung,
And a deep, awful silence hover'd round,
Like that which lingers in the sultry air,
When the dread elemental strife sleeps there.

But flashes soon cross'd quickly o'er the lake,
A hot fire o'er its glassy surface play'd,
'The thunders burst—the echoes were awake,
And battle then was in his might array'd
'There Death strode round—ye waters ! in your breast
Dyed with the gushing heart-blood of the brave,
Sunk many a mortal to his dreamless rest,
'Till “time shall be no more,” until the grave
Shall yield its inmates up, and every eye
Wake to the scenes of an eternity.

That eagle flag, whose stripes with blood were dark,
Rose o'er the cross—up to the mast it sprung,
'The tale of conquest spreading wide—and hark !
'There is a shout of victory on the tongue
Of all that gallant band, and the green shore,
The rocks, and caves, and forests send a cry,
Shaken at sounds to them unknown before,
And to that shout of victory reply.
The mantling smoke sweeps by,—the light
Of heaven looks down again, and all is bright.

LESSON CXIX.

Conclusion of Mr. Webster's Speech in Congress 1824, on the Greek Question.—WEBSTER.

It may now be asked, will this resolution do the Greeks any good? Yes, it will do them much good. It will give them courage, and spirit, which is better than money. It will assure them of the publick sympathy, and will inspire them with fresh constancy. It will teach them, that they are not forgotten by the civilized world, and to hope one day to occupy, in that world, an honourable station.

A farther question remains. Is this measure pacifick? It has no other character. It simply proposes to make a pecuniary provision for a mission, when the President shall deem such mission expedient. It is a mere reciprocation to the sentiments of his message; it imposes upon him no new duty; it gives him no new power; it does not hasten or urge him forward; it simply provides, in an open and avowed manner, the means of doing, what would else be done out of the contingent fund. It leaves him at the most perfect liberty, and it reposes the whole matter in his sole discretion. He might do it, without this resolution, as he did in the case of South America,—but it merely answers the query, whether on so great and interesting a question as the condition of the Greeks, this House holds no opinion, which is worth expressing.

But, suppose a commissioner is sent, the measure is pacifick still. Where is the breach of neutrality? Where a just cause of offence? And besides, Mr. Chairman, is all the danger in this matter on one side? may we not inquire, whose fleets cover the Archipelago? may we not ask, what would be the result to our trade, should Smyrna be blockaded? A commissioner could at least procure for us, what we do not now possess—that is, authentick information of the true state of things. The document, on your table, exhibits a meagre appearance on this point—what does it contain? Letters of Mr. Luriottis, and paragraphs from a French paper. My personal opinion is, that an agent ought immediately to be sent; but the resolution I have offered by no means goes so far.

Do gentlemen fear the result of this resolution in embroiling us with the Porte? Why, sir, how much is it ahead of the whole nation, or rather let me ask how much is the

nation ahead of it? Is not this whole people already in a state of open and avowed excitement on this subject? Does not the land ring from side to side with one common sentiment of sympathy for Greece, and indignation towards her oppressors? Nay, more sir—are we not giving money to this cause? More still, sir—is not the Secretary of State in open correspondence with the president of the Greek committee in London? The nation has gone as far as it can go, short of an official act of hostility. This resolution adds nothing beyond what is already done—nor can any of the European governments take offence at such a measure.

But if they would, should we be withheld from an honest expression of liberal feelings in the cause of freedom, for fear of giving umbrage to some member of the Holy Alliance? We are not, surely, yet prepared to purchase their smiles by a sacrifice of every manly principle. Dare any christian prince even ask us not to sympathize with a christian nation struggling against Tartar tyranny? We do not interfere—we break no engagements—we violate no treaties; with the Porte we have none.

Mr. Chairman, there are some things which, to be well done, must be promptly done. If we even determine to do the thing that is now proposed, we may do it too late. Sir, I am not of those, who are for withholding aid when it is most urgently needed, and when the stress is past, and the aid no longer necessary, overwhelming the sufferers with caresses. I will not stand by and see my fellow man drowning, without stretching out a hand to help him, till he has by his own efforts and presence of mind, reached the shore in safety, and then encumber him with aid.

With suffering Greece, now is the crisis of her fate,—her great, it may be, her last struggle. Sir, while we sit here deliberating, her destiny may be decided. The Greeks, contending with ruthless oppressors, turn their eyes to us, and invoke us by their ancestors, slaughtered wives and children, by their own blood, poured out like water, by the hecatombs of dead they have heaped up, as it were, to Heaven; they invoke, they implore us for some cheering sound, some look of sympathy, some token of compassionate regard.

They look to us as the great Republick of the earth—and they ask us by our common faith, whether we can forget that they are struggling, as we once struggled, for what we now so happily enjoy? I cannot say, sir, that they will succeed; that rests with Heaven. But for myself, sir, if I should to-

morrow hear that they have failed—that their last phalanx had sunk beneath the Turkish cimeter, that the flames of their last city had sunk in its ashes, and that nought remained but the wide melancholy waste where Greece once was, I should still reflect, with the most heartfelt satisfaction, that I have asked you, in the name of seven millions of freemen, that you would give them at least the cheering of one friendly voice.

LESSON CXX.

The Schoolmaster.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

AMONG the worthies of the village, that enjoy the peculiar confidence of Master Simon, is one who has struck my fancy so much, that I have thought him worthy of a separate notice. It is Slingsby, the schoolmaster; a thin elderly man, rather threadbare and slovenly; somewhat indolent in manner, and with an easy good humoured look, not often met with in his craft. I have been interested in his favour, by a few anecdotes, which I have picked up concerning him.

He is a native of the village, and was a contemporary and playmate of Ready Money Jack's, in the days of their boyhood. Indeed, they carried on a kind of league of mutual good offices. Slingsby was rather puny, and withal, somewhat of a coward; but very apt at his learning. Jack, on the contrary, was a bullyboy out of doors, but a sad laggard at his books. Slingsby helped Jack therefore to all his lessons, and Jack fought all Slingsby's battles, and they were inseparable friends.

This mutual kindness continued even after they left the school, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their characters. Jack took to ploughing and reaping, and prepared himself to till his paternal acres; while the other loitered negligently on in the path of learning, until he penetrated even into the confines of Latin and mathematicks. In an unlucky hour, however, he took to reading voyages and travels, and was smitten with a desire to see the world. This desire increased upon him as he grew up. So, early one bright sunny morning, he put all his effects in a knapsack, slung it on his back, took staff in hand, and called in his way to take leave of his early schoolmate. Jack was just going out with the

plough ; the friends shook hands over the farm-house gate ; Jack drove his team a field, and Slingsby whistled " over the hills and far away," and sallied forth gaily to " seek his fortune."

Years and years passed by, and young Tom Slingsby was forgotten ; when, one mellow Sunday afternoon in autumn, a thin man, somewhat advanced in life, with a coat out at elbows, a pair of old nankeen gaiters, and a few things tied in a handkerchief and slung on the end of a stick, was seen loitering through the village. He appeared to regard several houses attentively, to peer into the windows that were open, to eye the villagers wistfully as they returned from church, and then to pass some time in the church-yard, reading the tomb-stones.

At length he found his way to the farm-house of Ready Money Jack, but paused ere he attempted the wicket ; contemplating the picture of substantial independence before him. In the porch of the house, sat Ready Money Jack, in his Sunday dress ; with his hat upon his head, his pipe in his mouth, and his tankard before him, the " monarch of all he surveyed." Beside him lay his fat house dog. The varied sounds of poultry were heard from the well stocked farm-yard, the bees hummed from their hives in the garden, the cattle lowed in the rich meadow ; while the crammed barns and ample stacks, bore proof of an abundant harvest.

The stranger opened the gate, and advanced dubiously toward the house. The mastiff growled at the sight of him, but was immediately silenced by his master ; who, taking his pipe from his mouth, awaited with inquiring aspect the address of this equivocal personage. The stranger eyed old Jack for a moment, so portly in his dimensions, and decked out in gorgeous apparel ; then cast a glance upon his own threadbare and starveling condition, and the scanty bundle which he held in his hand ; then giving his shrunk waistcoat a twitch to make it meet his receding waistband, and casting another look, half sad, half humorous, at the sturdy yeoman. " I suppose," said he, " Mr. Tibbets, you have forgot old times and old playmates."

The latter gazed at him with scrutinizing look, but acknowledged that he had no recollection of him.

" Like enough, like enough," said the stranger, " every body seems to have forgotten poor Slingsby."

" Why no, sure ! it can't be Tom Slingsby !"

" Yes, but it is, though," replied the other, shaking his head.

Ready Money Jack was on his feet in a twinkling ; thrust out his hand ; gave his ancient crony the gripe of a giant, and slapping the other hand on a bench, "sit down there," cried he, "Tom Slingsby !"

A long conversation ensued about old times, while Slingsby was regaled with the best cheer that the farm-house afforded ; for he was hungry as well as wayworn, and had the keen appetite of a poor pedestrian. The early playmates then talked over their lives and adventures. Jack had but little to relate, and was never good at a long story. A prosperous life, passed at home, has little incident for narration. Jack had stuck by the paternal farm ; followed the same plough that his forefathers had driven, and had waxed richer and richer as he grew older.

As to Tom Slingsby, he was an exemplification of the old proverb, "a rolling stone gathers no moss." He had sought his fortune about the world, without ever finding it ; being a thing oftener found at home than abroad. He had been in all kinds of situations ; had learnt a dozen different modes of making a living ; but had found his way back to his native village, rather poorer than when he left it ; his knapsack having dwindled down into a scanty bundle.

As luck would have it, the Squire was passing by the farm-house that very evening, and called there as is often his custom. He found the two schoolmates still gossiping in the porch, and according to the good old Scottish song, "taking a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne." The Squire was struck by the contrast in appearance and fortunes of these early playmates. Ready Money Jack, seated in lordly state, surrounded by the good things of this life, with golden guineas hanging to his very watch chain, and the poor pilgrim, Slingsby, thin as a weazel, with all his worldly effects—his bundle, hat, and walking staff, lying on the ground beside him.

The good Squire's heart warmed towards the cosmopolite ; for he is a little prone to like such half vagrant kind of characters. He cast about in his mind how he should contrive once more to anchor Slingsby in his native village. Honest Jack had already offered him a present shelter under his roof, in spite of the hints, and winks, and half remonstrances of the shrewd Dame Tibbets ; but how to provide for his permanent maintenance, was the question. Luckily the Squire bethought himself that the village school was without a teacher. A little farther conversation convinced him that

Slingsby was as fit for that, as for any thing else; and in a day or two, he was seen swaying the rod of empire in the very school-house, where he had often been horsed in the days of his boyhood.

Here he has remained for several years, and being honoured by the countenance of the Squire, and the fast friendship of Mr. Tibbets, he has grown into much importance and consideration in the village. I am told, however, that he still shows, now and then, a degree of restlessness, and a disposition to rove abroad again, and see a little more of the world; an inclination which seems particularly to haunt him about spring time. There is nothing so difficult to conquer, as the vagrant humour, when once it has been fully indulged.

Since I have heard these anecdotes of poor Slingsby, I have more than once mused upon the picture presented by him and his schoolmate, Ready Money Jack, on their coming together again, after so long a separation. It is difficult to determine between lots in life, where each is attended with peculiar discontents. He who never leaves his home, repines at his monotonous existence, and envies the traveller whose life is a constant tissue of wonder and adventure; while he who is tossed about the world, looks back with many a sigh on the safe and quiet shore, which he has abandoned. I cannot help thinking, however, that the man that stays at home and cultivates the comforts and pleasures daily springing up around him, stands the best chance for happiness.

There is nothing so fascinating to a young mind, as the idea of travelling, and there is very witchcraft in the old phrase found in every nursery tale, of "going to seek one's fortune." A continual change of place, and change of object, promises a continual succession of adventure and gratification of curiosity. But there is a limit to all our enjoyments, and every desire bears its death in its very gratification. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants; novelties cease to excite surprize, until at length we cannot wonder even at a miracle. He who has sallied forth into the world, like poor Slingsby, full of sunny anticipations, finds too soon, how different the distant scene becomes when visited. The smooth place roughens as he approaches; the wild place becomes tame and barren; the fairy tints, that beguiled him on, still fly to the distant hill, or gather upon the land he has left behind, and every part of the landscape is greener than the spot he stands on.

LESSON CXXI.

The School.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

HAVING given the reader a slight sketch of the village school-master, he may be curious to learn something concerning his school. As the Squire takes much interest in the education of the neighbouring children, he put into the hands of the teacher, on first installing him in office, a copy of Roger Ascham's *Schoolmaster*; and advised him, moreover, to con over that portion of old Peacham, which treats of the duty of masters, and which condemns the favourite method of making boys wise by flagellation.

He exhorted Slingsby not to break down or depress the free spirit of the boys, by harshness and slavish fear, but to lead them freely and joyously on in the path of knowledge, making it pleasant and desirable in their eyes. He wished to see the youth trained up in the manners and habitudes of the peasantry of the good old times; and thus to lay a foundation for the accomplishment of his favourite object, the revival of old English customs and character. He recommended that all the ancient holydays should be observed; and that the sports of the boys in their hours of play, should be regulated according to the standard authorities laid down in Strutt, a copy of whose invaluable work, decorated with plates, was deposited in the school house. Above all, he exhorted the pedagogue to abstain from the use of birch, an instrument of instruction which the good Squire regards with abhorrence, as fit only for the coercion of brute natures, that cannot be reasoned with.

Mr. Slingsby has followed the Squire's instructions to the best of his disposition and abilities. He never flogs the boys, because he is too easy, good-humoured a creature to inflict pain on a worm. He is bountiful in holydays, because he loves holydays himself, and has a sympathy with the urchins' impatience of confinement, from having divers times experienced its irksomeness during the time that he was seeing the world.

As to sports and pastimes, the boys are faithfully exercised in all that are on record: quoits, races, prison bars, tip-cat, trap-ball, bandy-ball, wrestling, leaping, and what not. The only misfortune is, that having banished the birch, honest Slingsby has not studied Roger Ascham sufficiently to find out a substitute; or rather, he has not the management in

his nature to apply one. His school, therefore, though one of the happiest, is one of the most unruly in the country; and never was a pedagogue more liked, or less heeded by his disciples, than Slingsby.

He has lately taken a coadjutor worthy of himself, being another stray sheep that has returned to the village fold. This is no other than the son of the musical tailor, who had bestowed some cost upon his education, hoping to see him one day arrive at the dignity of an exciseman, or at least of a parish clerk. The lad grew up, however, as idle and musical as his father; and being captivated by the drum and fife of a recruiting party, he followed them off to the army. He returned not long since, out of money and out at the elbows, the prodigal son of the village. He remained for some time, lounging about the place, in a half tattered soldier's dress, with a foraging cap on one side of his head, jerking stones across the brook, or loitering about the tavern door, a burthen to his father, and regarded with great coldness by all the warm householders.

Something, however, drew honest Slingsby towards the youth. It might be the kindness he bore to his father, who is one of the schoolmaster's great cronies; it might be that secret sympathy which draws men of vagrant propensities towards each other, for there is something truly magnetick in the vagabond feeling; or it might be that he remembered the time when he himself, had come back like this youngster, a wreck to his native place. At any rate, whatever the motive, Slingsby drew towards the youth. They had many conversations in the village tap-room, about foreign parts, and the various scenes and places they had witnessed during their way-faring about the world. The more Slingsby talked with him, the more he found him to his taste, and finding him almost as learned as himself, he forthwith engaged him as an assistant or usher in the school.

Under such admirable tuition, the school, as may be supposed, flourishes apace; and, if the scholars do not become versed in all the holyday accomplishments of the good old times, to the Squire's heart's content, it will not be the fault of their teachers. The prodigal son has become almost as popular among the boys as the pedagogue himself. His instructions are not limited to the school hours; and, having inherited the musical taste and talents of his father, he has bitten the whole school with the mania. He is a great hand at beating a drum, which is often heard rumbling from the rear of the school house.

He is teaching half the boys of the village, also, to play the fife and the pandean pipes, and they weary the whole neighbourhood with their vague pipings, as they sit perched on stiles, or loitering about the barn doors in the evenings. Among the other exercises of the school, also, he has introduced the ancient art of archery, (one of the Squire's favourite themes,) with such success, that the whipsters roam in truant bands about the neighbourhood, practising with their bows and arrows upon the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field. In a word, so completely are the ancient English customs and habits cultivated at this school, that I should not be surprized if the Squire should live to see one of his poetick visions realized, and a brood reared up, worthy successors to Robin Hood and his merry gang of outlaws.

LESSON CXXII.

Forest Scenery in New England.—TUDOR.

[In a Letter to an English Gentleman.]

THE scenery of this country will have struck you at once, as very different from that of Europe:—this difference is partly intrinsick, and partly accidental,—arising out of the kinds and degrees of cultivation. The most obvious and extensive view in which it differs, is the redundancy of forest. A vast forest, to a person who had never seen one, would excite almost as strong sensations, as the sight of the ocean to him who beheld it for the first time,—and in both cases, a long continuance of the prospect becomes tiresome.

From some of our hills, the spectator looks over an expanse of woods, bounded only by the horizon, and sparsely chequered with cultivation. The view is grand and imposing at first, but it will be more agreeable, and afford more lasting gratification, when the relative proportions of wood and open ground are reversed. The most cultivated parts of these States approach the nearest to some of the most covered parts in England, that are not an actual forest. We have nothing like the Downs, on your southern coast,—and fatiguing as an eternal forest may be, it is less so than these dreary wastes, as destitute of objects as the mountain swell of the ocean. We have still so much wood, that even in the oldest

cultivated parts of the country, it is very difficult to find a panoramick view of any extent, where some patches of the native forest are not to be found. I know of but one exception, which is from the steeple of the church in Ipswich, in Essex, Massachusetts. This is one of our oldest towns, and the prospect will put you in mind of the scenery of your own country:—I need not add, that it is a very pleasing one, and will repay you for the slight trouble of ascending the steeple.

The trees, though there are too many of them at least, in masses, must please the eye of an European, from their variety and beauty, as well as novelty. The richness of our trees and shrubs has always excited the admiration of botanists, and the lovers of landscape gardening. There can be nothing nobler than the appearance of some of the oaks and beeches in England, and the walnuts and chestnuts in France and Italy. The vast size of these spreading trees is only surpassed by some of our sycamores on the banks of the Ohio.

Our oaks may sometimes be seen, of the same size,—and the towering white pine and hemlock reach a height that I have never seen attained by trees in Europe;—but, for grandeur of appearance, we must rely, in the first instance, on the American elm, that has been planted for ornament. Its colour, its form, and its size, place it much before the European elm; it is one of our most majestick trees. There are many varieties of it, very distinct,—yet not so numerous as of the oaks, walnuts, and some others. Of the former, you know we have between thirty and forty different species, and a great number of species exist of all our principal trees.

This variety, in the hands of taste, would be made productive of the finest effects in ornamental planting, of which you may find more specimens in your own country than in this, though only a part of our riches in this way have been transplanted by your gardeners. You will remark the fresh and healthy look of our forest, as well as fruit-trees, compared with those of all the northern parts of Europe. The humidity of that atmosphere, nourishes the mosses, and a green coating over the trunks and branches, that give the aspect of disease and decay. You will often observe the clean and smooth bark of our trees, of all kinds;—among the forest trees, particularly the walnut, maple, beech, birch, &c. will be seen entirely free from moss or rust of any kind,—and their trunks form fine contrasts with the leaves.

You will have too much of forests in this country, to go in pursuit of one ;—but should you happen to visit Nashawn, one of the Elizabeth Islands, you will see the most beautiful insulated forest in the United States, with less of that ragged, lank look, which our native forests commonly present, from the trees struggling with each other for the light, and running up to a great height, with few or no branches ; but this one exhibits the tufted rounded masses, which are found in the groves of your parks.

You will be almost ready to exclaim, with the “Capricious Fair,” in Pope, “O ! odious, odious trees,”—but you must have patience a moment longer, while I mention one peculiarity, which you will witness in autumn, that will affect a lover of landscape scenery, like yourself, on seeing it the first time, with surprize as well as delight. The rich and mellow tints of the forest, at that season of the year, have often furnished subjects for the painter and the poet in Europe ;—but it will hardly prepare you for the sights our woods exhibit. I have never seen a representation of them attempted in painting ;—it would probably be grotesque.

Besides all the shades of brown and green, which you have in European trees, there are the most brilliant and glaring colours,—bright yellow, and scarlet, for instance,—not merely on single leaves, but in masses of whole trees, with all their foliage thus tinged. I do not know that it has ever been accounted for, but it may, perhaps, be owing to the frosts coming earlier here than in Europe, and falling on the leaves, while the sap is yet copious, before they have begun to dry up and fall off. However this may be, the colouring is wonderful ;—the walnut is turned to the brightest yellow, the maple to scarlet, &c. Our forests put on this harlequin dress about the first of October.

I leave to your imagination, which can never reach the reality, to fancy the appearance of such scenes as you may behold at this season ;—a cloudless sky, and transparent atmosphere,—a clear blue lake, with meadows of light, delicate green, backed by hills and dales, of these parti-coloured, gorgeous forests, are often combined to form the most enchanting views.

LESSON CXXIII.

Salmon River.—BRAINARD.*

'Tis a sweet stream—and so, 'tis true, are all
That undisturb'd, save by the harmless brawl
Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall,

Pursue their way
By mossy bank, and darkly waving wood,
By rock, that since the deluge fix'd has stood,
Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood
By night and day.

But yet, there's something in its humble rank,
Something in its pure wave and sloping bank,
Where the deer sported, and the young fawn drank
With unscar'd look ;

There's much in its wild history, that teems
With all that's superstitious—and that seems
To match our fancy and eke out our dreams,
In that small brook.

Havock has been upon its peaceful plain,
And blood has dropp'd there, like the drops of rain ;
The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain—
And many a quiver,
Fill'd from the reeds that grew on yonder hill,
Has spent itself in carnage. Now 'tis still,
And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill
From Salmon River.

Here, say old men, the Indian Magi made
Their spells by moonlight ; or beneath the shade
That shrouds sequester'd rock, or dark'ning glade,
Or tangled dell.

Here Philip came, and Miantonimo,
And asked about their fortunes long ago,
As Saul to Endor, that her witch might show
Old Samuel.

And here the black fox rov'd, that howl'd and shook
His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook

* This river enters into the Connecticut at East Haddam.

Where they pursued their game, and him mistook
 For earthly fox ;
 Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,
 And his soft peltry, stript and dress'd, to wear,
 Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair
 Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. 'Tis hard to rhyme
 About a little and unnoticed stream,
 That few have heard of—but it is a theme
 I chance to love :
 And one day I may tune my rye-straw reed,
 And whistle to the note of many a deed
 Done on this river—which, if there be need,
 I'll try to prove.

LESSON CXXIV.

Great Effects result from Little Causes.—PORTER.

THE same connexion betwixt small things and great, runs through all the concerns of our world. The ignorance of a physician, or the carelessness of an apothecary, may spread death through a family or a town. How often has the sickness of one man, become the sickness of thousands ? How often has the error of one man, become the error of thousands ?

A fly or an atom, may set in motion a train of intermediate causes, which shall produce a revolution in a kingdom. Any one of a thousand incidents, might have cut off Alexander of Greece, in his cradle. But if Alexander had died in infancy, or had lived a single day longer than he did, it might have put another face on all the following history of the world.

A spectacle-maker's boy, amusing himself in his father's shop, by holding two glasses between his finger and his thumb, and varying their distance, perceived the weathercock of the church spire, opposite to him, much larger than ordinary, and apparently much nearer, and turned upside down. This excited the wonder of the father, and led him to additional experiments ; and these resulted in that astonishing instrument, the Telescope, as invented by Galileo, and perfected by Herschell.

On the same optical principles was constructed the Microscope, by which we perceive that a drop of stagnant water is a world teeming with inhabitants. By one of these instruments, the experimental philosopher measures the ponderous globes, that the omnipotent hand has ranged in majestick order through the skies; by the other, he sees the same hand employed in rounding and polishing five thousand minute, transparent globes in the eye of a fly. Yet all these discoveries of modern science, exhibiting the intelligence, dominion, and agency of God, we owe to the transient amusement of a child.

It is a fact, commonly known, that, the laws of gravitation, which guide the thousands of rolling worlds in the planetary system, were suggested at first, to the mind of Newton, by the falling of an apple.

The art of printing, shows from what casual incidents, the most magnificent events in the scheme of Providence may result. Time was, when princes were scarcely rich enough to purchase a copy of the Bible. Now every cottager in Christendom, is rich enough to possess this treasure. "Who would have thought, that the simple circumstance of a man, amusing himself by cutting a few letters on the bark of a tree, and impressing them on paper, was intimately connected with the mental illumination of the world!"

LESSON CXXV.

Dialogue.—Leatherstocking's Description of Catskill Mountains.—COOPER.

Effingham. How beautifully tranquil and glassy the lake is. Saw you it ever more calm and even, than at this moment, Natty?

Leatherstocking. I have known the Otsego water for five-and-forty year, and I will say that for it, which is, that a cleaner spring, or a better fishing, is not to be found in the land. Yes, yes—I had the place to myself once; and a cheerful time I had of it. The game was as plenty as heart could wish, and there was none to meddle with the ground, unless there might have been a hunting party of the Delawares crossing the hills, or, maybe, a rifling scout of them thieves, the Iroquois. There was one or two Frenchmen

that squatted in the flats, further west, and married squaws ; and some of the Scotch-Irishers, from the Cherry Valley, would come on to the lake, and borrow my canoe, to take a mess of parch, or drop a line for a salmon-trout ; but, in the main, it was a cheerful place, and I had but little to disturb me in it. John would come, and John knows.

Mohegan. The land was owned by my people : we gave it to my brother, in council—to the Fire-Eater ; and what the Delawares give, lasts as long as the waters run. Hawk-eye smoked at that council, for we loved him.

L. No, no, John, I was no chief, seeing that I know'd nothing of scholarship, and had a white skin. But it was a comfortable hunting-ground then, lad, and would have been so to this day, but for the money of Marmaduke Temple, and, maybe, the twisty ways of the law.

E. It must have been a sight of melancholy pleasure, indeed, to have roamed over these mountains, and along this sheet of beautiful water, without a living soul to speak to, or to thwart your humour.

L. Haven't I said it was cheerful ! Yes, yes—when the trees begun to be kivered with the leaves, and the ice was out of the lake, it was a second paradise. I have travelled the woods for fifty-three year, and have made them my home, for more than forty, and I can say that I have met but one place that was more to my liking ; and that was only to eyesight, and not for hunting or fishing.

E. And where was that ?

L. Where ! why up on the Cattskills. I used often to go up into the mountains after wolves' skins, and bears ; once they bought me to get them a stuffed painter ; and so I often went. There's a place in them hills that I used to climb to, when I wanted to see the carryings on of the world, that would well pay any man for a barked shin or a torn moccasin. You know the Cattskills, lad, for you must have seen them on your left, as you followed the river up from York, looking as blue as a piece of clear sky, and holding the clouds on their tops, as the smoke curls over the head of an Indian chief at a council fire. Well, there's the High-peak and the round-top, which lay back, like a father and mother among their children, seeing they are far above all the other hills. But the place I mean, is next to the river, where one of the ridges juts out a little from the rest, and where the rocks fall for the best part of a thousand feet, so much up and down, that a man standing on their edges is fool enough to think he can jump from top to bottom.

E. What see you when you get there ?

L. Creation ! all creation, lad. I was on that hill when Vaughan burnt 'Sopus, in the last war, and I seen the vessels come out of the highlands, as plain as I can see that lime-scow rowing into the Susquehanna, though one was twenty times further from me than the other. The river was in sight for seventy miles, under my feet, looking like a curled shaving, though it was eight long miles to its banks. I saw the hills in the Hampshire grants, the high lands of the river, and all that God had done, or man could do, as far as eye could reach—you know that the Indians named me for my sight, lad—and from the flat on the top of that mountain, I have often found the place where Albany stands ; and as for 'Sopus ! the day the royal troops burnt the town, the smoke seemed so nigh, that I thought I could hear the screeches of the women.

E. It must have been worth the toil, to met with such a glorious view !

L. If being the best part of a mile in the air, and having men's farms and housen at your feet, with rivers looking like ribands, and mountains bigger than the "Vision," seeming to be haystacks of green grass under you, gives any satisfaction to a man, I can recommend the spot. When I first come into the woods to live, I used to have weak spells, and I felt lonesome ; and then I would go into the Cattskills and spend a few days on that hill, to look at the ways of man ; but it's now many a year since I felt any such longings, and I'm getting too old for them rugged rocks. But there's a place, a short two miles back of that very hill, that in late times, I relished better than the mountain ; for it was more kivered with the trees, and more nateral.

E. And where was that ?

L. Why, there's a fall in the hills, where the water of two little ponds that lie near each other, breaks out of their bounds, and runs over the rocks into the valley. The stream is, maybe, such a one as would turn a mill, if so useless a thing was wanted in the wilderness. But the hand that made that "Leap," never made a mill ! There the water comes crooking and winding among the rocks, first so slow, that a trout could swim in it, and then starting and running just like any creature, that wanted to make a far spring, till it gets to where the mountain divides, like the cleft hoof of a deer, leaving a deep hollow for the brook to tumble into. The first pitch is nigh two hundred feet, and the water looks

like flakes of driven snow, before it touches the bottom ; and there the stream gathers itself together again for a new start, and, maybe, flutters over fifty feet of flat-rock, before it falls for another hundred, when it jumps about from shelf to shelf, first turning this away and then turning that away, striving to get out of the hollow, till it finally comes to the plain.

E. I have never heard of this spot before ! it is not mentioned in the books.

L. I never read a book in my life, and how should a man who has lived in towns and schools, know any thing about the wonders of the woods ! No, no, lad ; there has that little stream of water been playing among them hills, since He made the world, and not a dozen white men have ever laid eyes on it. The rock sweeps like a mason's work, in a half-round, on both sides of the fall, and shelves over the bottom for fifty feet ; so that when I've been sitting at the foot of the first pitch, and my hounds have run into the caverns behind the sheet of water, they've looked no bigger than so many rabbits. To my judgment, lad, it's the best piece of work that I've met with in the woods ; and none know how often the hand of God is seen in a wilderness, but them that rove it for a man's life.

E. What becomes of the water ? in which direction does it run ? Is it a tributary of the Delaware ?

L. Anan !

E. Does the water run into the Delaware ?

L. No, no, it's a drop for the old Hudson ; and a merry time it has till it gets down off the mountain. I've sat on the shelving rock many a long hour, boy, and watched the bubbles as they shot by me, and thought how long it would be before that very water, which seemed made for the wilderness, would be under the bottom of a vessel, and tossing in the salt sea. It is a spot to make a man solemnize. You can see right down into the valley that lies to the east of the High-Peak, where, in the fall of the year, thousands of acres of woods are before your eyes, in the deep hollow, and along the side of the mountain, painted like ten thousand rainbows, by no hand of man, though without the ordering of God's providence.

E. Why, you are eloquent, Leatherstocking !

L. Anan !

E. The recollection of the sight has warmed your blood, old man.

LESSON CXXVI.

Morning Scene in Winter.—COOPER.

ELIZABETH approached a window and drew its curtain, and throwing open its shutters, she endeavoured to look abroad on the village and the lake. But a thick covering of frost, on the panes of glass, while it admitted the light, hid the view. She raised the sash, and then, indeed, a most glorious scene met her delighted eye.

The lake had exchanged its covering of unspotted snow, for a face of dark ice, that reflected the rays of the rising sun, like a polished mirror. The houses were clothed in a dress of the same description, but which, owing to its position, shone like bright steel; while the enormous icicles that were pendent from every roof, caught the brilliant light, apparently throwing it from one to the other, as each glittered, on the side next to the luminary, with a golden lustre, that melted away on its opposite, into the dusky shades of a background.

But it was the appearance of the boundless forests, that covered the hills, as they rose, in the distance, one over the other, that most attracted the gaze of Miss Temple. The huge branches of the pines and hemlocks, on the western mountains, bent with the weight of the ice that they supported, while their summits rose above the swelling tops of the oaks, beeches, and maples, like spires of burnished silver issuing from domes of the same material. The limits of the view, in this direction, were marked by an undulating outline of bright light, as if, reversing the order of nature, numberless suns might momentarily be expected to heave above the western horizon.

In the foreground of the picture, along the shores of the lake, and near to the village, each tree seemed studded with diamonds, that emitted their dancing rays, as the branches waved gently under the impulse of the wind. Even the sides of the mountains, where the rays of the sun could not yet fall, were decorated with a glassy coat, that presented every gradation of brilliancy, from the first touch of the luminary, to the dark foliage of the hemlock, as it glistened through its coat of crystal. In short, the whole view was one scene of quivering radiancy, as lake, mountains, village, and woods, each emitted its portion of light, tinged with its peculiar hue, and varied by its position and its magnitude.

LESSON CXXVII.

The Ruins of Jamestown.—WIRT.

[Extracted from a Letter of the British Spy.]

I HAVE taken a pleasant ride of sixty miles down the river, in order to see the remains of the first English settlement in Virginia. The site is a very handsome one. The river is three miles broad ; and, on the opposite shore, the country presents a fine range of bold and beautiful hills. But I find no vestiges of the ancient town, except the ruins of a church steeple, and a disordered group of old tombstones. On one of these, shaded by the boughs of a tree, whose trunk has embraced and grown over the edge of the stone, and seated on the head-stone of another grave, I now address you.

On one side, is an inscription on a gravestone, which would constitute no bad theme for an occasional meditation from Yorick himself. The stone, it seems, covers the grave of a man who was born in the neighbourhood of London ; and his epitaph concludes the short and rudely executed account of his birth and death, by declaring him to have been “a great sinner, in hopes of a joyful resurrection,” as if he had sinned, with no other intention, than to give himself a fair title to these exulting hopes. But awkwardly and ludicrously as the sentiment is expressed, it is in its meaning, most just and beautiful ; as it acknowledges the boundless mercy of Heaven, and glances at that divinely consoling proclamation, “come unto me, all ye, who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

The ruin of the steeple is about thirty feet high, and mantled, to its very summit, with ivy. It is difficult to look at this venerable object, surrounded as it is, with these awful proofs of the mortality of man, without exclaiming in the pathetick solemnity of Shakspeare,

“ The cloudcapt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind.”

Whence arises the irrepressible reverence, and tender affection, with which I look at this broken steeple ? Is it, that my soul, by a secret, subtile process, invests the mouldering ruin

with her own powers ; imagines it a fellow being ; a venerable old man, a Nestor, or an Ossian, who has witnessed and survived the ravages of successive generations, the companions of his youth, and of his maturity, and now mourns his own solitary and desolate condition, and hails their spirits in every passing cloud ? Whatever may be the cause, as I look at it, I feel my soul drawn forward, as by the cords of gentlest sympathy, and involuntarily open my lips to offer consolation to the drooping pile.

Where is the busy bustling crowd, which landed here two hundred years ago ? Where is Smith, that pink of gallantry, that flower of chivalry ? I fancy, that I can see their first, slow, and cautious approach to the shore ; their keen and vigilant eyes, piercing the forest in every direction, to detect the lurking Indian, with his tomahawk, bow and arrow.

Good Heavens ! what an enterprize ! how full of the most fearful perils ! and yet how entirely profitless to the daring men who personally undertook and achieved it ! Through what a series of the most spirit-chilling hardships, had they to toil ! How often did they cast their eyes to England in vain ! and, with what delusive hopes, day after day, did the little, famished crew strain their sight to catch the white sail of comfort and relief ! But day after day, the sun set, and darkness covered the earth ; but no sail of comfort or relief came.

How often, in the pangs of hunger, sickness, solitude, and disconsolation, did they think of London ; her shops, her markets, groaning under the weight of plenty ; her streets, swarming with gilded coaches, bustling hacks, with crowds of lords, dukes, and commons, with healthy, busy contented faces of every description ; and, among them, none more healthy or more contented, than those of their ungrateful and improvident directors !

But now—where are they all ? the little, famished colony which landed here, and the many coloured crowd of London, where are they gone ? where there is no distinction ; consigned to the common earth. Another generation succeeded them ; which, just as busy and as bustling as that which fell before it, has sunk down into the same nothingness. Another, and yet another billow has rolled on, each emulating its predecessor in height ; towering, for its moment, and curling its foaming honours to the clouds ; then roaring, breaking, and perishing on the same shore.

Is it not strange, that familiarly and universally as these things are known, yet each generation is as eager in the pursuit of its earthly objects, projects its plans on a scale as extensive, and labours in their execution with a spirit as ardent and unrelaxing, as if this life and this world were to last for ever ? It is, indeed, a most benevolent interposition of Providence, that these palpable and just views of the vanity of human life are not permitted entirely to crush the spirits, and unnerve the arm of industry. But at the same time, methinks, it would be wise in man to permit them to have, at least, so much weight with him, as to prevent his total absorption by the things of this earth, and to point some of his thoughts and his exertions, to a system of being, far more permanent, exalted and happy. Think not this reflection too solemn. It is irresistibly inspired by the objects around me ; and, as rarely as it occurs, (much too rarely) it is most certainly and solemnly true.

It is curious, to reflect, what a nation, in the course of two hundred years, has sprung up and flourished from the feeble, sickly germ which was planted here ! Little did our shortsighted court suspect the conflict which she was preparing for herself ; the convulsive throe by which her infant colony would in a few years burst from her, and start into a political importance that would astonish the earth.

LESSON CXXVIII.

Debt and Credit.—TRENTON EMPORIUM.

I DISLIKE the whole matter of debt and credit—from my heart I dislike it ; and think the man, who first invented a ledger, should be hung in effigy, with his invention tied to his feet, that his neck might support him and his works together. My reason for thus sweeping at the whole system is, not that I believe it totally useless, but that I believe it does more mischief than good—produces more trouble than accommodation, and destroys more fortunes than it creates honestly. These opinions are not of a recent date with me ; they are those upon which I set out in early life, and as I grew older, I became more and more confirmed in them ; not that I changed my practice while I held fast my profession, and got my fingers burned at last, by trusting my name in a day—

book, for I never did it, because I saw the evil effects of credit around me in every shape and form.

And a visit this morning to my old friend, Timothy Coulter, called the subject up so forcibly, that I concluded to write you a line on it. His last cow was sold this very morning, by the constable for six dollars, though she cost him sixteen, and they have not left an ear of corn in his crib, or a bushel of rye in his barn, much less any of his stock—it was what was called the winding up of the concern; and he is now on his good behaviour, for, I heard one of his creditors say, that if he did not go on very straight, that he would walk him off to the county prison-ship.

Thus has ended Timothy's game of debt and credit. When he first commenced farming, he was as industrious and promising a young man as was to be found; he worked day and night, counted the cost, and pondered on the purchase of every thing. For a year or two, he kept out of debt, lived comfortably and happy, and made money; every merchant that knew him, was ready to make a polite bow—each knew him as one of your cash men, and liked his custom. The mechanick shook him by the hand, and begged his company to dinner, hoping to get a job from him; and even the lawyer, in contemplation of his high character, tipped his beaver as he passed him, with a sign, as much as to say, Tim, you have more sense than half the world; but that's no consolation to us.

By some fatality, Timothy found out, however, that there was such a thing as credit. He began soon to have many running accounts, and seldom paid for what he got; it soon followed, that the inquiry, "do I really want this article?" before he bought it, was neglected; then the price was frequently not asked; then he began to be careless about pay-day; his accounts stood—he disputed them when rendered—was sued—charged with costs, and perhaps, slyly, with interest too, and he became a money borrower before long; but his friends, after a lawsuit had brought them their money, were ready to trust him again, and he was as ready to buy. The same farce was played over and over, until now the end of these things has come; and, poor fellow, he is turned out in the wide world, without a friend, save a wife and six miserable babes.

I asked the constable for a sight of the execution, and he showed it to me. It was issued by young squire Bell, and I could not but recollect how different was the history of this

man to that of Timothy. Young Bell was a poor boy ; commenced his life with nothing but health and trade ; but he adopted as a sacred maxim, "pay as you go ;" and he frequently told me, he found little difficulty in sticking to his text. The necessities of life are few, and industry secures them to every man ; it is the elegancies of life that empty the purse ; the nick-knacks of fashion, the gratification of pride, and the indulgence of luxury, that makes a man poor. To guard against these, some resolution is necessary ; and the resolution, once formed, is much strengthened and guarded by the habit of paying for every article we buy, at the time. If we do so, we shall seldom purchase what our circumstances will not afford.

This was exactly the manner in which Jack Bell proceeded. Habit, strengthened by long continuance, and supported by reason, became second nature. His business prospered ; his old purse became filled with Spanish dollars ; all his purchases, being made for cash, were favourable, and by always knowing how he stood with the world, he avoided all derangement in his affairs. He is now the squire of a little village, with a good property, a profitable business, and the respect of all who know him.

Young reader, who hast not entered on the stage of business, when you come forward in the world, go and do likewise, and you shall have like reward.

LESSON CXXIX.

Interesting Circumstances relating to the Bible.—PAYSON.

In addition to the intrinsick excellencies of the Bible, which give it, considered merely as a human production, powerful claims to the attention of persons of taste and learning, there are various circumstances of an adventitious nature, which render it peculiarly interesting to a reflecting mind. Among these circumstances, we may perhaps, not improperly, mention its great antiquity.

Whatever may be said of its inspiration, some of the books, which compose it, are unquestionably the most ancient literary compositions extant, and perhaps the most ancient that ever were written ; nor is it very improbable, that letters

were first employed in recording some parts of them, and that they were written in the language first spoken by man.

It is also not only the most ancient book, but the most ancient monument of human exertion, the eldest offspring of human intellect, now in existence. Unlike the other works of man, it inherits not his frailty. All the contemporaries of its infancy have long since perished, and are forgotten ; yet this wonderful volume still survives. Like the fabled pillars of Seth, which are said to have bid defiance to the deluge, it has stood for ages, unmoved in the midst of that flood, which sweeps away men with their labours into oblivion.

That these circumstances render it an interesting object of contemplation, it is needless to remark. Were there now in existence a tree, which was planted ; an edifice, which was erected ; or any monument of human ingenuity, which was formed at that early period, in which some parts of the Bible were written ; would it not be contemplated with the keenest interest ; carefully preserved, as a precious relick ; and considered, as something, little less than sacred ?

With what emotions, then, will a thoughtful mind open the Bible ; and what a train of interesting reflections is it, in this view, calculated to excite ? While we contemplate its antiquity, exceeding that of every object around us, except the works of God ; and view it in anticipation, as continued to exist unaltered until the end of time ; must we not feel almost irresistibly impelled to venerate it, as proceeding originally from Him, who is yesterday, today, and forever the same ; whose works, like his years, fail not ?

LESSON CXXX.

To the Eagle.—PERCIVAL.

[From the Atlantic Souvenir for 1827.]

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing !
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top ;
Thy fields—the boundless air ;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies—thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze :
The midway sun is clear and bright—
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast
O'er the bursting billow spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again, thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind ;
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air !
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare,
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid ;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread ;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave ;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight ?
“ O'er the dark mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages, I watched alone,
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more,
Where the glorious bird had flown.

But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave ;
I caught afar the wandering crew ;
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore ;
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong,
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song ;
And over their bright and glancing arms
On field and lake and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory."

LESSON CXXXI.

Appearance of the Students at Göttingen.—U. S. REVIEW.

[From a Letter of an American in Europe.]

THE 'morning after I arrived in Göttingen, I went out at an early hour, full of transatlantick respect for European literature, and by a natural association, for European universities, both professors and students. My head was busy in figuring forth scholastick forms, with eyes fixed in meditation, brows furrowed by thought,

"With sable stole
Over their decent shoulders drawn."

This was what I expected to see ; now I will tell you what I saw.

I met crowds of coarse young men, with a swaggering air, mostly dressed in frock coats of brown blanketing, such as our sailors' dreadnoughts are made of. They wore low round caps of all hues, although green was on the whole predominant. Nor was it, I ween, in the Palais Royal, nor yet in Bond Street, that they had learned the art of enveloping the neck. Some wore handkerchiefs of every variety of stripe and fabrick ; others a woollen tippet, which was sometimes blue, sometimes red, and sometimes of no colour at all. I have even heard it asserted, that under cover of the closely buttoned frock, this last article frequently served in lieu both of vest and cravat, but for the correctness of this I cannot vouch from personal inspection. Others, more whimsical or more independent, left the neck entirely bare.

Some clattered along the publick ways in spurs ; these, I concluded, were newly dismounted ; but I soon found my mistake, it was not uncommon for one to wear them who

had not been on horseback for months. Some wore their hair of great length; a few even allowed it to fall on their shoulders. Some increased the natural fierceness of their countenance by mustachios; and many, who, perhaps were not sufficiently confident of their own power to strike terror, were accompanied by dogs. Even these poor beasts, were compelled to appear in costume; for, if nature had given them shaggy hair, they were shorn of all but what hung upon the shoulders and fore paws, to give them the resemblance of a lion. Thus equipped, and with note-books under their arms, moving at all places, and in all directions, these personages were students at the far-famed University of Georgia Augusta.

LESSON CXXXII.

Extract from the Story of the White Indian.—PAULDING.

[From the Atlantic Souvenir, for 1827.]

By degrees, as custom reconciled me more and more to fasting and long rambles, I extended my excursions farther from home, and sometimes remained out all day, without tasting food, or resting myself, except for a few minutes upon the trunk of some decayed old tree or moss-covered rock. The country, though in a great degree in its native state of wildness, was full of romantick beauties. The Mohawk, is one of the most charming of rivers, sometimes brawling among ragged rocks, or darting swiftly through long narrow reaches, and here and there, as at the Little Falls, and again at the Cohoes, darting down high perpendicular rocks in sheets of milk white foam, but its general character is that of repose and quiet.

It is no where so broad but that rural objects and rural sounds may be seen and heard distinctly from one side to the other; and, in many places, the banks on either hand, are composed of rich meadows or flats, as they were denominated by the early Dutch settlers, so nearly on a level with the surface of the water, as to be almost identified with it at a distance, were it not for the rich fringe of water willows that skirt it on either side and mark the lines of separation.

In these rich pastures, may now be seen the lowing herds half hidden in the luxuriant grass, and a little farther on, out

of the reach of the spring freshes, the comfortable farm houses of many a sanguine country squire, who dreams of boundless wealth from the Grand Canal, and in his admiration of the works of man, forgets the far greater beauty, grandeur, and utility of the works of his Maker. But I am to describe the scenery as it was in the days of my boyhood, when, like Nimrod, I was a mighty hunter before the Lord.

At the time I speak of, all that was to be seen was of the handy work of nature, except the little settlement, over which presided the patriarch Veeder. We were the advance guard of civilization, and a few steps beyond us was the region of primeval forests, composed of elms and maples, and oaks and pines, that seemed as if their seeds had been sown at the time of the deluge, and that they had been growing ever since. I have still a distinct recollection, I might almost say perception, of the gloom and damps which pervaded these chilling shades, where the summer sun never penetrated, and in whose recesses the very light was of a greenish hue.

Here, especially, along the little streams, many of which are now dried up by the opening of the earth to the sunbeams, every rock and piece of mouldering wood was wrapped in a carpet of green moss fostered into more than velvet luxuriance by the everlasting damps, that, unlike the dews of heaven, fell all the day as well as all the night. Here and there a flower reared its pale head among the rankness of the sunless vegetation of unsightly fungus, but it was without fragrance, and almost without life, for it withered as soon as plucked from its stem.

I do not remember ever to have heard a singing bird in these forests, except just on the outer skirts, fronting the south, where occasionally a robin chirped or a thrush sung his evening chaunt. These tiny choristers seem almost actuated by the vanity of human beings, for I have observed they appear to take peculiar delight in the neighbourhood of the habitations of men, where they have listeners to their musick. They do not love to sing where there is no one to hear them.

The very insects of the wing seemed also to have abandoned the gloomy solitude, to sport in the sunshine among the flowers. Neither butterfly nor grasshopper abided there, and the honey-bee never came to equip himself in his yellow breeches. He is the companion of the white man, and seems content to be his slave, to toil for him all the summer, only that he may be allowed the enjoyment of the refuse of his own

labours in the winter. To plunge into the recesses of these woods was like descending into a cave under ground, there was the coolness, the dampness, and the obscurity of twilight. Yet custom made me love these solitudes, and many are the days I have spent among them, with my dog and gun, and no other guide but the sun in heaven and the moss on the north side of the trees.

LESSON CXXXIII.

Hagar in the Wilderness.—ANONYMOUS.

[From "The Memorial."]

THE morning past—and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear Heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade—
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.

It was an hour of rest,—but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water—but she could not give it him.

She laid him down beneath the sultry sky
For it was better than the close hot breath
Of the thick pines, and tried to comfort him.
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.

She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him
And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub,
And shrouding up her face, she went away
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die,—and watching him she mourned—

God stay thee in thine agony, my boy !
I cannot see thee die, I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look.

And see death settle on my cradle joy—
How have I drank the light of thy blue eye !
And could I see thee die ?

I did not dream of this when thou wast straying
Like an unbound gazelle among the flowers,—
Or wearing rosy hours
By the rich gush of water sources straying,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful, and deep.

Oh, no ; and when I watched by thee, the while
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the deep Nile—
How prayed I that thy father's land might be
A heritage for thee.

And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press—
And oh, my last caress
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee—
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair ?

* * * * *

She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness and bathed
The forehead of her child, until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thoughts of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

LESSON CXXXIV.

Description of Nahant.—TUDOR.

THERE is a remarkable promontory, called, in old maps, *the Great Nahant*, nine miles from Boston by water, and fifteen by land. A peninsula of very irregular outline and surface, five or six miles in circumference, is united by a beach of a mile and a quarter long to the coast, from which it pro-

jects so as to form a right angle with it. The upper part of this beach is composed of loose sand and stones; where the water flows, it is quite compact, and at low tide a dozen carriages may pass abreast on the sand, which appears smooth as a mirror, and so hard, that the horse's hoof scarcely leaves a mark.

There is also another beach of the same description, about one-third the length of the first; nothing can be finer than a ride over these smooth, hard courses, while the surf is rolling up and bursting in foam alongside, that runs and recedes under the horse's feet, as if in sport. The coast of this peninsula is defended from the fury of the sea, by masses of ragged precipitous rocks, which at the southern extremities overhang it at the height of more than a hundred feet.

On the whole coast of the United States, at least from Portland to the southern side of the Mexican Gulf, there is not such a promontory as this. It presents some of the finest marine views that can be seen. One of its accompaniments, a league distant, is called Egg-rock, from being the home of vast numbers of birds, who make their nests upon it; its shape and colours are highly picturesque.

Nahant commands a prospect over a large part of the bay of Massachusetts, with the finest portion of its shores; it approaches so near to the lower harbour of Boston, as almost to form one of its defences; overseeing all its islands and channels; the forts, with the town itself, rising in the back ground.

The sea view here is always interesting; the materials for a picture abundant: in the first place, the ocean, whose incessant movement and boundless expanse always engage the mind in reveries; the extensive shores, various in their appearance, and spotted over with towns, villages, and groves; the islands and the disastrous rocks, of which there are several to excite the dread of mariners; the light-houses, which always raise agreeable associations in the mind, being one of the few objects that are erected, in a spirit of universal comity, for the common good of all mankind; and, lastly, a gay animation is thrown over the whole, by the scene being interspersed with numerous vessels of all kinds, which lead the spectator, who overlooks the entrance of a great commercial mart, to sympathize in imagination with some of the liveliest joys and regrets of the human mind,—the sensations that are passing in the bosoms of those before him, in “the outward and the homeward bound,”—the grief of departure, the exultation of return.”

LESSON CXXXV.

To the Autumn Leaf.—ANONYMOUS.

[From "The Memorial."]

Lone trembling one !
Last of a summer race, withered and sear,
And shivering—wherefore art thou lingering here ?
Thy work is done.

Thou hast seen all
The summer flowers reposing in their tomb,
And the green leaves, that knew thee in their bloom,
Wither and fall !

Why didst *thou* cling
So fondly to the rough and sapless tree ?
Hath then existence aught like charms for thee,
Thou faded thing !

The voice of Spring,
Which woke thee into being, ne'er again
Will greet thee—nor the gentle summer's rain
New verdure bring.

The zephyr's breath,
No more will wake for thee its melody—
But the lone sighing of the blast shall be
Thy hymn of death.

Yet a few days,
A few faint struggles with the autumn storm,
And the strained eye to catch thy trembling form,
In vain may gaze.

Pale autumn leaf !
Thou art an emblem of mortality,
The *broken heart* once young and fresh like thee,
Withered by grief,—

Whose hopes are fled,
Whose loved ones, all have drooped and died away
Still clings to life—and lingering loves to stay,
Above the dead !

But list—e'en now,
I hear the gathering of the autumn blast.
It comes—thy frail form tremblés—it is past !
And *thou* art low !

LESSON CXXXVI.

Description of a Herd of Wild Horses.—FLINT.

THE day before we came in view of the Rocky mountains, I saw in the greatest perfection that impressive, and, to me, almost sublime spectacle, an immense drove of wild horses, for a long time hovering round our path across the prairie. I had often seen great numbers of them before, mixed with other animals, apparently quiet, and grazing like the rest. Here there were thousands unmixed, unemployed ; their motions, if such a comparison might be allowed, as darting and as wild as those of humming-birds on the flowers.

The tremendous snorts with which the front columns of the phalanx made known their approach to us, seemed to be their wild and energetick way of expressing their pity and disdain for the servile lot of our horses, of which they appeared to be taking a survey. They were of all colours, mixed, spotted, and diversified with every hue, from the brightest white to clear and shining black ; and of every form and structure, from the long and slender racer, to those of firmer limbs and heavier mould ; and of all ages, from the curvetting colt to the range of patriarchal steeds, drawn up in a line, and holding their high heads for a survey of us, in the rear.

Sometimes they curved their necks, and made no more progress than just enough to keep pace with our advance. Then there was a kind of slow and walking minuet, in which they performed various evolutions with the precision of the figures of a country dance. Then a rapid movement shifted the front to the rear. But still, in all their evolutions and movements, like the flight of sea-fowl, their lines were regular, and free from all indications of confusion.

At times a spontaneous and sudden movement towards us, almost inspired the apprehension of an united attack upon us. After a moment's advance, a snort and a rapid retrograde movement seemed to testify their proud estimate of

their wild independence. The infinite variety of their rapid movements, their tamperings, and manœuvres were of such a wild and almost terrific character, that it required but a moderate stretch of fancy to suppose them the genii of these grassy plains.

At one period they were formed for an immense depth in front of us. A wheel, executed almost with the rapidity of thought, presented them hovering on our flanks. Then, again, the cloud of dust that enveloped their movements, cleared away, and presented them in our rear. They evidently operated as a great annoyance to the horses and mules of our cavalcade. The frightened movements, the increased indications of fatigue, sufficiently evidenced, with their frequent neighings, what unpleasant neighbours they considered their wild compatriots to be.

So much did our horses appear to suffer from fatigue and terror, in consequence of their vicinity, that we were thinking of some way in which to drive them off; when on a sudden a patient and laborious donkey of the establishment, who appeared to have regarded all their movements with philosophick indifference, pricked up his long ears, and gave a loud and most sonorous bray from his vocal shells. Instantly this prodigious multitude, and there were thousands of them, took what the Spanish call the "stompado." With a trampling like the noise of thunder, or still more like that of an earthquake, a noise that was absolutely appalling, they took to their heels, and were all in a few moments invisible in the verdant depths of the plains, and we saw them no more.

LESSON CXXXVII.

Spring.—PAULDING.

Now the laughing, jolly spring began sometimes to show her buxom face in the bright morning; but ever and anon, meeting the angry frown of winter, loath to resign his rough sway over the wide realm of nature, she would retire again into her southern bower. Yet, though her visits were at first but short, her very look seemed to exercise a magick influence.

The buds began slowly to expand their close winter folds; the dark and melancholy woods to assume an almost imper-

ceptible purple tint ; and here and there a little chirping blue bird hopped about the orchards of Elsingburgh. Strips of fresh green appeared along the brooks, now released from their icy fetters ; and nests of little variegated flowers, nameless, yet richly deserving a name, sprung up in the sheltered recesses of the leafless woods.

By and by, the shad, the harbinger at once of spring and plenty, came up the river before the mild southern breeze ; the ruddy blossoms of the peach-tree exhibited their gorgeous pageantry ; the little lambs appeared frisking and gambolling about the sedate mother ; young, innocent calves began their first bleatings ; the cackling hen announced her daily feat, in the barnyard, with clamorous astonishment ; every day added to the appearance of that active vegetable and animal life, which nature presents in the progress of the genial spring ; and, finally, the flowers, the zephyrs, the warblers, and the maidens' rosy cheeks, announced to the senses, the fancy, and the heart, the return, and the stay of the vernal year.

LESSON CXXXVIII.

A Visit to Wordsworth.—GRISCOM.

AMBLESIDE is a small market-town, or large village, on the sides of a mountain, where the valley opens to the head of Windermere. It is an ancient place, and has very little of modern comfort in its general appearance ; but some of the houses being covered with white cement, and several of them neatly enclosed, there is in its whole aspect, viewed at a little distance, a rural sweetness not often excelled. It contains one or two good inns.

After breakfasting at one of them, I hastened to Rydal Mount, the residence of W. Wordsworth, the lyric poet, about two miles from Ambleside. The mansion is neat, but altogether unostentatious, and not very large. Its position is one of the most charming ; at a short distance from the head of Windermere, overlooking the lake, the village of Ambleside, and the wild undulations which spread themselves on each side of this beautiful water. Behind, and on each side, rocks and hills are piled irregularly, and streams of water, tumbling over precipitous channels, give an air of

enchantment to the scenes which this poetick describer of physical and moral nature has chosen for his residence.

On reaching the house, the servant girl informed me he had gone out on a walk with his family, and would soon return; but wishing to reach a distant place before night, I gave my letter of introduction to the maid, and requested her to go after, and present it to her master. He soon entered, and calling me by name, received me with as much affability and kindness, as if I had been an old acquaintance.

His wife, too, who soon came in, manifested the same unceremonious hospitality; and, notwithstanding my recent meal, insisted on spreading the table, and giving me a cold cut before I left them.

Wordsworth is, I should judge, about fifty, or fifty-five, of rather a grave aspect, strong features, and easily susceptible of kindling into an expression of benevolence. He entered, without hesitation, into a conversation on America, on our literature and politicks; on poetry, and various other topicks which incidently presented themselves. Finding that my time was short, he proposed a walk, and conducted me over the grounds to a situation which commanded a view of Windermere and Rydal waters, and thence to a romantick bridge, on a stream which falls, in a fine little cascade, among the rocks, in front of which is an harbour bearing the date of 1617, and still in good repair.

It is a spot, to which even a Milton might have fitly resorted, to wait for the most lofty inspiration of his muse, had he been blessed with a temporary enjoyment of external vision, and anxious to derive from the objects around him, impressions, the most appropriate to the solemnity of his theme. We stopped to look at a cottage, belonging to S. T*****, of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to whom I am indebted for my introduction to Wordsworth. It is on a rustick mound, commanding a view of both the lakes. A part of the oaken furniture of this cottage, curiously and grotesquely carved, appears as if it might be at least coeval with the harbour just mentioned, and have owed its origin to the taste of the same individual.

On taking leave of the interesting scenery and family of Rydal Mount, where I spent a truly delightful hour, Wordsworth kindly offered to walk with me to Ambleside. His conversation is replete with sound remark and didactick wisdom. Its most peculiar trait, is a sort of epick measure, which I could readily imagine was derived from those habits of

thought, which are requisite to the plotting and framing of a long poem in blank verse.

Whatever reviewers may say, or have said of this writer, there has ever, to me, been a charm, both in his subject and manner ; and, although he sometimes condescends to play too long with the baby-tools of his art, it is obvious that his mind is adequate to the most correct and elevated conceptions of human passion. If there is less of "fine frenzy" in his thoughts and descriptions, than in those of some of his cotemporaries, there is enough of the sublime and the tender, the pathetick and the moral, of the power of imagination and the force of language, to establish his claim to the merit of genuine poetry ; and while the scope of his writings remains true to the best principles of humanity, he can scarcely fail, I think, to have an admirer in every reader of taste and feeling.

He expressed regret that the society of Friends were so generally inclined, as they are in England, to resort to cities and engage in trade ; for he thinks their doctrines and manners are much more congenial with the simplicity of rural occupations ; and that in a country life, there is much less danger of their being betrayed into a dereliction of principle, than in the contests and competitions of mercantile pursuits.

In common with most of the philanthropists I have fallen in with, he is anxious that our government should pursue a course that will give permanency to the institutions on which it is founded ; but he entertains apprehensions of its stability, in a great measure, from the presumption, that men, who, under the garb of patriotism, have performed acts of service to the country, and conciliated the feelings of the nation, will, from the thirst of ambition and the pride of power, strike at the root of liberty, and introduce disorder and confusion.

The little stories of Barbara Lethwaite and Harry Gill,—Wordsworth informed me, are founded on fact ; and the incident of "We are seven," occurred to him in Wales. As an agent of the government, in the local concerns of the country, this gentleman receives an income, as I have been informed, of £500 a year.

LESSON CXXXIX.

Mount Washington.—MELLEN.*

MOUNT of the clouds ; on whose Olympian height
The tall rocks brighten in the ether air,
And spirits from the skies come down at night,
To chant immortal songs to Freedom there !
Thine is the rock of other regions ; where
The world of life which blooms so far below
Sweeps a wide waste : no gladdening scenes appear,
Save where with silvery flash the waters flow
Beneath the far off mountain, distant, calm, and slow.

Thine is the summit where the clouds repose,
Or eddying wildly round thy cliffs are borne ;
When Tempest mounts his rushing car, and throws
His billowy mist amid the thunder's home !
Far down the deep ravines the whirlwinds come,
And bow the forests as they sweep along ;
While roaring deeply from their rocky womb
The storms come forth—and hurrying darkly on,
Amid the echoing peaks the revelry prolong !

And when the tumult of the air is fled,
And quenched in silence all the tempest flame,
There come the dim forms of the mighty dead,
Around the steep which bears the hero's name.
The stars look down upon them—and the same
Pale orb that glistens o'er his distant grave,
Gleams on the summit that enshrines his fame,
And lights the cold tear of the glorious brave—
The richest, purest tear, that memory ever gave !

Mount of the clouds ! when winter round thee throws
The hoary mantle of the dying year,
Sublime amid thy canopy of snows,
Thy towers in bright magnificence appear !
'Tis then we view thee with a chilling fear,
Till summer robes thee in her tints of blue ;
When lo ! in softened grandeur, far, yet clear,
Thy battlements stand clothed in Heaven's own hue,
To swell as Freedom's home on man's unbounded view !

* The loftiest peak of the White Mountains, N. H.

LESSON CXL.

Extract from a Discourse delivered before the Society for commemorating the Landing of William Penn, Oct. 24th 1825.—J. H. INGERSOLL.

IN the crucible of liberty, all the languages of Europe have been melted into one. In the temple of toleration, all religions have been sanctified. The forests of a continent have been weeded with sturdy hands, till its wilds have become the ways of pleasantness, and the paths of peace. With stout hearts and apt genius, the ocean has been tamed till it is part of the domain.

Plenty empties her full horn into the lap of tranquillity. Commerce fetches riches from every latitude. The earth and mountains are quick with inexhaustible productions. Domestick industry contributes its infinite creations. Poetry, history, architecture, sculpture, painting, and musick, daily add their memorials. Yet these are as nothing. Enjoyments scarcely acknowledged—all local advantages would be disregarded, if they were not recommended by the religious, social, and political principles we enjoy with them.

Let us cultivate, and vindicate, and perpetuate this country, not only by the power and sympathies of heroick exploits, but by the nobler attractions of all the arts of peace. Ours is the country of principles, not place ; where the domestick virtues reign, in union with the rights of man ; where intense patriotism is the natural offspring of those virtues and rights ; where love of country is a triple tie, to birthplace, to state, and to union, spun in the magick woof that binds calculation to instinct.

Aloof, erect, unmeddling, undaunted, it neither envies nor fears, while justly estimating, the splendid and imposing ascendancy of the continent it sprung from. It sends on every gale to Europe the voice, not of defiance or hostility, but of an independent hemisphere of freemen. It sends to Asia the riches of commerce, and the Gospel with healing on its wings. It sends to Africa the banner spangled with stars, to awe the tyrant and protect the slave. It sends to all benighted quarters of the globe, the mild but divine radiance of an irresistible example. It invites the oppressed of all nations and degrees, from dethroned monarchs and banished princes, to fugitive peasants and destitute labourers, to come and rest within these borders.

May the sciences and refinements which embellish and enlighten, the charities that endear, and the loyalty that ennobles, forever flourish here on the broad foundations of peace, liberty, and intelligence. And among increasing millions of educated, moral, and contented people, may the disciples of Penn, Franklin, and Washington, meet together in frequent and grateful concourse, to render thanksgivings to the Almighty for the blessings we enjoy by his dispensation.

LESSON CXLI.

Burial of the Minnisink.—LONGFELLOW.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell ;
And when the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down,
The glory that the wood receives
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward, in the mellow light,
Rose the blue hills—one cloud of white ;
Around a far uplifted cone
In the warm blush of evening shone :
An image of the silver lakes
By which the Indian soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard,
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall gray forest—and a band
Of stern in heart and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sung—that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed .
Their glory on the warrior's head :—
But as the summer fruit decays—
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior—and within
Its heavy folds, the weapons made
For the hard toils of war were laid ;—
The cuirass woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain :
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame—
With heavy hearts—and eyes of grief—
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stript of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless—
With darting eye, and nostril spread—
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came—and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief—they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed—
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart :—One piercing neigh
Arose—and on the dead man's plain,
'The rider grasps his steed again.*

LESSON CXLII.

Sonnets.—PERCIVAL.

I.

My country—at the sound of that dear name
The wanderer's heart awakens, nerved and bold ;
Before him stands the deeds and days of old,
The tombs of ages, and the rolls of fame
Sculptured on columns, where the living flame
Of Freedom lights anew its fading ray,
And glows in emulation of that day,

* Alluding to an Indian superstition:

When on their foes they stamped the brand of shame :
Yes, at the thought of these bright trophies leaps
The spirit in his bosom, and he turns
His longing eye to where his parent sleeps,
And high on rocks his country's beacon burns ;
And though the world be gayest, and sweet forms
Of love and beauty call him, he would fly,
And walk delighted in her mountain storms,
And man his soul with valour at her cry.
And in the fiercest shock of battle die.

II.

COME forth, fair waters, from the classick spring,
And let me quaff your nectar, that my soul
May lift itself upon a bolder wing,
And spurn awhile this being's base control.
How many a cup of inspiration stole
The bards from out thy sparkling well, and sung
Strains high, and worthy of the kindling bowl,
Till all Aonia and Hesperia rung —
And on the green isles of the ocean sprung
A wilder race of minstrels, like the storm,
Which beats their rocky bulwarks ; there they strung
A louder harp, and showed a prouder form ;
And sending o'er the sea their song, our shore
Shall catch the sound, and silent sleep no more.

LESSON CXLIII.

The New Balance of Power.—W. R. JOHNSON.

INDEED if the balance of power was ever seriously threatened, it is so at this moment ;—not the balance of power between a Charles and a Francis, a George and a Louis, or a Napoleon and an Alexander,—but between a band of arrogant pretenders to authority, their dependents and parasites on the one hand, and the millions of mankind, embracing all that is noble and dignified in morals and intellect on the other ;—the balance of power between sober, enlightened public opinion, resting on the foundation of philosophy ;—and the detestable and rotten prejudices of a benighted age, supported by the authority of the bayonet.

The Turk is by no means the only foe to civilization that humanity has now to dread in her efforts at improvement and happiness. The crusade is no longer that of Christian against Mahometan, but of Christian against Christian. It is no more a war of extermination against Saracens, but of proscription against—liberals; no longer a struggle for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre, but for the maintenance of the Holy Alliance,—that sacred combination for perpetuating the blessings of barbarism.

The first steps which mark the progress of this formidable conspiracy in every land where it gains a footing, are such as might readily be anticipated from a knowledge of its composition and character;—the silencing of deliberative assemblies, the shackling of the press, the suppression of free genius, and the prohibition of foreign literature,—the closing of Universities, the discouragement of general education, the abolition of all institutions which teach the true equality of men, and the denunciation of liberal principles on whatever subject and wherever extended.

I well know, it may be thought needless to write of facts so well known as these are in this country. But it is not *needless* and ought not to be *useless*. Degraded will be our character and dark will be our prospects, when the doings and purposes of the banded legitimates of Europe are not watched with ceaseless and jealous scrutiny. Let the tale of their folly or their villany be thrice or ten times told, it ought not to be a dull one; scarce any reference to their unhallowed and fearful proceedings can be superfluous.

LESSON CXLIV.

Trial of Koningsmarke, the Long Finne, and Summary Justice of the Heer Peter Piper.—PAULDING.

THE curious traveller along the western bank of the Delaware river, will hardly fail to notice some few scattered remains, such as parts of old walls, and fragments of chimneys, which indicate where once stood the famous fort and town of Elsingburgh, one of the earliest settlements of the Swedes in this country. The precise spot these ruins occupy we shall not point out, since it is our present intention to give

such an accurate description, that it cannot be mistaken by a reader of common sagacity.

At the time this history commences, that is to say, somewhere about the middle of the sixteenth century, a period of very remote antiquity considering the extreme juvenility of our country, this important little post was governed by the Heer Peter Piper, a short thickset person, of German parentage, whose dress, rain or shine, week days or Sundays, in peace or war, in winter and summer, was a suit of olive-coloured velvet, ornamented with ebony buttons. A picture still preserved in the Piper family, represents him with a round, and somewhat full face, a good deal wrinkled; sturdy short legs, thin at the ankles, and redundant at the calves, such as we seldom see now-a-days, since the horrible invention of loose trowsers, which renders it entirely unnecessary that nature should take any special pains with that part of the animal man; square-toed shoes, and square buckles of a yellowish hue, but whether of gold or brass is impossible to decide at this remote period.

We would give the world, that is to say, all that part of it which is at present in our possession, namely, a magnificent castle in the air, to be able to satisfy the doubts of our readers in respect to the problem whether the Heer Peter Piper wore a cocked hat. But as the painter, with an unpardonable negligence, and a total disregard to posterity, has chosen to represent him bareheaded, we can only say, that his head was ordinarily covered with a thick crop of hair that curled rather crabbedly about his forehead and ears.

It hath been aptly remarked by close observers of human nature, that this species of petulant curl, is almost the invariable concomitant of an irritable, testy, impatient temper, which, as it were, crimps and curls about after a similar manner with the said hair.

Certain it is, that, whatever exceptions may occur to the general rule, the Heer Piper was not one of them, he being, as the course of our history will fully substantiate, an exceeding little tyrant, that fell into mortal passions about nothing; broke his nose over every straw that lay in his way, and was seldom to be found in any sort of a good humour, except when he had sworn vengeance at every soul that excited his wrath.

Indeed, to say truth, he was one of those blustering little bodies, who differ entirely from those who are said to be no heroes to their valet-de-chambre, since it was said of him

that he was a hero to nobody else, but his servants and dependents, whom he bullied exceedingly. The good people of Elsingburgh called him, behind his back, Pepper Pot Peter, in double allusion to the fiery nature of his talk, and his fondness for the dish known among our ancestors by that name, and remarkable for its high seasoning.

One sultry summer afternoon in the month of July, the Heer Peter having finished his dinner by one o'clock, was sitting in his great arm chair, under the shade of a noble elm, the stump of which is still to be seen, and being hollow, serves for a notable pig-sty, smoking his pipe as was his custom, and ruminating in that luxurious state of imbecility between sleeping and waking.

The river in front, spread out into an expansive lake, smooth and bright as a looking glass; the leaves hung almost lifeless to the trees, for there was not a breath of air stirring; the cattle stood midway in the waters, lashing the flies lazily with their tails; the turkeys sought the shade with their bills wide open, gasping for breath; and all nature, animate as well as inanimate, displayed that lassitude which is the consequence of excessive heat.

The Heer sat with his eyes closed, and we will not aver that he was not at this precise moment fast asleep, although the smoke of his pipe still continued to ascend at regular intervals, in a perpendicular column, inasmuch as it was affirmed by Wolfgang Lanfanger, and some others of his friends and counsellors, that the Heer Piper did sometimes smoke somewhat instinctively, as a man breathes in his sleep. However this may be, whether sleeping or waking, the Governor was suddenly roused by the intrusion of one Lob Dotterel, a constable and busy-body, who considered himself, in virtue of his office, at full liberty to poke his proboscis into every hole and corner, and to pry into the secret as well as publick actions of every soul in the village.

It is astonishing, what a triumph it was to Lob Dotterel, to catch any body tripping; he considered it a proof of his vigilance and sagacity. And here, lest the reader should do Master Dotterel wrong, in supposing that the prospect of bribes or fees herein stimulated him to activity, we will aver it as our belief, that he was governed by no such sordid motive, but acted upon a similar instinct with that of a well-bred pointer dog, who is ever seen wagging his tail with great delight when he brings in game, although he neither expects to be rewarded, or to share in the spoil, at least so far as we have been able to penetrate his motives of action.

Master Dotterel was backed on the occasion aforesaid, by one Restore Gosling, and Master Oldale, keeper of the Indian Queen, the most fashionable, not to say the only tavern, in the village of Elsingburgh. These three worthies had in custody a tall, straight, light-complexioned, blue-eyed youth, who signified his contempt for the accusation, whatever it might be, the constable, Master Restore Gosling, Master Oldale, and the Heer Peter himself, by rubbing his chin on either side with his thumb and fingers, and whistling Yankee Doodle, or any other tune that doth not involve a horrible anachronism.

There are three things a real genuine great man cannot bear, to wit :—to do business after dinner—to be disturbed in his meditations—or to suspect that the little people below him do not think him so great a person as he is inclined to think himself. All these causes combined to put the Heer Peter in a bad humour, insomuch that he privately communed with himself that he would tickle this whistling, chin-scraping stripling.

“Well, culprit,” cried the Heer, with a formidable aspect of authority—“Well, culprit, what is your crime? I can see with half an eye you’re no better than you should be.”

“That’s no more than may be said of most people, I believe,” answered the youth with great composure.

“Answer me, sirrah,” quoth the Heer, “what is thy crime, I say?”

“Ask these Gentlemen,” said the other.

“What—eh! you can’t confess, hey! an old offender I warrant me. I’ll tickle you before I’ve done with you. What’s thy name—whence came you—and whither art thou going, culprit?”

“My name,” replied the fair tall youth, “is Koningsmarke, surnamed the Long Finne; I came from the Hoar-kill, and I am going to jail, I presume, if I may augur aught from your Excellency’s look, and the hard names you are pleased to bestow on me.”

Nothing is so provoking to the majesty of a great man, as the self-possession of a little one. The Heer Peter Piper began to suspect that the Long Finne did not stand in sufficient awe of his dignity and authority, a suspicion than which nothing could put him in a greater passion. He addressed Master Dotterel, and demanded to know for what offence the culprit was brought before him, in a tone which Lob perfectly understood as encouragement not to suppress any

part of the prisoner's guilt. Lob hereupon referred the Heer to Master Oldale, who referred him to Restore Gosling, who had laid the information. This apparent disposition to shift the weight of proof, caused additional wrath in the Heer, who began to tremble lest the Long Finne might give him the slip, and escape the consequences of his contempt of authority. He thundered forth a command to Gosling to state *all* he knew against the culprit; laying hard emphasis on the word "all."

Master Gosling, after divers scratches of the head, such as my Lord Byron indulgeth in when he writeth poetry, gathered himself together, and said as follows—not deposed, for the Heer held it an undue indulgence to prisoners, to put the witnesses against them to their bible oath. Master Gosling stated, that he had seen the young man, who called himself Koningsmarke, or the Long Finne, take out of his pocket a handfull of Mark Newby's halfpence, or, as it was commonly called, *Pat's* halfpence, which every body knew was prohibited being brought into the dominions of Sweden, under penalty of confiscation of the money; one-half to the informer, and the other half to his Sacred Majesty, the King of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and the Goths.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the Heer, rubbing his hands; "this looks like conspiracy and plot with a vengeance. I should not be surprized if the Pope were at the bottom of this." And here we will remind the reader that this was about the time that the manufactory of plots, Popish and Presbyterian, Meal Tub and Rye House, flourished so luxuriantly, under the fruitful invention of Shaftesbury, Oates, Tongue, Dogdale, Bedlow and others. Now the Heer Peter always took pattern after the old countries, insomuch that whenever a plot came out in England, or elsewhere, he forthwith got up another at Elsingburgh, as nearly like it as possible. In one word, he imitated all the pranks, freaks, and fooleries of royalty, as an ape does those of a man.

"Long Finne," said the Heer, after considerable cogitation—"Long Finne, thou art found guilty of suspicion of traitorous designs against the authority of his sacred majesty, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and in order that thou mayest have time and opportunity to clear up thy character, we sentence thee to be imprisoned till thine innocence is demonstrated, or thou shalt confess thy guilt."

